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SPAIN AND THE SPANIARDS.

VOL. I.

SPAIN AND THE SPANIARDS.

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BY

N. L. THIEBLIN.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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SPAIN AND THE SPANIARDS.

CHAPTER I.

BAYONNE AND BIARRITZ, WHERE SPAIN BEGINS.

LET us start *à la* Disraeli, with a sentence of nice, impudent, phrenetic bluster, something like this:—"The thunder groaned, the wind howled, the rain fell in hissing torrents, impenetrable darkness covered the earth."

Of course, in March 1873 there was no *bonâ fide* thunder to be got in London; but that does not matter, since everybody knows that in the case of Ixion no sort of thunder groaned either. As to howling wind, torrential rain, and impenetrable darkness, there is always plenty of that in this country. So the opening sentence will do very well.

Now just fancy a man sitting in London,

constantly chilly in-doors, thoroughly wet when out of doors, and with nothing to divert him from the consciousness of his utter misery, except the prospect of reading or writing no end of rubbish about Mr. Lowe's budget, the boat race, and the then projected drive of Her Majesty through Victoria Park. I thought the position really unbearable, and was at my wit's end what to do with myself, when again, as in the case of Ixion, "a blue and forky flash darted a momentary light over the landscape;" or, speaking in plainer language, a friend knocked at my door and came to ask whether I should like to go to Spain, and if I could start the next day. I knew Spain already, liked it immensely, not to say loved it, and seized the proposal with both hands.*

The next evening at 8.45 I was off to Charing Cross, and within less than three days found myself amidst a blooming vegetation and under a bright blue sky, expanding itself over the favoured country like a gigantic dome of lapis lazuli. And I felt towards London and England,

* The author has been sent out to Spain on behalf of the *New York Herald*, as the special correspondent of that journal, and returned after the close of the Carlist Summer campaign in October. The pages he now submits to the public contain but little of what has been already published in the *Herald*.

as we all often feel towards good old relations, that I liked them all the better at a certain distance.

Is there any need to describe the journey to the foot of the Pyrenees? The night I left London was one of those nice nights everyone knows here. The Channel was perfectly raging, and the wind so violent as to tear off with terrific noise the roof of one of the railway carriages, and to cause some other "damage to property." The train was stopped, and our, until then mute company began to make some conjectures as to what the noise and stoppage could mean. One of the travellers, an artillery officer, who had snored all the way from London, remarked in the most serious tone, "It's the Volunteer Artillery practising: they threw shells in that way all over the North of London the other day;" and after this professional joke, which seemed to have satisfied everybody in every way, as dead a silence set in again in the carriage as if we were all attending a funeral ceremony.

At Dover three steamers were supposed to start: the Belgian, running to Ostend, said it could not leave before daybreak; the French mail steamer refused to go at all; while the captain

of the "Maid of Kent" simply advised the passengers to take a stiff glass of brandy and soda to begin with, and then another to follow, as he had to detain them a little on account of the low tide. "The Calais harbour is a hell of a place in heavy weather," we were informed, "and more sea was required to land in anything like safety." In a few hours this "more sea" turned up, and all those who were not going on a mere pleasure trip, were on board. We remained at the mercy of the furious element nearly all night, were all the time mercilessly tossed about, but still reached Calais long before the captain of the French mail had made up his mind to leave Dover harbour.

Of course, one could not possibly pass Paris without stopping there at least for a few hours—say only to see the "Fille de Madame Angot," of which everybody spoke then, and which everybody sings now. A few hours more must also be spent at Bordeaux, to sip with a friend a bottle of the sort of wine which never reaches London, and only after that can one conveniently afford to be hurried off to the sad and disheartening Landes. Should you ever have to go to Bayonne, take my advice, don't go that way unless you are in a great hurry. Find out rather

some steamer at Bordeaux, for there is hardly any corner in France which leaves a more painful impression than the Landes. The North about Lille and the Belgian frontier is not picturesque, but at all events you see a sort of manufacturing animation there; while in the country south of Bordeaux the eye meets nothing but pine forests, patches of sand, and greyish-looking fields, sometimes without a trace of any other vegetation than fern. Miles and miles are passed without the sight of a hill or a living being, except an occasional cow wringing her melancholy bell, or a grunting pig rushing out of a ditch on the approach of the train. Now and then, you come across a lot of horses let loose; their shaggy coat, their awkward, shy sort of look, make you forget that you are south of the French vineyards—you believe yourself in the steppes of Russia. Of human beings, you see literally nothing, except when the train stops at the station; and only by-and-by, when vaguely discerning on the distant horizon the blue clouded chain of the Pyrenees, do you feel relieved from the seediness that oppressed you, and begin to believe that you will really have something better to see presently.

The fresh smiling vales and hills around Bor-

deaux, the sprightly, enervating activity of the city itself, make you feel the sadness of the Landes still stronger; and when you reach Bayonne, you wonder by what sort of misunderstanding or forgetfulness Nature allowed the large plot of land between the Gironde and the Adour to remain in that rough and unfinished condition.

Bayonne gains immensely if you enter it by the river. The bar of the Adour is in itself quite a sight for the stranger. First of all, it cannot be always passed; and that is already something. Very frequently ships have to remain several days outside, waiting till a favourable tide turns up. The sea may be like a mirror, but on the bar itself there is always a havoc; while, when the sea is rough, the mouth of the Adour assumes the aspect of some infernal caldron. A man fresh to the sea would never believe any vessel could pass through it. The white boiling waves dash up high in the air, with all the rage and cries of a thousand infuriated witches. Caught by one of these waves, the ship is immediately pitched up and down in such a way that no efforts will make anybody or anything on board remain in its place. Every fresh wave coming from behind looks as if it would wash off funnel, paddle-

boxes and everything else; yet the steamer bounds up again, and in three or four minutes, slips quietly down on the smooth surface of the river. But one can only get a chance to enjoy this sight when the naval bulletins posted on the wall of the Custom House at Bayonne announce: "Passage de la barre praticable." When they declare it "difficile," nobody makes even an attempt to cross it; and it is quite a common thing to see English and Spanish crews knocking about at Bayonne, sometimes for a week, without being able to get out into the gulf.

Last Spring when the general flight from Madrid had set in, and the Northern railway was cut, there remained no other road to France but that *viâ* Santander or Bilbao, and thence on by steamer to Bayonne. How many señoras had then to faint and cry on the mere approach of that bar! But the Adour speedily recomforted them. The large and handsome river, with its rich vegetation on either side, reminded them of their own Rio Nervion and the entrance to the capital of Biscaya. The sight here is even much more grand, for, though English mining industry and commercial activity have rendered the approaches to Bilbao much more animated, the approaches to Bayonne are more picturesque, the

river is larger, and the groves and woods bordering it are incomparably more beautiful and profuse.

It is not an exaggeration to say that Spain begins at Bayonne and Biarritz. It is here that you first see mantillas going to church; that you read sign-boards written in French and Spanish; that you hear the Castilian tongue—and often the purest. During the Summer months you meet certainly more Spanish than French faces at Bayonne, and in the *Allées Marines*, the beautiful promenade along the river, you are first puzzled by the bullocks dragging the carts, being, in the Spanish fashion, dressed in a kind of linen dressing-gowns and having elaborate red nets on their heads. Lifting up their wet nostrils, they look at you as if anxious to ascertain whether you are a countryman of theirs; but the driver soon makes them feel, by the use of his long stick and his swearing, that *a* countryman is at all events close at hand. In the market-place and in the leading street you meet very frequently mules with their heavily loaded *alforjas;* and the genuine muleteers, dressed in their picturesque costumes, leave you in no doubt of your being in close

vicinity to the land of Don Quixote. The huge building which lodges the Municipal Council, the Mairie, the theatre, the Custom House, and a good many other things, has large arcades through the basement, quite in the Spanish style, and one of the streets of Bayonne consists almost entirely of arcades.

On the whole, Bayonne would be a pleasant-looking town if it were not for a very mournful, since immemorable times, unfinished cathedral, and some very ugly looking old fortifications. The Vauban bastions outside the town, being covered with grass, do not much offend the eye, but the old castle and the citadel have a ruined and mouldy look which affects the aspect of the town very unfavourably. Being a *place forte de première classe*, Bayonne garrisons a whole military division and no end of siege and fortress artillery, a circumstance which also adds very little to the pleasantness of the town, except through the supply of some military bands, which play twice a week during the afternoon on the *Place d'Armes*, and assemble in that way the fashionable belles of Biarritz as well as the indigenous Basquese girls. The former come to make a show of their toilettes in all imaginable carriages and pony chaises, while the latter walk

quaintly about, to let people have a look at their graceful bearing, and at their plain but coquettish head-gear.

What is here to be seen of England is most venerable, and to a certain extent even glorious. In the first place there is a vast number of invalid and elderly ladies and gentlemen, naturally suggesting the idea of usefully-spent lives, of over-work, of large fortunes made by business-like habits and all that sort of thing. Then there is the English cemetery, which contains the bodies of the officers and soldiers of the 2nd Life Guards who fell under the walls of Bayonne in 1814. Then again there is the little frontier town of Hendaye within a few miles of Bayonne—a town which was intimately connected with Great Britain through the strong brandy it produced. Opposite that place, on the left bank of the Bidassoa, lies the old picturesque Spanish town of Fuentarabia, close to which the Duke of Wellington crossed the fords, and surprised and defeated Marshal Soult. In a word, wherever one looks, one finds something to remind one of dear Old England. Almost throughout the whole of the Département des Basses-Pyrénées one finds a number of English families of limited means, who look pretty much as if they had settled down

there, and some of them, at Biarritz, even do a bit of business in addition to their living pleasantly, cheaply, and in a good climate. They take a house by the year, sublet it during the three months' season for the same rent they have to pay for twelve months, and retire meanwhile to places like Ascain, Béhobie, or Cambo, where provisions are at half the Biarritz season prices; while the loveliest walks, excellent fishing, and occasionally a good day's shooting can be had for nothing.

A serious objection against Bayonne could be raised by those who don't like Jews. The town swarms with them. The whole trade of the place is in their hands, and that is the best proof of its being brisk and profitable; though if you speak to those worthies, you hear, as a matter of course, nothing but complaints. On the other hand, a thing the severest critic could not find fault with, are the conveyance arrangements. Scarcely anywhere, except in very large cities and at very high prices, can one get such carriages, horses and elegantly dressed postilions as at the *Poste* in the Rue du Gouvernement. The excellent four-in-hand coaches which start every half hour to and from Biarritz, carrying passengers at sixpence a head, a distance of

about five miles, are also something quite unknown in a certain land where four-in-hands are in great fashion, but cheapness quite out of fashion. This elegance of Bayonne carriages explains itself, however, in the first place, by the rich English and, still more, the rich Spanish families spending no end of money in hiring them during the season; and in the second, by the fact that Bayonne is chiefly a town of human transit. People come here, not to make a stay, but with a view to excursions, or else simply pass here, on their way to Biarritz, Spain, or the Pyrenean watering places. All of them want carriages, and in the height of the season only old customers can be sure to get one when wanted.

Bayonne was always the great Carlist centre, but during these last two years it has become so more than ever. Under the government of M. Thiers everything was done, if not to prevent, at all events to render the Carlist movement more difficult. The *gendarmerie* was reinforced by some men specially sent from Versailles. Troops were echelonned all along the frontier, and the greatest watchfulness seemed to be exer-

cised in Bayonne itself. Spaniards who were unable to prove their being leading members of the Alphonse or Isabella party were, without distinction of either sex or age, arrested and interned by the dozen. All this, however, did not much affect Carlism, for its chief support in the Basses Pyrénées comes not from the Spaniards, but from the French landed proprietors, who, in that province, are nearly all Legitimists, and from the mass of the population, who make a good deal of money out of Carlism in every possible way: by smuggling arms across the frontier, by the supply of horses, uniforms, and other war requisites, as well as through the general affluence of people this side of the Pyrenean frontier — an inevitable result of all Carlist risings on the other side of it. M. Thiers was too cautious to provoke any strong feeling against himself on the part of the French Basques, and still more so on the part of the rich nobility of the Province; but he did all he could in an underhand manner. Yet his best efforts proved a failure. He was legally unable either to arrest or to interne the wealthy southern landlords, nor could he invade their houses for the purpose of searching them. Consequently, though strangers of all nations were greatly molested by

the gendarmes and the police, in the streets, on the high-roads, and in the hotels, Carlism progressed all the same, for it was carried on much more within the quiet residences of the landed nobility and gentry than anywhere else. Even the much persecuted Spaniards managed, somehow or other, to establish a regular Committee, which styled itself "La Real Junta Auxiliar de la Frontera," delivered passes, concluded contracts, etc., and was holding its sittings in a Spanish hotel in the principal street of Bayonne. Another Committee, consisting of Frenchmen, concealed its occupation still less than the Spaniards did, and the leading member of it, M. J. D——, probably one of the wealthiest men, and certainly one of the most amiable men, of Bayonne, proved always an invaluable aid both to those who wished to make a bit of Carlism, as well as to those who wished to study it a bit. The most curious thing, however, is that M. J. D—— (I do not give his name lest it should bring upon him some police inquiry), as far as Spanish legitimacy and Popery are concerned, is certainly not more of a Carlist than the most red-hot contributor to the "*République Française*," or the "*Rappel*." He is all day joking, sneering, and sometimes even swearing at Carlism and

Carlists, especially at the leaders of the party,—yet he works all day for them. I often wondered what could be his inducement, and came to the conclusion that he is doing so simply because his family did so formerly, and because he wants to have some occupation. He is Carlisming in the same way as men are found sporting or hunting, without feeling any interest in horse or field; or as others buy pictures, without having the slightest taste for art. And I have reason to believe that there are a good many men like him in the Carlist camp, even amongst the Spaniards themselves, more especially among the young generation of Carlists.

When arrived at Bayonne, I was soon brought into contact with some of the leading representatives of these Committees, and, as my duties implied, tried to ascertain in what way the Carlists had managed to organize themselves, and where they got money and arms from. I knew that there had been a Committee in London, and another in Paris; but the London Committee did not send out any money at all, while the Paris Committee collected only a little over a thousand pounds, which could not go a long way. From all that I have learned subsequently, it appears that the present Carlist movement began with about £4,000 which Don

Carlos' father-in-law supplied to the young pretender. If, at the outset, the nobility and the population of the south of France had not helped Don Carlos as they did, he would not have had any chance at all of arriving where he now is. It was the French Legitimists who served him as volunteer ministers, benevolent contractors, and hospitable hosts. A few instances will show by what practical contrivances they managed to help him.

Some 3,000 uniforms of the Mobiles, a souvenir of the Franco-German war, were—for example—to be sold at Bordeaux, and at once a gentleman was instructed to buy them; while a couple of landed proprietors of Bayonne stored them until a party of reliable contrabandists could be secured to smuggle the stock across the frontier. In a few weeks, six or seven battalions of the Carlist army, did not, except through their *Boyna* (Basque cap,) differ in any way, in their outward appearance, from the *moblots* the Prussians used to capture and slaughter so freely. Another similar affair took place at Bayonne itself. The Municipality possessed there another souvenir of the last war, in the shape of a stock of some ten thousand cartridge-pouches and sword-belts. One of the councillors, a gentleman of a Carlist turn of mind, suggested that time had arrived to realize the

public money so unprofitably invested, and proposed that the stock should be sold by auction; but another member, of a more Republican shade, opposed the motion as likely to serve the insurgents of a country which was on friendly terms with France. A rather sharp discussion ensued, without apparently leading to any result. But the Carlists found out a leather merchant from so distant a province as Burgundy, and caused him to write and make a private offer to the Municipality, and the whole stock was sold for about a franc per complete accoutrement. As a matter of course, neither the pouches nor the belts went to Burgundy, but were sent directly to Navarre, Guipuzcoa, and Biscaya, where they have been doing some capital service up to the present day. Perhaps a still better illustration of the manner in which Don Carlos was served by his faithful and ingenious allies, is furnished by the supply of two cannons which I happened to see myself first stored in a little château near Biarritz, and subsequently in full operation on the Carlist battle-fields. I shall have even to tell, by-and-by, how I was compelled to smuggle one of these cannons. At present, however, it will be enough to say that two brass four-pounders, cast at a foundry near Nantes, were, it seems, declared to

be defective on inspection, and doomed to be turned into metal again. Of course that was but a manœuvre for getting them out of the French Government's hands. In a few days they were packed, and a French priest booked them at the railway-station to some village close by Bayonne, as marble statues of a Virgin and some saint for his church. He travelled all the way himself with the awkward luggage, and recommended every railway guard to be most careful in dealing with his cases, containing, according to his story, very fine works of art.

In this and similar ways the whole of the existing Carlist army was organised at the outset, and what we have since heard of the *Deerhound's* and other large landings of arms, began only when Don Carlos became sufficiently master of the North of Spain to impose contributions and to raise little local so-called loans, so as to be able to send out money to England in larger quantities than he had had at his disposal some ten months previous.

During the present year, the department of the Basses Pyrénées turned more Spanish than ever, for in addition to swarms of Spanish Carlists, and to all those Spanish families who came every year on pleasure trips to the Pyrenees, everybody whose

financial position permitted him to escape from places where there were disturbances—and disturbances were everywhere in that sad country—sought refuge on the French coast of the Gulf of Biscaya. Consequently, every place, down to the smallest village on that coast, was literally crammed with genuine blue-blooded *caballeros* and *señoras*. Now it was only natural that in so large a number of representatives of one country there should be all imaginable varieties, genera, and species: Carlists, Alphonsists, Isabellists, Amadeists, Serranists, Esparterists, Cabrerists, and no end of other "ists," all conspiring, all gesticulating, all talking at the same time, though somewhat different nonsense; but almost all charming men, accompanied very often by still more charming women.

Bayonne, being above all anxious to make money, did not catch any particular colour from these representatives of the various Spanish parties, though Carlism was predominant in it. Still, next door to a Spanish hotel from top to bottom filled with Carlists, stands the "Hôtel du Commerce," as a rule just as much crowded with Alphonsists. Biarritz, on the other hand, was almost thoroughly Alphonsist; Carlists were there to be met with only in the way of

exception; and during the height of the season you could see on the celebrated *plage* almost every member of the endless cabinets which have governed, or rather misgoverned, Spain from the time of Isabella the "Innocent's" marriage.

The fashionable Imperialist watering-place differs greatly from anything that the traveller meets on his approaching the Spanish frontier. The little town, or more correctly the little village, is built on an exceedingly ugly spot, without almost any vestige of gardens or shady grove. It is evidently a place predestined to serve as a resort for people rather fonder of parasols than of leafy canopies. The houses are small and irregularly-shaped, without any reference either to the comfortable or the picturesque; and the few large mansions which have been erected by Napoleon and some of his counsellors and friends are calculated only to exhibit still more strongly the general ugliness of the place. The largest building in that way, the Villa Eugénie, looks more like a reformatory or some cavalry barracks than like a villa. One wonders now what could have ever induced the late Emperor to select this spot for

embellishment, except that it was near Spain—which he had all reasons for disliking—and that it offered excellent sea-bathing, which he seldom if ever indulged in. Sitting on the shore, and looking at what Napoleon contrived to call into existence at Biarritz, one feels more than ever inclined to give a sad smile at the memory of the Empire. What a vast amount of money spent to create a summer residence for the Empress "when she becomes a widow" (and not able to live in France)! What an amount of artifice conceived in preparing friendly arm-in-arm walks with Bismarck, during which, under the softening influence of the blue sea and the blue mountains, the fate of Europe was supposed to be decided, though in reality nothing was decided, except the catastrophe to the creator of Biarritz and the nation which paid for this creation!

All this, however, does not prevent Biarritz from being an excellent place to take a sea-bath, for the two establishments offer every imaginable comfort in that way, and the beach in front of the Casino is of a description which can hardly be found anywhere else, the bottom of the sea being as smooth as the best polished marble, and the rollers all that can be wished for. The coast itself is also capable of affording no end of

enjoyment to people endowed with a little taste for the picturesque. Seldom do you find a place where, within the same limited space, the waves break in so great variety of beautiful modes. On one spot you see them rolling softly, harmoniously, as though kissing the shore, and whispering to it sweet words of love; while close by, they dash furiously like so many gigantic white-robed mad women. Here they break abruptly against a cliff, and are thrown back in silver spray; there they quietly spread themselves in a rich carpet, whiter than snow itself.

The Spanish coast is seen from Biarritz to the best advantage, the sharp lines of the mountains being all softened down, and the perpetual play of light and shade, and the variety of colour, giving the whole picture quite a fairy touch. If Biarritz had not been transformed into a country branch of "the vast café-restaurant called Paris" it would certainly have soon become a favourite resort of true lovers of good bathing and fine sea-side views. But it is a place at which you should never avert your eye from the sea. As soon as you cast your glance across the landscape, you are at once oppressed with the utter dreariness of the scene; the town itself is unbearable, and the neighbouring country as near an approach to the

Landes as can be found in the whole of that otherwise picturesque corner of France.

The yearly invasion of distinguished foreigners and of Paris fashionables has also given quite a peculiar character to the population of Biarritz. Men and beasts, women and children, seem all to look different from what they are in other parts of the Basses Pyrénées. The national Basque costume is almost given up, as is also the Basque language. The muleteer, though a thorough Spaniard, does not look any longer a genuine one, for he is mixed up here with sham Turks, sham Arabs, and sham everything else, as if it were in a masquerade. Instead of working all the year round, the population works only three months, the main feature of their work being that of cheating everybody in every way, and to an extent which secures them a most comfortable livelihood during the remaining nine months. As long as the Empire lasted, there was at least the guarantee of fashionable, if not always respectable, society offered to the rich traveller by the excessive prices of living; while at present even this advantage is gone, and the Casino of Biarritz, in which *baccarat* is now to be carried on all the year round, will probably soon transform Biarritz into about the worst place of that

sort in the whole of Europe. It has been still somewhat kept up this year by the presence of the bulk of the Alphonsists, who, as a rule, are wealthy and rather strict in their manners and customs—at least in their public manners and customs. But when the *cosas de España* get settled some day, English ladies, who are not particulary fond of meeting on intimate terms third-rate Paris *cocottes*, and not very fair Greek, Spanish, and Italian gamblers, would perhaps do better to give up going to Biarritz, unless of course it be on an occasional spree. The author is by no means a purist—far from that, and for his own part enjoyed Biarritz on this visit as much as ever. But writing as he does for the English public, whose views he knows well, and having undertaken to give here the result of his observations, he may as well state frankly what he has observed.

St.-Jean-de-Luz seems to be a rising little place just now, and has a pretty fair chance of success, provided the jetty, in course of construction, be some day completed, the crabbed sea brought under some sort of control, and the beach in that way somewhat improved. As it is at

present, St.-Jean-de-Luz is a quiet little sea-side town of cheap living, not very comfortable bathing, and very limited resources. The English residents have, however, managed somehow or other to establish a chapel and a little library. Every English new comer is invited to take advantage of the latter, upon the understanding that, when he leaves St.-Jean, he will bestow upon the improvised establishment all such books of his as he may not want, or as might cause an overweight in his luggage. In this homely way, a library of some two thousand volumes has been got up within a very few years; and being under the superintendence of a resident clergyman, nothing, as a matter of course, is left to be desired in the way of the moral value of the books, though perhaps quite as much cannot be said with reference to their intellectual worth.

To the student of men and manners, St.-Jean-de-Luz offers a good many attractions, for, although there still exists a large number of Basque villages in France, there is no really Basque town except St.-Jean-de-Luz. Everything is here as of old, the piety, the virtue of the people, their quaint sharpness, their tongue, their costume, the agility of their movements, down even to their blue berets and white *alpargatas* (hempen sandals),

and to the unbearable cries of their female street-hawkers. You feel at once you are far from the northern regions, where a man has to think of his dear fuel, his dear provisions, and the high rent he pays for his shelter. Of fuel the Basque requires next to none; the food is cheap, and he means it to be good too; as to the shelter, although he has always a good one, he does not concern himself much about it, as his whole life is passed outside the house, in the street, the field, and on the high road, His ancestors, who were always fighting, but never conquered, had all been ennobled by the Princes to whom they swore allegiance, and the Basque has consequently up to our times preserved a kind of pride which gives boldness to his look, and makes him talk to you on terms of perfect equality.

In the majority of cases it is perfectly immaterial to him what tongue he talks—Basque, Spanish, or French; he knows them all equally well, though he immensely prefers his harsh-sounding native language. At the first glance you throw at the Basque peasant, you perceive by his quick and agile walk, his cleanly cotton costume, and his loud harsh voice that the man has not crept out of some black underground hole. The brownish hard features of his face, quite

open under the beret, tell of a life passed under cheerful sun rays; and the bright though somewhat dreamy expression of his eyes seems to be full of praise of the beauties of the sea and mountain scenery, which they have ever contemplated. You cannot intimidate a man of this sort, for neither the majesty of the nature surrounding him, nor the violence of the enemy, has ever done so for centuries and centuries past. He is all blood and passion; and if you offend him, he dashes at you at once, however mighty or powerful you may be. When the Basque left his native place at the foot of the mountains and went to mix with the population north and east of him, he lost by-and-by his national character, and in the Béarn and in the Landes you meet beggars on every step, while you find none in the so-called Labourd and the Soule. However dull St.-Jean-de-Luz may seem to a stranger, the Basque won't give it up on any consideration. The usurping sea tried to get it from him, and was actually swallowing up the town, but—*à Gascon Gascon et demi*—the Basques stopped it, and are now managing to raise their decaying capital to its former state of prosperity.

The Basque likes even the gipsies he has so long harboured at considerable danger to himself,

for it is probably thanks to gipsies that the inhabitants of St.-Jean-de-Luz were formerly accused of witchcraft and burned alive *en masse*. He made even these gipsies work as steadily as he does himself; at least if the male gipsies do not still work much, the females do. Known under the name of *cascarottes*, they are all engaged in the fish trade, and from six o'clock in the morning the whole town is resounding with the piercing, unbearable cries of "*Sardinas! Sardi-i-nas!*" Formerly, when the railway from Bayonne was not completed, the most valiant *cascarottes* used to start at five o'clock in the morning to Bayonne, some thirteen miles distant, and returning by noon were off again at two p.m., and back at sunset, running thus—for they never walk, they trot—barefooted, something over fifty miles a day; and in the evening, after the completion of their laborious task, they were dancing on the beach of St.-Jean.

This dancing is another quite original affair here. The *cascarottes* dance almost the same *fandango* as the Basques, but they dance it without music, to the singing and the clapping of hands of the spectators. The more regular Basque *fandango* can, however, be always seen on Sundays, either at the special squares arranged in every village

for the *pelota* (*jeu de paume*), or at St.-Jean, in front of the bathing establishment. The orchestra consists, as a rule, of a bad violin and still worse horn. Two big empty casks with two planks on them, two old chairs on these planks, and two bad musicians upon the chairs, are deemed sufficient to enliven the dance. The sounds they get out of their instruments are something horrible; nevertheless, you can sit for hours looking at the graceful movements of both men and women. Perpetual wars have developed in the Basque a taste for bodily exercise, and bodily exercise has produced agility and gracefulness. Every one knows what fierce and invincible fighting material was at all times found in these more or less direct descendants of the Iberian tribes which, as traditions report, used, when besieged and reduced to the extremity of hunger, to eat their wives and children, salting such parts of the flesh as they could not consume in a fresh condition. The Roman soldiers who went out to fight the Vascons were sure never to return; and the Moors, after having conquered the whole of the Peninsula, could never cross the limits of the so-called Basque provinces of Spain, the population of which is absolutely the same as on this side of the Pyrenees. The only difference between

the French and the Spanish Basques is that the former looks much more civilised, much more tamed down, a circumstance which may be, perhaps, accounted for on the principle of that process to which M. Michelet alludes, when he says that the people of France are a nation of barbarians civilised by conscription. The Spanish Basque, who never knew what conscription was, and always fought for his privilege of not being compelled to fight, remains in a state of comparative savagery when put into juxtaposition with the peasant from the Basses Pyrénées. Yet, if the improved Vascon has all the merits which can be wished for in a citizen of an orderly community; if he is steady, hard-working, and intelligent; if his religious and moral character is irreproachable—woe nevertheless to those who are dependent upon him; he will suck the last drop of blood out of them; and there is no greater misery to be seen in France than where the small Basque capitalist comes into contact with the labourer of a neighbouring and poorer county.

Yet the Basque is good-natured, kind, and rather poetical in his aspirations. The Basque literature, which is almost all manuscript, or even oral, as preserved in the national ballads, is said to be rich, and to have many charms in its way.

I give here a verse of a popular song, which may at least show how the language looks in print, and a French translation to it, borrowed from a local writer, as I have never been able to catch, myself, a single word of Basque except "Urre," or "Urra," which means, I think, water.

Tchorrittona, nourat houa,
Bi hegalez, aïrian ?
Espagnalat jouaïteko,
Elhurra duk bortian :
Algarreki jouanengutuk
Elhurra hourtzen denian.

Petit oiseau, blanche nacelle,
Qui fait en l'air voguer son aile,
D'Espagne gagnes-tu les monts ?
Dans les ports que l'hiver assiége,
Laisse, crois-moi, fondre la neige :
Ensemble nous les passerons.

Although neighbours, as a rule, seldom live on friendly terms, the Basques manage to keep quite as profound a peace on the Spanish frontier as that which reigns on the Dutch-Belgian. An explanation of this may be found in the fact that it is not actually Frenchmen and Spaniards who meet on that frontier, but the Basques of France and the Basques of Spain ; and as all the Basques of Spain are Carlists, they turned the French

Basques into Carlists too. At all events, the personal support which Carlism obtains in the frontier villages is quite as efficient as the material support which its leaders receive at Bayonne. Every Carlist that has, for some reason or other, to enter France, is sure to find a safe and hospitable home; and the curé Santa Cruz has lived at St.-Jean-de-Luz for months and months, both before entering Spain and after having fled thence, and though the police and the gendarmes were daily and nightly on foot to discover him, they had never any chance of success.

As with every other place on the shores of the Gulf of Biscaya, St.-Jean-de-Luz was full of Spaniards this year, but the Carlists who were predominant among them were not of that pure royalist type which distinguished Bayonne. They belonged here to the Cabrera faction, and fomented in the quiet town of St.-Jean a good deal of the dissension which occurred in the *Campo del Honor*. The Carlists actually working in the field do not, however, take particular notice of what the Carlists residing in France are doing. They speak of those French residents as of gentlemen engaged in the peaceful and harmless process of *rascar la barriga*, a not sufficiently proper sort of occupation to be denominated

in English, for it means to rub one's belly. Nevertheless, some of these *rascar la barriga* gentlemen are men of means, and might have been well turned to account by Don Carlos if he had been an individual capable of better management of his partizans. Since the advent of Marshal MacMahon, they certainly might have been all put to work, as they were no longer molested in France, and the importation of arms and other war material had been greatly facilitated by a new decree, which practically abolished one of the custom-house lines.

There exist in the south of France two lines of custom-house: the first runs through Bayonne, along the Southern railroad; the other along the frontier itself. A decree of M. Thiers, of March last, prohibited the transfer of arms and war material beyond the first of those lines, so that anything that the Carlists wished to bring into Spain could be stopped at Bayonne, and all along the road from Bayonne to the frontier. The chances of such materials being captured were thus greatly increased. But with the advent of Marshal MacMahon, the French Legitimists in Paris managed somehow or other to have that decree annulled, so that arms and war material can be brought now close to the frontier

without interruption by anyone; and as there is nothing more easy than to smuggle them during the night through the endless mountain and forest paths, it is clear that all those who wish to support the Spanish Pretender can find useful and even profitable employment. But of course the gentlemen residing at Bayonne and St.-Jean-de-Luz do not intend serving Carlism in such menial positions. Everyone of them wants to be a general, and as Don Carlos has already more generals than he can possibly afford to keep, or to furnish either with a command or even with a horse, several hundred well known partizans of Spanish legitimacy are now from morning till night engaged in congregating on the *Promenade* of St.-Jean-de-Luz, spreading false news "from the best sources," and carrying on that silly sort of talk which is so characteristic of voluntary political exiles.

I begin to think, however, that we ought to progress more speedily towards those mountains. We touch already La Rhune, the first Pyrenean height in this part of the country, and the only one which Paris excursionists attempt to ascend, when anxious to have a look at the Spanish territory. But we have to go much farther than they go, and though in Spain things *se em-*

piezan tarde, y se acaban nunca (are commenced late and finished never), in this business-like country the same principle "would not answer." So let us get rid of Biarritz, Bayonne, and the Basques, and proceed at once to the sad but charming land *tras los montes*.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST VISIT TO THE CARLIST CAMPS.

ALONG with other newspaper correspondents, I made too sad experiences during the last French war to think of starting once more in an expedition of that sort as a mere amateur or spectator. The unlucky journalists who, like myself, followed the French army, had constantly to submit to insults, imprisonment, and to the threat of being shot as spies by one or the other of the contending parties. I had, therefore, quite made up my mind that this time I should have all the safe-conducts and credentials necessary to prove my right to be amongst the gallant warriors, whether Republican or Carlists. Accordingly, not satisfied with having several letters from the London Carlist Committee, I called, on my way through Paris, upon Count d'Algara, Marquis de Vergara, the Carlist repre-

sentative in that city. Like a great many others of the old Carlists, who were compelled to leave Spain after the Seven Years war, Count d'Algara had to take to trade as a means of subsistence, and he has still somewhere in the Rue Lafayette, I believe, an office where he is known as Señor Something-very-plain, commission merchant. But at the Rue Blanche he is *Monsieur le Comte*, and a very amiable count too. When I had submitted to him the object of my visit, he at once agreed to give me all the necessary introductions, and began to explain his views on Spanish affairs and Carlism, with an evident intention of duly preparing me for the work I was about to enter upon.

First of all he was anxious to point out to me that the Paris and London Committees were two different bodies, acting quite independently of each other; the London Committee being more concerned with money and armaments, while the Paris Committee had charge of the diplomatic part of the business. "But, of course, we don't neglect money matters either," said the Count, and showed me the subscription list which the Committee had just started, and which within the first day reached the sum of twenty-two thousand francs, both French and Spanish royalist

families figuring on it for various amounts. The number of subscribers did not exceed fifty when I saw the list, and among the names there were hardly half a dozen without some sort of title; but, on the other hand, there were several marquises and viscounts who put themselves down for as little as twenty francs. Count d'Algara said the subscription in London was much more important, but added that the Carlists had never troubled themselves much about money during all the long time they had been defending the sacred cause of their King. As far as I can remember, this is about what the Count tried then to make me understand.

"Money is with us of much less importance than people would be disposed to think; and as a man's wealth is much better estimated by his expenditure than his income, so is ours too. A man can be rich with six thousand francs, and poor with six hundred thousand francs, according to his establishment and style of living. When I had the honour to take actual part in the war of our King, and that was long ago, I had, in addition to my ration of bread and bacon, something like sixty francs as three months' salary, and even this was always in arrears by several months. And I was then a major. Since

then our cause has never been abandoned, though it was often considered as being a desperate one, and money has certainly not been flowing in. Our soldiers have the moral satisfaction of their work, and they often come to enlist themselves in our ranks quite armed, having bought a gun out of the proceeds of the sale of a watch or clothes. All that is published here about the Carlist extortions and requisitions is calumny. We do nothing of the sort; and it is madness to believe that our troops would have been so welcomed and supported, had they behaved themselves as they are reported to do. The *Agence Havas* is paid by the Republic, and was formerly in the hands of the usurpers of the Spanish throne; and all the false news is spread through the telegrams of that agency. But now, since the whole North is already in the power of King Charles VII., a regular telegraphic and postal service is about to be established with Europe, and everybody will have the opportunity of getting correct information, instead of infamous lies about women being shot and peasants bastinadoed to death."

I then asked the Count whether really the whole North could be considered as being in possession of the Carlists.

"Most certainly," he replied, "we have now

eight provinces in our possession, and our strategy is to occupy as soon as possible the line of the Ebro. In that way our flanks will be secured by the two Oceans, and the King will at once establish a regular government in the whole portion of the Peninsula north of the river. His Majesty must have crossed the frontier at the present moment. His military staff, as well as his Cabinet, is already formed around him, and his appearance among the loyal people of Catalonia, Navarre, and the Basque Provinces will have results to astonish the whole of Europe."

I soon perceived that the Count's statements had a strong odour of *double extrait* of Franco-Spanish flowers of rhetoric and inaccuracy, but the enthusiasm evinced by him was apparently so sincere, that I had not the courage to wind up the conversation, but rather encouraged it, by asking the Count at what strength he estimated the total Carlist forces.

"In the North we have not much more than twenty thousand; but there are at least ten thousand more scattered over Spain, and in some instances in places from which no news of them has yet come. As soon, however, as the King appears in the country, the number of his followers is sure to be three or four times as great. No

doubt a considerable portion of them will have only a lance or a revolver for a weapon; but our flag and our faith will do more than all the Remington and Berdan rifles of the Republic. You must not forget that the country will supply us with everything, while the Republic must pay and bribe everywhere, and they have not got more money than we have. The proceeds of the Rio Tinto mines, sold to an English firm, have been spent to the last penny, and a new loan of five millions has been made under the mortgage of the Porto Rico mines. That will last them exactly five days."

As I pointed out to him some little inaccuracy in this statement, he turned the conversation to what he called his own, the political field, and exclaimed: "Has any European nation, except Switzerland, which is no Power, acknowledged the Republic? You must not think the fact of the European Governments not having done so to be without significance. They are all equally interested in the re-establishment of the monarchy in Spain, and will certainly take the first opportunity for helping it. The legitimist movement in France is now in full swing. England, Germany, and Russia are getting more monarchical than ever, under the influence of the dread which the International has

spread throughout the orderly classes of those countries. And even Victor Emmanuel, though a revolutionary king, is exerting his best efforts to rank himself among the legitimate representatives of royalty. So, *vous voyez d'ici*, what Europe is to be in a few years, and no one can entertain any doubt as to the success of monarchy in Spain, where the mass of the people are more devoted to the cause of their religion and their legitimate sovereign than in any other country."

"America only—oh! I am very sorry for America," exclaimed the Count. "She has made a great mistake in having so hurriedly recognised the Republic. The American Government was utterly misinformed as to the real state of affairs in Spain, and I am surprised that a country carrying on such a large trade with, and having such considerable interests engaged in Spain, should have taken so hasty a step. Look what a position the United States Government has been placed in with reference to our country. They were friends of Christina, friends of Isabella, friends of Prim, friends of Serrano, admirers of Amadeo; they are now the only supporters of men like Figueras and Castelar, and all that within a very short time indeed. Such an attitude towards Spain will hardly be approved by

any impartial judge, and will, in the long run, certainly not improve the relations of the two countries."

Apprehending that this lecture on the political resurrection of the world might tire the Count and take too much of the limited time I had to spend in Paris, I delicately pointed to the amiable lecturer the original purpose of my call upon him, and the necessity I was placed in to leave in a few hours for Bayonne. He took up the hint most kindly, sat down to a beautifully carved ancient oak writing-table, and within a very few minutes supplied me with several letters to all sorts of *Excelentisimos Señores*. And after having, in the evening, duly digested the distinguished gentleman's eloquent argumentation to the tune of Madame Angot's daughter:

> C' n'était pas la peine, assurément,
> De changer de gouvernement,

I whistled merrily off to Bordeaux.

Never would I have thought on leaving London that I should have to take to smuggling, and be transformed into a mysterious Spanish *contrabandista*. Yet such was the case. To be able

to get on a sure footing among the partisans of Charles VII., I wanted to see, first of all, General Elio, and get from him the necessary permission and safe-conduct. But the General being in the mountains, I had to depend upon Carlist representatives at Bayonne for finding out his whereabouts. One of them, a most accomplished gentleman, said he would do everything in his power, provided I would not object to going somewhat out of the usual way of travelling, and would for a few hours submit to certain restrictions of my free-will. It was impossible to go straight by the high road to the frontier, for M. Thiers' gendarmes and soldiers, posted at all the frontier custom-houses, had strict instructions to let no one pass into such portions of Spain as were occupied by the Carlists. Those who wished to go to the Peninsula had to go either *viâ* Irun, the only frontier town still in Republican hands, or to take a steamer at Marseilles to Barcelona, or at Bayonne to San Sebastian, Bilbao, or Santander. But, as I have already said, it was only in theory, not in actual practice, that communication with Carlist territory was cut off, for both arms and men did cross the frontier, only they did not cross it by the high roads, on which watch was kept.

There are two railway lines from France to Spain; the one runs *viâ* Bayonne, the other *viâ* Perpignan. Between these two lines, on the whole length of the Pyrenean chain, are several roads, with post coaches, old-fashioned inns, little custom-houses, stupid *douaniers*, most clever *contrabandistas*, and all the rest of it. These roads are excellent and most picturesque, and the horses and mules of the locality think nothing of eight or even ten miles an hour, notwithstanding the road running all the time sharply up and down hill. It was on these roads that the close watch on Carlists had been established by M. Thiers. Every cart was searched, every carriage examined, every rider and pedestrian asked to give a full account of his intentions and his destination. But right and left of everyone of these high roads are forest and mountain paths trodden out by shepherds and smugglers since times immemorial, and, as to their number and directions, defying all calculation. A few of them are comfortable enough for a clever mule to pass with its burden; but no gendarme or *douanier*, however sharp he may be, has ever ventured to enter them *ex officio*. He would be lost if he did not meet any smuggler to show him the way, and would be murdered if he attempted to

interfere with the man's avocation. These rocky, lonely tracks were now the leading thoroughfares of Carlism.

On the day fixed for my starting, at about five o'clock in the afternoon, an elegant carriage and pair drove to my hotel at Bayonne, and the waiter came to inform me that a gentleman was waiting for me. It was agreed beforehand that I should have nothing in the way of luggage except an umbrella, a plaid, and a pocket revolver, upon the carrying of which I insisted, and which proved perfectly useless. I took good care not to make my friend wait, and found him in the carriage, in company with something very similar to a coffin. It occupied the whole width of the front seat of the carriage, and was covered with a black cloth. Some passers-by began already to assemble as we drove away, and my companion said that he was not sure that inquiries would not be made at his house as to whether any of his children had died. "If I had not to fetch you, I would have avoided the leading street," said he; and on my inquiring what the coffin-like box contained, answered with the heartiest laugh, "One of the two cannons you have seen the other day at L——'s country-house. But don't be uneasy about that. We shall get through

all right. Besides, I told you you had to submit to my orders if you wished to pass." Of course, I answered I was not uneasy, though I had full reason to feel that, if the French authorities caught us, we should have no end of police troubles, while the Spanish would be almost justified in shooting us at sight. But, somehow or other, as soon as we were out of the walls of Bayonne, on the long and beautiful road of Doncharinea, I forgot all about the uncomfortable article we were carrying, and the purpose for which we carried it.

The weather had speedily changed on that afternoon. Towards six o'clock the sky was quite covered, and towards eight so heavy a rain and so perfect a darkness set in that we both began to slumber. All at once the carriage stopped, and a number of suspicious-looking persons appeared at both the doors. I was just about to ask my companion whether I should be permitted to get "uneasy" now, when I heard, "Ah, here are our men," and was asked to alight. I had still not made out what we were about, when the coffin-like box was taken out of the carriage and carried off like a bundle of bamboos into an apparently quite impracticable wood bordering the road. It was done in the twinkling of an

eye, and the six men who carried away the heavy case looked, under the light which the carriage lanterns threw upon them, like so many gigantic highwaymen of some sensational English novel.

"It is their business now to carry that piece across, and we have nothing more to care about," said my friend. "A couple of miles more drive and we shall have a good supper and a first-rate guide, and I am only sorry that the night is so shockingly bad, else I am sure you would have enjoyed the trip."

About a mile this side of the Doncharinea bridge, in the middle of which passes the actual frontier line between France and Spain, and on which any person fond of majestic positions can easily have the treat of trampling with one foot anarchical Spain, and with the other disreputable France, is a little village of the name of Ainhoue, the last French village on that road. The large village inn here, is kept by four exceedingly tall, exceedingly dark, and exceedingly sharp sisters. The eldest, a spinster about 45, is the manageress of the concern, and should I ever know a man in want of a heroine for a romance, I shall send him to the auberge of Marie Osacar, to study that remarkable specimen of womankind. French, Spanish, and Basquese tongues are not only at

her command, but are each used with something of a classical elegance. There is, besides, scarcely any *patois* in which she does not feel as comfortable as a fish in the water. On my expressing my astonishment at her versatility, she merely remarked that her line of business required it. And what this "line of business" is, would be by no means easy to describe in a word or two, as it is done when one speaks of commonplace human creatures. Besides being an inn-keeper, this worthy spinster is a money-lender, a political agent for Don Carlos, a police agent for the French prefect, a commission-merchant, the head of a band of smugglers, and a perfect master of all the gendarmes, custom-house officers, and every other local authority, Spanish as well as French. When we arrived at her inn, she shook hands with my companion in a manner that showed that they were old and intimate friends. Some significant twinkles of the eye were exchanged, some unintelligible Basque sentences uttered in an undertone voice, and all seemed to have been settled immediately. An excellent rural supper was served to us, with a bottle of Bordeaux wine of very fair quality, and as there were other people in the dining-room, we were officially informed by the amiable landlady,

about ten o'clock, that our beds were ready. But that was simply a stroke of strategy calculated to make local customers retire, so as to enable her to put out the lights. The gendarmes were getting very particular, she said, and would not give up watching the house as long as they saw lights. So we had to lie down in bed for a while, and at about midnight she gently knocked at the door, informing us that "everything was ready." This "everything" consisted of a mysterious and by no means attractive individual, wrapped in a nondescript rug, and armed with a heavy stick.

"Pray don't make the slightest noise, gentlemen," recommended the clever spinster. "Your very steps should not be heard, else the dogs are sure to raise an infernal barking all over the village, and you will at once have the gendarmes rushing at you. Don't open your umbrellas either, for the fall of rain upon them would certainly be heard."

Such and similar was the experienced female's advice, all of which we duly complied with, and passed the village as successfully as any escaping robber ever did. Our guide, in his soundless sandals, was, while marching ahead of us, no more audible than our shadow would have been, and

we really did all that was in our power to imitate him, and began to breathe freely only when we were quite out of the village, and away from the high road.

It would be quite idle on my part to attempt to describe this pedestrian night tour. We were thoroughly wet in a few minutes, and had some seven miles to scramble over forest and mountain paths, in themselves probably very picturesque. But I saw nothing but darkness, and felt nothing but rain and most slippery mud. Now and then our guide stopped and seemed to listen to something, but nothing was to be heard except the heavy fall of rain on the trees and the distant roll of mountain streams. It took us two monotonous and tiresome hours to reach the actual frontier, and to bring ourselves out of the jurisdiction of the French gendarmes, and another hour's quite as fatiguing walk put us face to face with the first Carlist outpost.

Of course, there came the usual "Halt!" "Who are you?" "I will shoot you!" and similar exclamations, more or less justified by the profound darkness we were plunged in. By-and-by, however, everything was satisfactorily explained, and we were escorted to the old deserted monastery of the first Spanish village, called

Urdax, where a couple of rooms were provisionally fitted up for General Elio, the actual commander-in-chief of the whole Carlist army, but nominally "the Minister of War and Head of the General Staff of His Majesty Charles VII., King of the Spains."

It was nearly four o'clock in the morning, and as one may easily imagine the old gentleman we wanted was sound asleep. But a Carlist colonel, quite as old as the general himself, a companion in arms of his in the Seven Years' War, and now his temporary aid-de-camp, said that he had orders to awaken *El Excelentisimo Señor General* whenever anyone arrived or any news was brought; and with a tallow candle, without even a substitute for a candle-stick, in his hand, he showed us the way to the general's bedroom. On an immense old-fashioned bed, with discoloured chintz curtains, was lying an old man with a full grey beard, and a coloured silk handkerchief tied on his head. There was not the slightest vestige of any military attribute in the room, and looking at the old man in his night garment, one would have taken him for a retired lawyer, retired medical man, retired tradesman—for anything retired, but never for a general in active service at the head of an incoherent mass of

volunteers, bearing, to the common belief of the outside world, a very close similarity to brigands. The old gentleman gave me full leisure to examine him and his *entourage*, for he did not take the slightest notice of me till he had put on his spectacles, lighted a cigar, and looked through a large bundle of letters which my companion had brought him. Now and then he put him a question, or asked him to read something he could not make out himself, and it was only when he had gone through the whole correspondence, that he asked my fellow-traveller who I was, and what he brought me for. I was then introduced, handed him my letters, and explained the object of my visit.

"Oh, I shall be very glad," answered he, with the kindest smile, "to give you any information I can, and, if I were a quarter of a century younger, I should have at once got up and had a talk with you. But I am too old for that. Besides, I suppose you want something more than to have a mere talk. You want to see something. So we will arrange things differently. Your friend will return to Bayonne, while you had better stay here over night, and we shall see to-morrow what we have to do. Meanwhile, I advise you both to dry your clothes, and to have

a glass of *aguardiente* with some hot water, if there is any to be had. That will answer for punch." And thereupon the old *pro tempo* aid-de-camp was ordered to take care of us, the general wishing all of us *buenas noches.*

In the next room a stout old priest, in a rather greasy cassock and a little black cap, his housekeeper just as stout and greasy as himself, and wrapped in an old-fashioned shawl, and a couple of old Carlist officers, were already assembled. The news of the arrival of strangers had evidently spread amongst the inhabitants of the deserted cloister, and they all got up, anxious to hear whether there were any *noticias.* Some chocolate, *aguardiente,* sugar, water, and cigarettes were in readiness on the table, and a bright wood fire was pleasantly crackling in the huge, ancient-looking firegrate. The reception was most friendly and homely. An apology was made for the absence of any fresh socks, but two pairs of new hempen sandals were brought forward, to enable us to get rid of our wet boots, and the curé insisted even upon our rubbing our feet with some salt and vinegar, as a *cosa muy buena.* And while we were thus drying, cleaning, and restoring ourselves, all sorts of questions poured upon us like another shower. "Where was S. M. El Rey?

What was said in Europe? Did many people in France, England, and America turn into Carlists? Were there any arms going to be sent? Was any money forthcoming in support of the great *causa?* Would Henri V. soon ascend the throne of France?" and so on. We were anxious to satisfy our hospitable hosts to the best of our ability, but still more anxious to ascertain whether there was any chance of procuring a rideable beast for my companion and a bed for myself. The old housekeeper was the first to perceive our cravings, and, thanks to her, after about an hour and a half of gossip, I was lying in a hard but clean bed, and my friend carried off as far as the frontier by the old yet still sure-footed mule of the fat *Señor cura.*

My bed was in the same room where we were drying ourselves. It was looking very unattractive when we came in, but as I noticed that the sheets and pillow-cases were changed by the stout housekeeper, whilst our conversation was going on, I lie down in full confidence, and slept as sweetly as if I had been in some friend's country-house in Kent or Derbyshire. Early next morning—or rather in a couple of hours, for I went to bed after five A.M.—I was awakened by some noise in the room, and saw, much to my

astonishment, the old colonel busily engaged in instructing a *muchacho*, or volunteer lad, how, if not exactly to polish, at least to clean my boots. I jumped out of the bed as quickly as I could, and tried to persuade the colonel that there was no occasion for his taking any trouble of that sort; but my exhortation made the matter only worse, for he took the brush and boots out of the lad's hands and began violently to brush them himself. A regular struggle ensued between us, and though I managed finally to get the boots out of his possession, things did not much improve on that account; for in a few minutes he appeared with a basin of water, wherewith I had to wash myself, and a little later with my coat, plaid, and umbrella perfectly dried and cleaned, and I learned also that the bed I had slept in was his bed. It was evident that he mistook me for some important person, and wishing to render himself generally useful, overdid the hospitality which one is always sure to meet on the part of the simple-minded country folk in Spain. That our colonel was very simple-minded indeed, will probably be clear without my pointing it out. He entered the ranks of the Carlists as simple volunteer in 1833, and rose to a colonelcy through sheer courage. He retired to his native village

when the war was over, and had now reappeared, again to take part in the struggle. His occupations at home were, perhaps, of a nature which caused him to look at boot-cleaning as quite a pleasant sort of work for a change, since boots are a thing almost unknown in the Basque provinces, scarcely anything being used but hempen sandals. Still I must avow that the sight of a boot-cleaning colonel, when one first visits a foreign army, produces a rather queer impression. Yet I saw that man frequently afterwards, tried to study him, and never found in his nature anything but profound self-esteem, unlimited courage, and quite an un-Spanish sense of duty. Only, good gracious! what a thick skull that old fellow had!

Scarcely had I time to dress, when the colonel appeared again, saying that *El Excelentisimo Señor General* asked for me. I went into the next room, and found the old gentleman seated at a table, answering the letters brought to him during the night. He was dressed in private clothes, and a casual visitor, on seeing his venerable face and peaceful spectacles, would have probably taken him for a medical man writing prescriptions. Two little cups of thick chocolate, with bits of dry toast, and two

glasses of water, were brought in by the old aid-de-camp, and the General invited me to take breakfast.

"I am glad you have arrived so timely," said he to me; "I am going to have an inspection tour this morning, and, if you like, I can offer you a seat in a little carriage which they have provided for me. We may remain on the tour for several days, and may have sometimes hard fare, and perhaps hard lodging, certainly rain; but that, I suppose, will not frighten you, else you would not have come here."

I thanked the General, and gladly accepted his invitation, but, being then fresh to Carlist work, wondered only how I should proceed on an expedition of several days, having not even a shirt or a tooth-brush with me. As he said, however, that he had some more letters to write, and that I had time to take a walk about the village, I thought I might get a chance of sending a note to Bayonne, and receive some of my things, if not the same day, at least at some future date.

Urdax is a miserable little village, situated in a kind of loophole, and within about a mile from the French frontier. It consists of scarcely a hundred houses, but the village must have

been a prosperous one formerly, for some of the houses are of a very substantial appearance, with coats of arms on the entrance-doors, and with everything to denote that the proprietors were enjoying a comfortable income. As a matter of course, the chief occupation of its inhabitants was smuggling. But, at the time I was at Urdax, no business of any sort was transacted, nor was there anyone to carry it on, the whole village being occupied by Carlist volunteers, only a few of whom were armed, the majority being all day long engaged in the village square either in being drilled with sticks in their hands as substitutes for rifles, or else in playing ball. The upper floor of the deserted convent, in a room of which the General was lodged, served as barracks for those volunteers who could not find lodging elsewhere, while the basement, evidently containing formerly the monks' refectories and conversation-hall, was transferred into stables for the few horses and mules which the Urdax force had in its possession.

When I came down into the square, I found the old colonel engaged in looking after an old four-wheeler inscribed *Servicio Particular*, and which was probably a remnant of some postal establishment. Five mules were being harnessed

to it, and three volunteers were to form the General's guard on the journey. I wondered in what way the colonel meant to make them escort us, but I soon found that the problem was very plainly solved. One volunteer got on the box by the side of the driver, and two inside the carriage together with us, and when the General was ready with his letters, away we rattled with a certain serious gaiety, for there is always some sort of pleasurable excitement in getting off, no matter under what circumstances. Our cheerfulness was, however, justified by the fact that the cannon which I and my companion had left in the wood on the previous night, was now lying on the ground in the middle of the square, and some five hundred volunteers assembled around it were getting quite mad, crying *Viva Carlos Setimo! Viva El General Elio! Viva el cañon!* and *viva* a good many things else. The six contrabandistas got two hundred and fifty francs, plenty of wine, plenty of cheers, and started back with fresh instructions to be carried out on another point on the next day. "The cannon has not yet either a gun-carriage or any ammunition," said to me the General, "but still it is something that we have got this much. Don't they look happy, the *chicos!*" (little ones) added he, with a smile

of satisfaction, and leaving them in their martial exhilaration we entered the carriage, the old boot-cleaning colonel, who did not go with us, promising once more to forward my note to Bayonne, and thus giving me the prospect that, at least on my return to Urdax, I should get a clean shirt.

General Elio is the oldest leading member of the Carlist party, and is, at the same time, regarded as their ablest man. Constant personal intercourse during our journey, and the frequent opportunities I had subsequently both of seeing the General at work and of talking to him, entitle me to say that I found him to be a most accomplished and able man—I was almost going to say a genius in his way—and, strange as it may sound, one of the most liberal Royalists I know either in France or Spain. He has lived many years an exile in France, Italy, and England, and has thus acquired a thorough knowledge of the institutions of those countries. It is impossible for anyone to look more like an old Englishman than the General does, when travelling with his English passport, and with his umbrella, gaiters, felt hat, and similar articles, nearly all marked with the names of London makers.

This old soldier began life under Ferdinand VII., as an officer of the Royal Guards. He was a colonel at the time of the death of that King (1833), and was among the first who formed the Carlist party upon the abrogation of the Salic law, by which abrogation Carlos V. was deprived of his rights to the inheritance of the throne of Spain after the death of his brother. During the war for the rights of the aspirant thus put aside —known in Carlist history as the Seven Years' War—Elio commanded a brigade, and driving now up and down the hills of Navarre he constantly pointed to me villages and other places where there were combats in the old time, evidently regretting that he no longer possessed the physical vigour of forty years ago. In 1839, through the treacherous capitulation of Rafael Maroto, the Carlist struggle came to an end. Elio then went abroad with Charles V., and had but few opportunities to take any part in politics until 1860, when he joined Ortega's attempt to bring upon the throne Count de Montemolin (Charles VI), which was made at San Carlos de la Rapita, near Tortosa. Ortega was Governor-General of the Balearic Islands, and conceived the idea of raising the garrison under his command in favour of Charles VI. He landed with

his adherents on the Catalonian coast, near Tortosa; but the attempt proved a failure, and both Ortega and Elio were captured and condemned to be shot. During his long residence in France Elio had, however, formed many friendly relations in that country; his sister was married to the Count de Barraute, a wealthy land-proprietor in the French Pyrences, and there were, therefore, plenty of influential persons anxious to exert their best efforts to save the life of the General. Means were also taken to enlist the sympathies of the Empress Eugénie in his favour, and her mother, the Countess of Montijo, though by no means a partisan of the Carlists, lost no time in exerting all her influence in Madrid, to save the life of one who both there and in Paris had gained the reputation of being one of the most charming and amiable of men. These efforts proved so successful that Queen Isabella was ready to pardon Elio on the condition that he should swear allegiance to her. But when the decision of the Queen was announced to the General, he said he would not purchase his life at the price of an oath which his honour prevented him from keeping, and Isabella seems to have found the answer so honourable that she ordered the immediate release of Elio, but upon the condition of absolute banishment from Spain.

Ortega, however, who was the chief leader of the whole rising, and against whom O'Donnell had many personal grievances, was not allowed to escape, and had to pay with his life for the unsuccessful attempt he had made.

General Elio still remembered warmly the clemency of Isabella, and spoke of her as a much better woman and a much better Queen than Spaniards generally admit her to have been.

"She was ruined politically," he said, "by people like Louis Philippe, Montpensier, and Narvaez, and morally by Serrano. It is possible she would always have had a favorite; that is question of temperament, and with her it was also a question of conjugal unhappiness; but in the hands of Serrano she became demoralized to the heart's core. And this despicable person had the effrontery not only to overthrow his mistress and his benefactress, but to sign a declaration in which it was stated that Spaniards were obliged to conceal from their wives and daughters what was going on in the Royal Palace."

Since the days of Ortega's attempt, the General has had again nearly twelve years of exile to endure, and it is only now, when he is quite seventy years of age, that he has again the chance

of serving the cause he had—rightly or wrongly—once embraced and never since deserted. At the present moment he is the leading spirit of Carlism, for nothing is done either by Don Carlos, or by any of the Carlist leaders except under the advice — sometimes under the very peremptory orders of old Elio. The latest years of his exile the General spent almost wholly in Florence and Paris, but his capacity of disguising himself as an old Englishman has not deserted him, and it is highly amusing to see with what a hearty laugh he speaks of the necessity of this masquerading. One day last Summer he had some important business to transact at Bayonne, and, notwithstanding his advanced age, he thought nothing of travelling on foot, at night, some eight miles of mountain paths in order to cross the frontier, and then of driving twenty miles to Bayonne, and walking all day long about the town under the eyes of all imaginable sub-prefects, gendarmes, and detectives, by all of whom he was very much "wanted," for the purpose of being at once locked up in the citadel of some distant fortress. So little indeed does the General look like a military man, and so un-Spanish are his appearance and manners, that, if we had not

been escorted on our journey by the three volunteers, we should certainly have been several times stopped by his own forces.

Later on, when I saw him in the field with Don Carlos, his civilian habits and manners had become quite proverbial on the Staff. He never wore either spurs, sabre, or any other military weapon or ornament. His costume consisted of a dark blue, rather long buttoned-up surtout, the few copper buttons of which were the only glittering or military-looking appendage about him. His red trousers, always very large and without any vestige of riding straps, got so rucked up, when he was on horseback, as to show the very tops of his soft, heelless half-Wellington boots. His white national beret has not even the customary golden tassel on it. When there were processions or other ceremonies at the time of the reception of Don Carlos in the various villages, and the General, much to his dislike, had to be present, he had always to borrow from some of his aid-de-camps, sabre, scarf, tassel, and everything that was necessary to make him assume an official and military appearance.

Under the enemy's fire old Elio is inimitable. The greater the danger the more he smokes; and the more he smokes the more se-

rene he becomes, quietly smiling as he looks over his spectacles, and slowly and distinctly, without the slightest hurry or appearance of excitement, giving his orders to the members of his staff. Invariably mounted on a little white pony, under which his legs would easily meet, he frequently exposes himself to quite an unnecessary amount of danger, and when his attention is called to such a fact, he gives a soft, spurless kick to his little beast, makes a demi-tour, and, as a rule, comes back to the same place again. By-and-by, as the Carlist war was progressing, the General received no end of applications from old friends who wished to send him their sons and nephews to be attached to his person; and in this way he has around himself, and, much to his displeasure, an endless staff of officers, some of whom are not particularly fond of going too much under fire. It happened several times that, out of something like twenty aid-de-camps and ordnance officers, the General, when under fire, had by his side but three or four men. Yet I never saw him make any reproach to those who were absent. Without ever turning his eyes from the battle-field he calls out the name of the officer to whom he wishes to give an order, and if he is not there, he calls another, and, should he not be

present, a third. If none answer, you are sure to hear "Juan!" which is the name of his son, invariably to be found by his side, and who, with a curé of the name of Don Ramon, serving him as a private secretary, is, I believe, the only person initiated into the plans of the General.

This Don Ramon is also a most curious sort of individual. Sharp as a needle, indefatigable at work, and thoroughly conversant with all the details of Carlist military administration, he is certainly more fit to be a *cabecilla* than a priest. He rides on horseback quite as well as any Spanish cavalry officer, and if he is seldom visible in a cassock, he may, on the other hand, not unfrequently be seen officiating in the presence of Don Carlos and the whole staff in big top-boots and spurs, and despatching what is called a grand mass in the short time of twelve or fifteen minutes.

The military abilities of General Elio are, as far as I am able to judge, of a very high class, indeed. To do what he has done in less than six months, with the little means he had at his command, is something incredible. Small bands of fifty miserably-armed men, which I saw in April, were transformed by the beginning of September into well-armed battalions, about eight hundred men strong each. Out of a nucleus of a few thou-

sand men, scattered in small bands over the country, something looking like an army of over thirty thousand men was formed and under the orders of the General a few months later. Although there was not much discipline, in the strictest sense of the word, there was unlimited obedience to the orders of the leaders; and although there was very little regular drill, volunteers were somehow or other brought to pretty fairly understand what the orders of their commanders implied. But the mere organisation of the troops did not so much puzzle an observer, as the manner in which they were provided for. When the raw fighting material was obtained, and arms for their use provided, it was not difficult to form battalions; but to feed them, in a country which, though rich, was already affected by a protracted war, was a problem of a very different sort. I believe that no partisan warfare has ever presented facts like those which were to be seen amongst the Carlists. In Mexico, the celebrated flying squadron of Count de Clary, only about four hundred strong, was not unfrequently without food for several days, in a country incomparably more abundant in natural food products; while here a column of six, seven, and sometimes upwards of ten thousand men, marches out in

the morning without the General knowing where he will be compelled to spend the night, and yet his troops never miss their rations. How Elio managed his commissariat department is quite a puzzle to me. True, that the population of the country is very favourably disposed towards the Carlists; but there still remains the emergency of a General who, intending to move towards a certain point, has ordered his supplies accordingly, and is suddenly compelled by circumstances to change his march to an opposite direction, and to trust to chance and good fortune to find the necessary provisions for his men.

If the Carlists experienced any difficulty at all it was only for cartridges, but that was not Elio's fault. The force was to be armed quickly and anyhow; consequently, it had rifles of all imaginable patterns, to which cartridges could not be made on the spot. Some occasional unpunctualities in the supply from abroad naturally arose too. Besides, after the entry of Don Carlos into Spain, the affluence of the volunteers became so great that, the Carlist chiefs not being disposed to allow the popular enthusiasm to cool down, all moneys had to be invested in the purchase of guns, and but little was thus left

for the purchase of cartridges. There can be no doubt that, with ten or fifteen thousand men well provided with ammunition, the Carlists would have made more progress than they made with thirty thousand men imperfectly appointed; and if Elio had been quite independent of Don Carlos, he would probably not have allowed the force to rise so speedily in numbers, and have employed the money collected in a different way. However, except on this point I have never seen any deficiency.

Though our little voyage was exclusively limited to the province of Navarre, it lasted for fully five days, for we had to stop in nearly every village where troops were to be inspected, the municipal authorities conferred with, and all sorts of orders and instructions issued, which hindered a more speedy progress. But when the business was transacted, and we were either driving on the high road or quietly sitting at the fireside of our night's lodging, the General would now and then willingly talk on Carlism, as well as on the general state of Spanish affairs, and I must avow that I still remember with delight the hours I spent

with the old gentleman, and still imagine I hear the low and slow voice in which he gave vent to his thoughts and observations, always moderate, always intelligent, and always full of that quaint sort of scepticism which is all the more attractive because the man himself is not conscious of it.

We spoke, of course, of all sorts of things, and it would be utterly impossible to reproduce here all the General said; but some of his ideas and observations impressed me forcibly enough to admit of my reproducing them.

The organization of the Carlist forces was naturally the first subject touched upon, and as we had two lads sitting with us, the General, not wishing to initiate them into all the conversation, took care to speak in French, a language which he possesses in perfection.

"Some eager partisans," said he, "talk everywhere of our having thirty thousand men at present. That is not correct. We shall undoubtedly have even more than that number, but by-and-by only, when we shall have arms. As far as the present number of properly armed men is concerned, I could not estimate it beyond ten thousand; but I do not know it exactly. We do not keep, as you may easily imagine, any of

those lists, or registers, which are kept in regular, well organised armies, and which have been shown so often and so greatly to differ from the reality. We may perhaps begin to keep them some day, but I am not particularly anxious about that at present, and have no officers for carrying on that sort of business. Our armament comes in the way that cannon came last night: and until we have more money, and can afford to charter vessels, we shall have to limit ourselves to the expensive and risky procedure of smuggling. Smuggling is, however, not so very difficult on the French frontier, for the bordering population in both countries are smugglers by "birth and education," as the English phrase goes. In addition to the natural proclivity of all borderers towards unrestricted *libre échange*, some special causes are at work here to produce more smuggling than would be apparently justifiable. There exists a considerable difference in the duties levied in Spain and France on certain articles. Since the last war was concluded, and France has had to pay a heavy indemnity, French duties have been raised, while on the northern frontier of Spain, where they were lower, we gave instructions to lower them still at all points where the custom-houses are in Carlist possession, for

we do not make any secret that we want money, and I know that the lower the duties are, the more in the long run will they return. Consequently, many articles are now sent by foreign merchants to Spain by sea, or in transit across France, in which case they have nothing to pay in the latter country. On reaching Spanish soil, they pay the import duties either to the Republicans or to us, and then in a couple of days are smuggled back again into France. The differences between the French and Spanish duties having existed since time immemorial, and having even formed part of the Spanish fiscal policy, it is quite natural that the frontier population in both countries should have made a regular profession of smuggling. The same thing is, or was, though in a reverse form, going on about Gibraltar, where the English were playing with reference to Spain the same trick we play here with reference to France. To prevent this traffic is almost utterly impossible, as long as the difference between the duties exists. Nothing short of a line of officers posted along the whole length of the frontier, and almost close enough to touch each other, could prevent this smuggling. The goods marked "transit" go into Spain by the high roads, and return to France by the innumer-

able mountain paths, of which you saw one when you came, and upon these the French *douaniers* are by no means disposed to enter. M. Thiers has done all in his power to stop our movement, but without any success whatever. What he has stopped, is the regular intercourse between the two countries. From the Atlantic across to the Mediterranean all ordinary traffic between France and Spain has been paralyzed, yet you see that we pass freely, and when the weather is not so bad, even comfortably. However, M. Thiers gives us much trouble, and I am most anxiously waiting for the time when he will be overthrown; for I suppose he has not much longer to rule France; and any change that may come will be to our advantage, for French Conservatives are all Legitimists, and therefore all in our favour, while the Gambettists, should they come to power, would only exasperate the population in the South of France, and dispose it still more to help us."

The General's allusion to France turned the conversation to what was said abroad about Carlism, and the reputation for cruelty, which had been gained by the Spanish Legitimists, caused the old gentleman to speak rather vehemently on that subject. He simply called "miserable lies" everything that has

been said about the atrocities committed by the Carlists.

"Our policy," said he, "is just the reverse of this, and I have been already over and over again reproached by old Carlists for being too lenient towards the Republicans, and even towards spies. What we want is to attract people, not to frighten them. I have given strict orders that whenever prisoners are taken they should be disarmed and released, as we neither want to keep them, nor desire to shoot them. The more Republicans we release, the more will their ranks get demoralized. A man fights quite differently when he knows that, if captured, he will be executed. He prefers then to die on the battle-field, while now, by releasing prisoners, I induce them to fight less steadily and to surrender more easily. What does it matter to me that the same man will appear three or four times in the ranks against my troops? The more times he appears, the more I am sure of his being a bad soldier."

These words of the General often came to my memory subsequently, when I saw Carlists fighting, and when I witnessed, as in the case of Estella for instance, over six hundred prisoners disarmed and sent under escort to Pampelona, so

that the infuriated Navarre peasants should not attack them on their journey. And the policy of, in this way, demoralizing the enemy's ranks has —whatever its moral merit may be—certainly been one of the most successful measures the General has adopted.

"Of course," continued he, coming to this subject over and over again, "I cannot be answerable for occasional accidents which may occur now and then. A chief of a *partida volante* might capture sometimes a few militiamen (*Migueletes*) against whom the Carlists are particularly angry because they are voluntary, not *per force* soldiers. Such men might be sometimes killed, without or with the sanction of the commander of the band, but these things cannot be helped in war. Then again, where is justice when people speak of us being murderers and assassins when we shoot a spy, while the Republicans, when they torture and massacre men whom they suspect of Carlism, are simply said to be using just measures of severity. My own brother, the Vicar of Pampelona, has now been for several months imprisoned in an underground cell of the citadel of that town, and as he is almost as old a man as myself, he is pretty sure to see his life's end there. Dorregaray's mother

and sister are also in prison at Santander, and when in the skirmishes any Carlists are taken prisoners, they are not only shot but their bodies are mutilated. People talk also about our enlisting men forcibly. Well, you will see yourself, if you remain here some time, that we have more men than we can possibly make use of. Why should we take men by force when we have not arms enough to give to those who come willingly? All the miserable calumnies spread about us will cool down by-and-by, I am perfectly sure of that. They are remnants of the impressions left by the old Seven Years' War, which was really a very fierce one. Zumalacarregui would not, and could not, give quarter, and he achieved all his successes chiefly by inspiring the Christinos with terror. The Generals of Christina treated the Carlists in such a way that retaliation was a matter of absolute necessity. We had also, as you know, a foreign intervention upon our hands. The English Legion, the Portuguese Legion, and the so-called French Foreign Legion had been sent here to fight us, and we were compelled to have recourse to greater severity just to warn foreign adventurers not to come to this country. They had no business to interfere with us. But as nowadays no interference is probable,

or even possible, for France has too much to do at home, while England is not a country likely to repeat twice the same stupidity—we can afford to be more lenient, and I mean that we shall be so, so far as it depends upon myself.

"There are also one or two points more in which public opinion in Europe abuses us. One is our stopping the railway traffic in the North of Spain, and the other our alleged attacks upon, and robbery of, peaceful travellers. With reference to the railway traffic, I can tell you I am constantly in negotiation with the same M. Pollack whom you have seen at Bayonne, and if we have not arrived yet at any result, it is not our fault. I told him over and over again, and urged him to use Pereira's influence, since he is the chief proprietor of the railway, for re-establishing the traffic upon the condition that no troops or war material should be carried by rail. If Pereira and his agents cannot arrange that matter with the Madrid Government, we, on our part, cannot permit the enemy to turn against us the advantage which would be derived from railway communication. As to our attacking and robbing peaceful travellers, and especially women, that is pure nonsense. I don't believe that any man, and certainly no woman, has ever been molested or

robbed, except by bandits, who may, on a lonely road, attack a travelling party and give themselves out as Carlists. All I could do was to give orders to shoot off-hand every man who could be proved to have been guilty of anything of that sort. The curé Santa Cruz himself is now under sentence of death for having disobeyed the commander of his province, General Lizarraga. Several reports had been circulating that Santa Cruz's men, who formed at the outbreak of the war a very useful flying party, had lately committed many acts of violence. How far this was correct, I have not yet been able to ascertain. I believe the reports to have been greatly exaggerated. However, I directed Lizarraga to incorporate Santa Cruz's men into his own force, and to put Santa Cruz himself under more stringent control. The curé refused to obey this order, and I have, without the slightest hesitation, confirmed Lizarraga's sentence, by which Santa Cruz is to be shot as soon as he is caught."

While we were thus talking about the now sadly celebrated curé, our carriage was driving close to Elizondo, and on the right hand side of the road, the General pointed out to me a little village high up in the mountains.

"Do you see those little houses?' asked he;

"Well, that village is called Lecaroz; I had often to stay there during the Seven Years' War, and for the fact of my having been there, and its inhabitants not having communicated to the Christinos information of my whereabouts, and of the number of men and the quantity of arms I possessed, the whole of the village was burned to the ground; and the male population were ranged in a line, and every tenth man of them shot by Mina. Now, we have never done anything of that sort. That was the work of the Liberals, supported by the English, the Portuguese, and the French."

Several times, also, did the conversation turn towards the present Pretender to the Spanish throne, and mentioning the severe criticisms passed on him, I asked the General how it was that Don Carlos did not put himself at the head of his troops.

"Ah!" said he, "we have had great trouble in keeping the King quiet, and preventing his rushing precipitately across the frontier, as he did last year when we were defeated, and he had to retrace his steps. Should I be defeated or captured, or should the same events happen to Dorregary, you can perceive that matters would not be beyond remedy. But suppose either to happen to the King, what then? And both defeat and capture are clearly possible to any of us, no

better armed nor stronger than we now are. True, neither is very likely with the disorganised enemy we have, but we must not trust our cause to unnecessary possibilities. It is true that the King's arrival here would greatly increase the movement in his favour; but an untimely enthusiasm may waste the grandest opportunity. We should have the peasants by tens of thousands thronging to us and demanding arms. And as we have no arms to give them, discouragement would follow delay in such a matter, and our young fellows would go off to their homes disheartened and reluctant to rally to our colours again. All that we must avoid. No, no; in a few weeks more we shall have arms—arms, our great necessity!—and munitions of all kinds. There will be plenty of men whenever we make the signal, and then we will occupy what points we need; and I will ask you to come and see us at work."

On my expressing some curiosity as to what sort of person "the King" was, General Elio spoke, as nearly as I can remember, something to this purpose:—

"He is intelligent, very kind-hearted, and of undoubted personal courage, but I am unable to say whether he will be distinguished as a states-

man; for this is a subject upon which a fair opinion can only be formed *a posteriori*, and not otherwise; we must judge of it from the facts only. Many intelligent men have failed as statesmen, while many persons of inferior intelligence have proved quite equal to the little statesmanship required in a sovereign. Several countries, we know," added he, with his good-natured smile, "could, I believe, supply illustrations of this."

I agreed with him, but remarked that he was not quite justified in referring to constitutional governments, when Don Carlos was commonly recognised as the representative of absolutist theories, and his answer was:—

"You are greatly mistaken if you think that the King ever dreamed of absolute power. He knows, and his counsellors know still better, that absolutism is impossible in our age. He understands also the bad policy of giving now-a-days any secular power to the clergy. The legitimate monarchy in Spain will not only rule with the advice of the Cortes, but will restore all the ancient franchises—the *fueros*, as we call them—which have been violated in turn by all the progressive parties. It will support religion, of course, but will not go a step beyond what the religious feeling of the people requires in that

respect. Our enemies say *we* will overrun the country with monks and priests. This is simply nonsense. If any person is disposed to a monastic life, government, it seems to me, has as little business to oppose it as to encourage it. There is—or rather was—among our peasantry, and even among our educated classes, a religious fervour that may be deemed fanatical; and if our monks were fanatics it was not because they were monks, but because they were Spaniards. If I should call a good Carlist in the next village. and tell him myself that one of our detachments had been beaten somewhere, he would not believe me. He would answer that God would not permit *Carlistas* to be beaten. You cannot make such people less fanatical or less religious by closing the monasteries, as the Progresistas did. A foolish and unjust measure like that could never have had any other consequence than what we see—that is, the increase of the very fanaticism it strove to stamp out. And, say what you may against the monks, if you studied the Basque provinces, where priests and monks have always been powerful, you would see much in their favour. There is not a single peasant in these provinces—man or woman—who does not write grammatically and in a clear hand the Basque language, and many write equally

well the Spanish language too. Their good health is the result of their morality. Not only are there no beggars here, but distressing poverty is almost unknown. Much of this is due to the priesthood, and the remainder to what the priests help them to maintain—the ancient privileges of the Basque provinces and Navarre. We enjoyed here, up till Christina's time, perfect self-government, and never knew what conscription meant. Over and over again have I voted here as a landlord of Navarre on a footing of perfect equality with the poorest of my farmers. You are surprised at the strength and courage of our young volunteers, some of whom, as you have seen, are scarcely sixteen years old. It is the result only of their pure lives and the absence of that source of ruin to the young men of other countries—the conscription, with its barrack life and all the vices of large cities. It is not amidst the fresh air and rocky soil of these mountains that people can ever get demoralised. Some of these lads have never been even as far as Pamplona or Vitoria, and all they know of the world at large is what the *cura* and the muleteer tell them. I can assure you that every one who has lived here feels as certain as I do, that neither the intense religious feelings, nor loyalty to the ancient monarchical institutions,

can ever be eradicated from the minds of the people in the Vasco-Navarre provinces, unless the very face of the country is changed, and these mountains are levelled to the ground. I believe that all the rest of Spain can be easily enough made monarchical, but never will the mountaineers be made republicans. And we have mountains and mountaineers everywhere over the Peninsula."

As a matter of course, a journalist representing an American paper could not leave the question of Cuba untouched, and I had naturally enough to bring the General on the subject.

"Well," replied he, "it is difficult to say anything positive on that subject at present. Slavery, of course, will be abolished, and a special constitution will be granted to the colony. But you are probably anxious to know whether the King could be induced to part with any portion of the Spanish dominion in the New World. To this I must say that no government could safely venture such a policy. Its declaration to that effect would be its own death-warrant. It would give effective ground to every element of opposition, for it would appear to balance meaner considerations against national feeling. My own opinion is—and I believe that, to a certain extent, this is also the King's opinion—that colonial policy is simply

a consideration of debtor and creditor accounts. If a colony pays, keep it; if it is a loss and a burden, cut it adrift. The English colonial disintegration party is rational. But the subject is entangled with sentiments of nationality and pride; and you see that even the English government, so strong and powerful, dare not declare plainly the Colonial policy in which they seem to believe. How, then, can any Spanish government be asked to do so? If we could sell Cuba, we should, by a stroke of the pen, restore our national finances. But to make such a sale a most powerful hand is needed, and no hand can be powerful—and in Spain less than anywhere—unless it holds plenty of money. Thus there is a vicious circle: we could not sell Cuba, save in a condition that would make its sale superfluous. This is a vital topic with us. It will come up often, and we must only endeavour to prevent by all proper good-will and courtesy toward the American government the arising of any pretext for their occupying the island."

Though when we started the General threatened me with the prospect of bad lodging and bad fare, we never saw either on the whole of our

journey. He was everywhere received with open arms by the population, and either at the houses of the curés, or at those of some leading inhabitant, comfortable meals were invariably waiting for us—so far comfortable, at least, as Spanish cooking allows. At the house of a rich proprietor at Elizondo, among others, we had a bottle of sherry, the taste of which I still remember, and which cannot be obtained anywhere except in those cathedral-like vaults called *Bodegas*, which are the great attraction of every English traveller at Jerez.

At night we almost invariably returned to the little *palacio* of Bertiz, the property of General Elio's sister-in-law, which is situated on the junction of the San Estevan and Pamplona roads. The capital of Navarre was within a few miles of the place where we thus took our night's lodging, and half-a-dozen of German Uhlans would certainly have captured us there most easily. But, in the first place, there were no German Uhlans at Pamplona, and, in the second, the population around Bertiz would never have even inadvertently betrayed the temporary residence of the General.

"We are quite safe here," said the old gentleman to me, on the first evening we went there to bed, "I have drawn some curtains on the

road from Pamplona. Two little flying parties, numbering about twenty-five men altogether, but commanded by two very old and experienced officers, are watching the road at a distance of a few miles from here, and should any suspicious move be made from Pamplona, they are sure to awaken us in time. For the little risk run here we have the advantage of good beds, and of suppers without oil and garlic, which you seem to dislike so much."

And really our beds were excellent, and garlic and oil were banished from the bill of fare, except in that kind of thick bread soup, which is quite a national supper dish in Spain, and which the old gentleman seemed to be exceedingly fond of. But it was quite easy for me to dispense with it, since the supper was always so copious and the vegetables so delicious, that the most voracious appetite might have been contented. Never in my life shall I forget the little artichokes, not larger than a middle-sized fig, and melting in one's mouth, outer leaves, brush-like core, and all else included. One could scarcely believe it to be the same vegetable that gives so much trouble to cook and consumer in other countries.

During the day when the General was trans-

acting his various business affairs, I walked about the villages, watching the country life of Navarre people, and the first efforts of the Carlists to organise themselves into something like an army. I must frankly say that the pictures I saw in these and subsequent wanderings contained much of ugliness, dirt, ignorance, and superstition; but they contained also many elements of that sort of primitive virtue, self-denial, and courage, which always offer the most refreshing sight to a mind intoxicated aud bewildered by the contemplation of all the blessings of our much extolled civilization.

CHAPTER III.

DIOS, PATRIA, Y REY.

THE heading of this chapter—*God, Fatherland, and King*—is the great Carlist motto, and the watchword to which every peasant of the northern provinces of Spain answers by rushing to take up arms. *Patria* plays, indeed, a much less important part in it than *Dios* and *Rey*, for, whenever joyous shoutings are heard among Carlists, Fatherland is seldom mentioned. It is always "*Viva Carlos Setimo*," "*Viva la Religion*," "*Viva los Carlistas*," or *Viva* this or that special Carlist leader. *Patria*, means among the Carlist volunteers, as a rule, their own particular province, often even their village only. Of Spain, as a whole, they don't know much, and care less still about it. Half of these men, being pure Basques, do not even understand Spanish at all.

"*Carlos Setimo*" sounds well enough when

cried out by the enthusiastic and strong-voiced lads, but it looks rather queer when represented by the Pretender's crest figuring on the buttons, arms, and colours. It assumes then more the aspect of some chemical formula than of anything else, for it is written in the plain way of $C_{7.}$, not in the form of a C more or less picturesquely intertwined with a VII, as one would expect it to be.

That the shouting and enthusiasm are sincere in the Northern provinces of Spain scarcely anyone will doubt, when Carlism has risen to the power it holds at present; and we must always bear in mind that it has so risen in defiance of every sort of Spanish as well as international law, and with almost no money to support it.

Of the present Pretender, the Navarre and Basque people know but very little. It is quite enough for them that he is *El Rey*, and that his name is Carlos. They venerate in him the old tradition. And I am almost sure that the great majority of them firmly believe him to be the son of Charles V. under whom their fathers—in some cases even themselves—fought forty years ago. Thus to general causes which make these mountain tribes rise against any government

established in Madrid, is now added the intense feeling of hatred against those who inflicted upon the Basque provinces the calamities which these provinces had to bear during the Seven Years' War. So strong indeed is this feeling, that I have constantly heard the Republicans called by the name of *Christinos*, which means soldiers of Queen Christina, a denomination evidently preserved from the former war. It is only the more civilized portion of the Carlist Volunteers which understands that the present Government of Madrid has nothing whatever to do with Christina, and accordingly calls the Republican forces by the nicknames of "Negros," "Liberales," "Progresistas," and the like. The mutual hatred and jealousy amongst all the Spanish provinces has assumed in the Vasco-Navarre parts of the Peninsula such an intense form that nothing short of some Madrid dictator accepting the American principle, "Good Indians are only dead Indians," can put a stop to Carlism. Zumalacarregui, whatever might be thought of his humanity, was certainly not very wrong when he made up his mind to give no quarter to the enemy, a resolution to which the "Eliot Convention" put a stop. He seemed to have accepted the rather plausible,

theory that the more enemies he killed, the fewer would remain. Such a principle, barbarous as it may look, was at all events sure, if acted upon on both sides, to lead to a speedy conclusion of the war, and probably to the final settlement of a pending question; while as long as the war is continued in the manner it has been carried on since Zumalacarregui's death, peace will probably remain an unknown thing in the unhappy Peninsula.

In the Spring of this year matters might yet have been mended, and the war put a stop to, by some "military genius" taking the reins of the Government of Madrid. But, at the point which the Carlist organisation has reached now, every hope of this must be given up for a considerable time to come. The Carlists are perfect masters of the whole of the North. They are well organised into something very similar to several distinct army corps. They are in the course of establishing cartridge manufactories, and they are manufacturing arms at Eibar and Placencia, the two establishments being capable of supplying over six hundred guns a week, a number more than sufficient for keeping them in a perfect state of readiness to meet any effort on the part of the Republicans.

The sufficiency of the natural resources of the country for the demands upon them presents the only somewhat questionable point, since it is now quite a year that war has been carried on, with the products of a comparatively small district, and without reckoning that it had also lasted for a couple of months in the preceding year. But, in the first place, agriculture has not suffered much as yet. Bread, wine, and cattle are still plentiful both in Navarre and in Guipuzcoa, and the only difference is that, instead of selling what the peasant can spare from the quantity requisite for his own use, he is now compelled to give it to the Carlists. He has consequently become short of cash, but he is a man who does not want much of it, and who will probably endure without grumbling the privations which the want of ready money entails, when it is for a cause to which he is so much attached. He is, besides, constantly encouraged in this sentiment by the priests, by the leaders of the Carlists, who are chiefly landed proprietors of his own province, and by all the lads of his village, who have entered the Carlist ranks, and who are now often coming on visits to their homes to tell long stories about the great battles they have fought and the glorious progress the great *causa* has made.

But suppose, even, that the resources of Navarre and Guipuzcoa should soon get exhausted, Biscaya and the country along the Ebro can easily support the Carlist army for twice as long a time as the two other provinces. And the risings in Lower Aragon, Catalonia, and Valencia will always give to the Navarre and Basque forces the possibility of changing their field of operation whenever the want of supplies begins to make itself felt in the districts now supporting them.

No one could form anything like an exact idea of the extent to which Carlism is rampant all over the Northern provinces, unless one has travelled through them both with the Carlist column, and by himself alone. When you pass with troops, a suspicion may always arise within you that fear makes the population welcome them. But during my six months wanderings through the North of Spain I had to pass over and over again through almost every village of the four provinces with no other escort than a little Navarre servant boy, fifteen years old, and nowhere did I meet with anything but hospitality, to which all sorts of *vivas* were immediately added, when it became known that I had friends among Carlists, and could thus be fairly supposed to be a Carlist myself. Naturally enough, the

innkeepers may have occasionally cheated me, or robbed the food out of the manger of my horses. But this had nothing to do with hospitality—it was purely matter of business, transacted in a way which is not necessarily peculiar to Basques or Navarrese. It was not the innkeeper's fault that I had money, for if I had had none he would have given me the same fare without asking me a penny. It was also not his fault that maize and barley had risen in price, and that his mules' food was thus rendered almost dearer than his own. If I had been disposed to go to the *alcalde* to ask him for rations, and to draw for them upon Don Carlos' future exchequer, I should have had the horses feed for nothing, and then the innkeeper would not have touched their food, for he would have considered it Carlist property, which is, of course, a more or less sacred thing.

The enthusiasm for the Carlist cause is still more emphatically shown by the women and children of these backward regions. Whenever a Republican corps passes through a village, scarcely a child is to be seen in the streets. They all hide themselves in the stables, in the garret, or in one of those uninhabited rooms of the first floor where Indian corn is habitually stored in these countries. It is evident that, somehow or

other, these little things have been frightened away from the Republican soldiers; and they know them, for sometimes the notice of the approach of such a column to the village is first brought by little boys and girls of six or seven years, out watching their pigs and sheep somewhere on the hills. But when the Carlists approach, all the children rush out to the entrance of the village with cries of welcome, dancing and springing in their delight, and meeting them with all sorts of joyful manifestations. At the outbreak of the movement, when so many Carlist volunteers were armed with no more deadly weapons than sticks, there was to be seen in every village an auxiliary force of little boys and girls playing all day long at Carlists. And when a band passes some isolated farmhouse in the mountain, the whole of the family is sure to be found at the entrance-door ready with jugs of fresh water, or sometimes even glasses of wine, for the wearied soldiers. Yet none of them would ever dream of accepting any payment, the very proposal of which would be taken as an offence.

The women, both in Navarre and the Basque provinces, do not possess much in the way of carpets, or coloured tissues of any kind, but they

have a good deal of linen, and whenever some popular Carlist chief is known to pass through a village, all the balconies and windows are decorated with sheets and fringed towels. If a woman has anything like chintz curtains, or such a luxury as light red or blue woollen drapery of some sort, they are sure to be displayed on the balconies and I not unfrequently saw portraits of Don Carlos and pictures of various saints hung out as additional embellishments. If the entry is made at night time, the whole village, old and young, rush out with torches, or at least with what serve as torches—bunches of lighted straw; and the village stock of candles is sure to be exhausted on that night, for in every window there are as many as the family's purse will admit the purchase of. If a *caballero* be thirsty and ask for a glass of water, it is never served in its pure and simple state. There is always in it an *azucarillo*, or *bolao*, a kind of sweetmeat made of the white of eggs and sugar. It costs no more than a farthing perhaps, but a farthing is a consideration for people in these countries, and as every woman serves a good many *azucarillos* in a day, the whole must cost her quite a little fortune. Yet you feel at once you dare not propose to give her

anything in return; you shake hands with her, and that is the only acknowledgment she will accept.

If you happen to be belated and cannot reach the *posada* (inn), you had in view, and are, for some reason or another, compelled to stop on your way, you can safely knock at the door of any house on your road, and explain to its owner your case, when you are certain to be made as welcome as if you were an old friend. The wife will be set at once to prepare whatever supper she may have provisions for; your bed, if often rough, is sure to have clean sheets and pillow-cases; and when, the next day, you ask what you owe, it is seldom more than six or seven reals, which is about fifteen or sixteen pence.

The hospitality which any Carlist *jefe* (officer), or any *caballero*, who can be fairly supposed to sympathise with Carlism, finds in the curé's house is quite a matter of course, for curés are greatly interested in the movement, and it is only natural that they should welcome the men who are avowedly supporting the Church; but then there is a limit to everything. At the house of a Basque or a Navarre priest, Carlist officers and chiefs find not only a cordial welcome, but a substan-

tial meal, lodgings, food for their horses, and everything else they may want. If a Carlist column or even a small band passes, all the curés of the village are immediately on foot arranging with the *alcalde* for quarters, rations, stables, and all that is so anxiously looked for by men who have had a march of some twenty or thirty miles. Very frequently did it happen on my journeys that, within five or six minutes of my alighting at an inn, a curé, and sometimes three or four of them, informed that a stranger had come, would arrive at the inn, when they would seldom allow me to remain there. I had to go to the house of the senior of them, if there were many, and give all the news I had to impart, receiving in return a dinner, including not unfrequently trout, spring chickens, ducklings, and even English biscuits, though as a matter of course the best provisions were invariably spoiled in cooking with rancid oil and garlic. A stout curé at Aranatz was particularly amiable, and he had greatly improved his *cuisine* under the influence of a Frenchwoman his brother had married. I think I had to pass that village about half a dozen times, and on each occasion he caught me, and would not not let me go unless I not only had a dinner or a supper,

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but stopped over night with him. He had always some good reason why I should not proceed any further on the day of my visit. And what struck me as particularly remarkable in the Navarre and Basque curés, and somewhat different from the customs of a good many other priests and clergymen, was that, while giving you their best hospitality, they did not at all expect you to go to church with them. If you happened to turn up at a time when the priest had to officiate, he would do his best to make you comfortable, would beg you most eagerly to excuse his being compelled to leave you, and would hurry off to his church, where on such occasions he was pretty sure to despatch his mass or his vespers with a somewhat increased speed.

Twice, or three times, I may even say, these curés saved me from great unpleasantness. Preferring, as a rule, high-roads to mountain paths, so utterly ruinous to the horses, I used to bring myself frequently within a short distance from a moving Republican column. I knew, of course, that, being a stranger, I had no particular danger to apprehend, except, perhaps, a few days imprisonment until matters could he cleared up. But the curés in the village thought that on being captured I was certain to be shot, like any

Carlist, and each time when I fell into any danger of this sort, some curé was sure to turn up and give me instructions how to escape from the encounter. On one of such journeys, I had to pass the Barranca by the high-road from Pamplona to Vitoria, and fell between two columns which were in the course of operating to effect a junction. As I was not alone, but with three or four Carlist officers in full uniform, the position was not a particularly pleasant one. We turned off from the high-road to the mountains, but were still under the dread that the skirmishers, or some cavalry patrol, might catch hold of us, and it was to old Don Juan Lopez, the curé of Zuaz, that we all owed on that day our escape. Watching from the top of a hill the movement of the columns, and seeing us turning off from the high-road, he at once rushed down and ran over a mile to catch us—a task which must have been all the more difficult to the old man as we were already beginning to trot sharply. But still he managed, somehow or other, to join us, though in a state of indescribable perspiration, and quite out of breath. Without saying a word, he seized the bridle of the little luggage horse which was jogging behind us, jumped on it, took the lead of us all, and by paths which we would

otherwise never have entered, not only carried us quite out of danger, but enabled us to reach the place at which we wished to arrive about a couple of hours earlier than we should have been able to reach it otherwise.

What I saw of the Carlist forces, properly so speaking, on my first and short visit to their camps, was not much, and scarcely worth while relating now. Little bands of forty and fifty men scattered here and there were all that was to be seen in the way of armed men. Of discipline, as understood in regular armies, there was next to none. Soldiers and officers seemed to stand very much on a footing of perfect equality and familiarity. Volunteers, sitting in the inns, did not always rise even when General Elio entered, and some of them appeared not to know him at all. If a Carlist Volunteer knows an officer, whatever his rank may be, he shakes hands with him, without any further salute. The guards we had on our journey, talked and smoked their cigarettes all the time, not unfrequently asking the General for lights, or dozed as if they were returning from a pleasure trip.

The yet unarmed Volunteers were still less

military-looking. For an hour or two during the day they were under going such little drill as their officer had knowledge enough to impart to them; while the rest of their time was, as a rule, divided between working in the field, chopping wood for their landladies, nursing children, or playing at ball. Some of them went to mass every morning, and, as it was just then Palm week, the amount of church attending was rather larger than usual. In a word, it soon became evident to me that I had come too early, and that fully five or six weeks more would pass before anything serious could take place. True that Dorregaray, with something like 2,500 pretty well organised Navarre men, was operating in the neighbourhood of Estella, and had already fought a couple of more or less successful little battles. But I was not yet properly fitted out to undertake a distant journey of this sort, and, on the other hand, news was spread far and near that the Commune was going to be established at Madrid, that the *Intransigentes* were more and more rising in power, that, in a word, the capital of Spain was just then the only proper place for a "special" to be at. General Elio had also promised to give me an opportunity of seeing Don Carlos as soon

as I should return to Bayonne. The personality of the Spanish Pretender was then still a myth for almost everybody, and the prospect of seeing within a few days the *fine fleur* of Spanish Legitimacy, and the *fine fleur* of Spanish Communism, and of being able to study and compare them, was really so tempting that I could not but seize the opportunity at once.

CHAPTER IV.

DON CARLOS, HIS WIFE, AND HIS VIEWS.

THE present pretender to the throne of Spain, styled by his followers Charles VII., and by the world at large Don Carlos de Bourbon, Duke of Madrid, is twenty-five years of age, having been born in Austria in March, 1848. He is a powerful-looking man, about six feet one, and in his frank but somewhat curt manner reminds one of the Emperor Alexander of Russia, when he was some twenty-five years younger. His face, since he began to wear a full beard, has become quite handsome, though a slightly slobbering aspect of his mouth, and the deficiency of teeth, hereditary in the Spanish Bourbon house, not being in harmony with his manly physical appearance, spoils the first pleasing impression. He is easy of access, and without any trace of haughtiness. When seen

on horseback at some distance, especially when saluting people and frankly taking off his Basque cap, he has something picturesque about him. His bearing in private life resembles that of the younger sons of the English nobility who have entered the professions. Like them, he seems to have the capacity of enduring, for a while, any amount of hardship with great serenity of temper. Of the sovereign, the statesman, or the warrior, there is absolutely nothing in him. But he is very fond of playing the part of a King—that is to say, of *thou-ing* everybody in the old fashion of Spanish Kings, not excluding even his councillors, some of whom are thrice his age, and of surrounding himself with a large number of chamberlains, aid-de-camps, secretaries, and similar people, all of whom have no other merit or duty than that of flattering his pride. I saw, myself, genuine Spanish noblemen carrying away slops after Don Carlos had washed himself, and busily engaged in seeing that his top-boots and spurs were properly polished. He is undoubtedly a religious man; but there is much less bigotry about him than is generally supposed, and, for all I could observe, the Spanish clergy do not seem to exercise any undue influence on his mind. In fact, I have seen him marching for

weeks without having a single curé on his staff; but, in every village he comes to, he goes first of all to church, and pays a visit to the local priest. Like the majority of Spaniards, he is a bad horseman, and in about a month's time I saw him ruin three excellent horses. At the same time, he evidently imagines that he looks a fine cavalier with his glistening black beard, his dark blue hussar uniform, his stars on the breast, his red trousers, his high circus boots, and his red cap with the gold tassel. His political notions seem to be of a very unsettled character. At all events, each time I happened to talk to him, or listen when he talked to some one else on political subjects, I was never able to make out what was the substance of his views. Sometimes he seemed quite a common-place liberal of our own day; at other times his utterances appeared to be the produce of the old-fashioned traditions of Spanish absolutism. On the whole, I think, he would make a pretty fair constitutional king, if properly restricted by law; for having been educated in Europe, and having lived constantly under European influence, he has unconsciously imbibed the political ideas of our age. But, on the other hand, being in his private

life under the influence of his family traditions, and basing his rights upon worn out ideas, he has naturally, along with modern notions, others which would much better suit the seventeenth than the nineteenth century. In the etiquette he likes to observe at his wandering court, and in the titles and court appointments he distributes, these weaknesses come very clearly to light. As an individual, he is brave and kind-hearted; he is an excellent father, and is polite and amiable to everybody. He sleeps much, and smokes much, and is rather "henpecked" by Doña Margarita, Princess of Parma, whom he married in February, 1867, and by whom he has two daughters and a son, the eldest, Infanta Blanca, being five years old, and the youngest, Infanta Elvira, two years. His son, Infante Jaime-Charles, who, according to his parents' belief, will have some day to play the *rôle* of Charles VIII., was born on the 27th of June, 1870.

Doña Margarita has the reputation of being a very clever woman. Handsome she is certainly not, although in her stature, fair hair, and blue eyes, there is, on the whole, something rather attractive. But surely no one would take her for a Queen of Spain. She looks much more like a German or an English middle-class

lady, of that slim and delicate appearance so often met with in Northern countries amongst women who marry at an early age, and have more children than they ought to have. Being a year older and much richer than her husband, and of a more decided cast of mind, she exercises, undoubtedly, great influence over Don Carlos, and, if she had not herself been at times under the influence of a number of Jesuits and petty courtiers, her counsels and views would probably have had upon Don Carlos a salutary influence. At all events, she reads much more than her husband, and is far more accomplished. Up to about a year ago, she was almost invariably living near Geneva, in the château called Bocage; but some of the over-zealous Carlists having compromised her by the storing of arms in her residence, she was ordered by the Swiss authorities to leave the country, and had to seek refuge in France. When Don Carlos entered into Spain, she took up her present residence at Bordeaux, and the reports as to her having crossed the frontier were utterly destitute of foundation. She tried lately to remove to Pau, and took a house there, but the French Government intimated to her that she could not be allowed to reside in the vicinity of the Pyrenees.

It was in the isolated château of St. Lon, in the Landes, that I first saw Don Carlos in April of the present year. He was then hiding himself from the French police, and changing his abode almost every week, under the protection of the hospitable landed proprietors of the South of France. To get at Don Carlos was a very difficult task; for, if not alarmed himself, his councillors and courtiers were always afraid of some act of treachery; but the "interviewing" instructions of my paper were too stringent for me to let him off without an ordeal of this sort; and I spent nearly a month at Bayonne and about the frontier trying to meet with people who could manage to procure me this interview. Yet all my efforts were vain, until I became acquainted with General Elio, and proved lucky enough to inspire him with the confidence that I had no intention either to assassinate or even to betray Don Carlos.

On the Bayonne-Pau railway line is a station called Peyrehorade, and about two hours' drive from that station is situated the château of M. de Pontonx, where the interview was to take place on the 11th of April, at eleven o'clock at night. The arrangement was that I should start

from Bayonne by the last train to Peyrehorade, and call there upon the curé who would serve me as a guide, the name of the residence not having been disclosed to me at that time. On my reaching Peyrehorade I found the curé at church, it being Good Friday; but a comfortable carriage was in readiness to drive me to a place, of which I should not even now have known the name if the young M. de Pontonx had not told me, a few months later, that it was at his château that I paid the visit. The precautions were evidently well taken for my not betraying the residence of the Prince, for I could not even see the road through which I drove, the carriage having no lanterns, the coachman having recommended me not to pull down the windows, and the night being so dark that I wondered all the time how he could find his way. In about two hours we stopped before a gate, which was opened only after some parleying, and then drove through a park to the entrance of the residence.

Brigadier Iparraguirre, military secretary of the Prince, was waiting on the doorsteps when the carriage drew into the courtyard. He was evidently watching lest some police agent or any other unasked for person should appear; but seeing the familiar carriage and coachman, and hearing

that I was the person to whom the audience had been granted, he showed me at once through several rooms to the chamber occupied by Don Carlos. A cheerful fire burned in an old-fashioned grate, and the apartment was upholstered with quaint-looking antique furniture. Don Carlos entered the room almost immediately, accompanied by General Elio, shook my hand cordially, and paid some compliments to the journal I represented. Some preliminary conversation of a general character then ensued, but as soon as the Prince sat down and lighted a cigarette, offering me one, both Elio and Iparraguirre retired from the room.

"What impression has been made on you during your journey through the Carlist camps?' was his first question. I answered that my impressions were on the whole favourable, but referred to the imperfect armament of some of the *partidas* (bands), and the conversation at once assumed a practical relation to the Carlist prospects in general.

"Ah! you must keep in view the almost insuperable difficulties which we have had to contend with," said the Prince. "The movement began only in the month of December. General Ollo crossed the frontier to Spain about Christmas

last with twenty-three unarmed men. He disinterred three hundred old muskets, which had been buried in the neighbourhood, and, with these, armed his first detachment. In Catalonia the movement began earlier, and there the progress was more rapid. You have no conception of the obstacles which are put in the way of our transporting arms across the frontier. The cost of conveyance causes a great increase of expense, and but for the hearty assistance which was given to us by the nobility of the South of France, we could never have achieved what we have done. And then, what has not been said of us? We have been called 'brigands,' 'assassins,' 'plunderers of the peasantry,' 'kidnappers,' and what not; but you have yourself seen how false such reports are. You have seen how thoroughly the population of the villages is with us. If I had a hundred thousand rifles, I could have a hundred thousand men in a few days. It is bitter to me, personally, to be restrained as I am; compelled idly to sit here, while my followers are enduring so many hardships and risking their lives for my cause; but my advisers keep me like a prisoner of State. They say my entering Spain would do harm only, as they are not yet ready for active operations on my behalf."

The conversation then turning to politics, Don Carlos said:—

"The political feature of the case is as little known in Europe and America as is the other, the military part of the Legitimist movement. No lawyer, Spanish or foreign, has ever disproved my right to the throne of Spain. The act by which the throne was given to Isabella, was simply a violation of the organic laws of the kingdom. My grandfather defended his right, sword in hand. He was not vanquished, but was betrayed by the infamous Maroto. When the right to the throne devolved on me, I did all in my power to confine the contest within the walls of the Parliament house. I succeeded in obtaining the support of not less than eighty-three deputies, but during the last elections Carlist voters and Carlist deputies were shot at and stabbed, and nothing remained for us but a resort to arms. Any American or English party placed in the same position would have acted in the same way. I know that the Anglo-Saxon race, in the New World as well as in the Old, is so great because it never hesitates to take up the sword when right is invaded. They do not fear civil war when they believe they are in the right. Why should we fear?"

On my observing that the cause of the hostile

criticism of the world on Carlism was not because Carlism fought, but because people were afraid lest its victory should re-establish fading absolutist theories in government and ultramontanism in religion.

"I have never given any reason to believe that after my accession to the throne," said Don Carlos, "religion would be permitted to interfere with politics, or politics with religion. I greatly value the influence of the priesthood. I admire many men who are priests; but I admire them in the Church, and I would be the first to oppose their interference in matters out of their sphere. No country in the world is less susceptible of government by absolutism than Spain. It never was so governed; it will never be. The Basque provinces and Navarre have, from time immemorial, possessed the privileges of the most free countries. I have always emphatically declared that I will leave the framing of a Spanish constitution to the action of a freely elected Cortes. I wonder there can still exist a doubt of my intention in this respect. My programme of government can be set forth in a very few words. Everything shall be done through a free Cortes. There shall be complete decentralisation in everything but general politics."

Here the Prince spoke somewhat in detail of his several manifestoes addressed to the Spaniards, as well as to the foreign courts, appearing to assume that every man was bound to know these documents, a circumstance which made me feel rather uneasy, as I had no idea of them. Consequently, I took good care to change the conversation by reference to the interruption of travel in Spain and the Carlist action of firing on railway trains.

Don Carlos replied:—"War is war. You cannot make an omelet without breaking some eggs. Interruption of travel, under such circumstances, is not peculiar to Spain. I did my utmost to prevent it. I proposed to the Northern Company to neutralize the rails and telegraph, and said that we would respect and protect the trains and wires if they were not used for military purposes. The directors said, in reply, that the Government at Madrid would not allow them to treat with us, and that it would rather have public traffic stopped than do so. We cannot permit the Republican troops to advance and retreat by railway, whilst our men are on foot. Hence the destruction of the railroads. I am ready to renew negotiations on the subject any time; but I am afraid we shall have to wait till the Madrid Government comes to its senses."

The conversation then naturally turned to the Government at Madrid.

"The Republic is never possible in Spain without assuming the wildest socialist character," said Don Carlos, after he had spoken very highly of the Members of the Government individually. "I consider Castelar and Figueras men of great ability, but I am not sure that they are great statesmen. I believe them to be men of irreproachable integrity; but this very integrity blinds them to the dishonesty of their followers. There is no danger from these gentlemen if they are but firm; but it is in their supporters that peril lies. They will never be able to control them, being themselves unconsciously urged forward. Here is a copy of a Republican paper published in Madrid. Send it to your journal, and show what the Republic means in Spain;" and he handed me a copy of *Los Descamisados** (The shirtless ones) a Spanish equivalent to the *Sans Culottes*.

The discussion of the chances of a Spanish Republic brought us to the French Commonwealth

* A miserable publication, which, as I afterwards learned in Madrid, was issued by some enemies of Republican institutions, for the sake, as usual, of frightening the mass of the people into Monarchy of some form or other.

and to M. Thiers, whom the Prince declared a great enemy to the Bourbon cause. "In the Seven Years' War," said he, "France, England, Portugal, and Madrid formed a quadruple alliance against my grandfather. M. Thiers, not satisfied with sending a foreign legion, which was cut to pieces, wished to send regular troops, but Louis Philippe opposed him. The little gentleman, who was just as obstinate then as he is now, was put out of office, and has never ceased to hate us as the cause of his downfall on that occasion. Besides, we are Legitimists, and he hates Legitimacy. He has quite recently forwarded a despatch to the French Minister at Madrid, of which our friends have sent me a copy. In this paper he exhibits his notorious disposition for intrigue. He says he regrets he cannot take more active measures against the Carlists without exciting the indignation of the French Royalists, who are already difficult to control; but he suggests that the French Ambassador may do us a good deal of harm in discouraging our cause at Madrid. M. Thiers added that Germany was unfavourable to me, and that though Russia and England were not unwilling to support Carlism, if they became satisfied it was making progress, he exerted his best efforts to—as he called

it—open the eyes of these Governments. With all this, however, he dares not recognise the Spanish Republic. But I have not much reason to fear the intrigues and hostility of M. Thiers."

As a matter of course, here again the conversation could not pass without touching upon Cuba. But though the Prince was apparently talking freely, his declaration of this point was not very definite. He said, "I know the American people take great interest in this topic. I understand you have spoken on it with General Elio. I cannot say more than he did. I must even say less, for although I believe the abolition of slavery to be indispensable, I am of opinion that emancipation should not be at the expense of the proprietors; therefore it must be gradual. As to the alienation of the colony, I believe that no Spanish Government, of whatever form or nature it may be, will ever dare to propose the subject in Spain."

It was now one o'clock in the morning, and the cigarette case was empty. I accepted this as a signal to retire, Don Carlos expressing his hope that we should soon meet again on Spanish soil.

In the anteroom, the gentlemen of the Prince's personal staff once more carefully pointed out to me how great and exceptional was the favour ac-

corded to me, owing to the strict seclusion which it was necessary for the Prince to observe, and asked me to be on my guard, in case any police agent should present himself to me at Peyrehorade, where I had to spend the night. They suggested that, in case I should be asked what brought me to that little place, I should say I came to have some fishing in the Gave, as many *originaux anglais* do come. And as I wished to do my best not to compromise either Don Carlos or any of his adherents, I made a great noise the next morning at the little auberge "*Aux Deux Sœurs*," about some fishing-rods, of which I finally got a couple, and after having spent several hours by the river's side and caught nothing, took the afternoon train back to Bayonne.

To get at Don Carlos at that time was (by no means from my own, but) from a journalist's point of view what is called "a hit." The London bureau of the *Herald* had accordingly telegraphed to New York, at a considerable expense, something like four columns of the report of this interview, and a couple of weeks later I had the satisfaction of seeing my work reproduced in several English papers. But, much to my astonishment, it was said to have been taken from the *Cologne Gazette*, the economical German

paper having quietly copied the report, and given it out as the work of its own correspondent: "*Es bleibt so in der Familie.*"

Three months later Don Carlos entered the land he claims the right to reign over. What he did there shall be told by-and-by. At present, we have to go to Madrid, in the great square of which, styled *Puerta del Sol*, armed "gentlemen of the pavement" were said to be settling the so-called social problem, much in the same way as armed peasants of the Basque provinces were settling the question of Spanish legitimacy.

CHAPTER V.

FROM BAYONNE TO MADRID.

THE telegrams of Reuter's and Havas, whose business it seems to be to concoct sensational paragraphs when actual news is scarce, have made every one outside the romantic and unbusiness-like Peninsula believe that people were slaughtered daily in Spain by the hundred, if not by the thousand, and that peaceful citizens of well-regulated countries, who were not particularly anxious to get rid of their property or their lives, should not cross the Pyrenees under any consideration whatever. Thousands of Britons who had passed the winter season at Biarritz, Pau, and similar places, where

"The witchery of the soft blue sky"

could be experienced, and who would have gone

for the carnival to Madrid, and for Good Friday and Easter Sunday to Seville, were now getting sour and mouldy in their winter abodes through sheer exaggeration of the dangers to which they would expose themselves on entering the land of the Cid. But the more I saw of Spain, the more comical appeared to me all these apprehensions.

After having visited Navarre, where a fearful civil war was supposed to be carried on, I undertook that very same journey from the French frontier to the heart of New Castile, which but a short time ago presented no more difficulty than a journey by the Great Northern Express from Edinburgh to London, and on which now, it was generally believed, a man could but very seldom escape with the skin of his teeth. The journey was certainly not a pleasant one in the sense of promptitude and comfort; but the dangers, if there were any at all, were of so burlesque a nature that they altogether ceased to be dangers.

Our journey from Bayonne to Madrid lasted over four days, instead of lasting eighteen hours, as it ought to have lasted under ordinary circumstances; but I do not remember to have

ever made in my life any journey that was so pleasant, through its unpleasantness. Some notes written then and there will, perhaps, best convey an idea of it.

Having heard that a serious movement of the *Intransigentes* was being prepared at Madrid, I hurriedly left Bayonne at mid-day on the 21st of April, 1873, by express to Irun. Friends strongly advised me to get my papers in order; to burn all Carlist safe-conducts, which, if found on me by Republicans, would be taken as proofs of my being a Carlist in disguise; to take as little money as possible, for I was sure to be robbed, and so on—a lot of comforting advice. On reaching Irun, however, it turned out that I was not even asked for my passport, and that no one cared to know who I was, and why I was going into Spain. My luggage was the only thing that seemed to interest the local authorities. Custom-house officials of the Republic began to ransack it in the most unceremonious manner, and, not finding anything prohibited, proceeded to impose a heavy duty on a Scotch plaid, which had served me for the last ten or twelve years. I had great difficulty in demonstrating that although not Scotch, and therefore *extranjero*, the plaid was

new, and, consequently, not subject to taxation, and that it was also intended for my own use, and not as a present for any señora, for I had no señora to make presents to.

The rails were of course cut, and no train to be expected before Vitoria, which was some eighty miles distant. But there were plenty of little omnibuses, with four mules each, in readiness to convey us to San Sebastian, whence a Señor Marcelino Ugalde, it was said, had established regular diligence communications to Zumarraga, and thence to Vitoria. Of the degree of safety of the road no one could tell us anything, except that there were Carlists in several places, and that diligences were often stopped, but that no passenger had been killed for some time past. For the luggage, however, the diligence administration would not take any responsibility whatever, except that of putting it, in return for a certain (very heavy) charge, on the top of the conveyance. It was for the travellers to look after it subsequently, and to negotiate about it with the Carlists, should any difficulty arise during the journey.

Irun itself was fortified, or supposed to be so. A palisade surrounded each of the leading build-

ings, including the abandoned railway station. But these palisades were of such a description that a runaway donkey would have easily upset them, and any pocket revolver ball get through them just as easily. All the balconies and windows also were "fortified," the former by means of similar palisades, and the latter by being half walled-up with a kind of antediluvian stone-masonry, in which some peep-holes were pierced. But the Carlists not having paid yet any visit to Irun, and apparently not being disposed to do so, even these inoffensive fortifications were falling into desuetude.

Our travelling party consisted of about a dozen persons, including a couple of women with very noisy babies, a shabby-looking priest in a permanent state of perspiration, several peasants in picturesque costumes, very brigand-looking, and strongly smelling of garlic, and two French Jews, commercial travellers from Bayonne. The little omnibuses for four persons each were just as bad as the London four-wheelers, and differed from them only by the door being behind, and the seats disposed accordingly. But the speed of conveyance was quite different in the two cases. Instead of a wretched horse, we had four fresh mules,

which carried us at the rate of at least ten miles an hour through the picturesque mountain country, with the Bay of Biscay brilliantly unfolding itself to our eyes every now and then. The road itself was all that could be wished for, and in less than two hours we reached San-Sebastian, the capital of the province of Guipuzcoa, and formerly the Gibraltar of Northern Spain.

San Sebastian is, according to Ford, "memorable for its sieges, lies, and libels." It was captured by the Duke of Wellington in 1813, and burnt down to the ground, yet—according to the same authority—not by the English, but by the French, and "for the express purpose of annoying the English." Whether the inhabitants of San Sebastian were at that time pleased by the proceedings of the English and the French thus "annoying" each other within their walls, I am unable to tell. But sure it is that the town looks now all the better for it, being thoroughly rebuilt in the modern style, though of course it does not look as picturesque as it probably looked formerly, and has no longer any ramparts, not even such curious ones as Irun possesses. It is now simply a fashionable watering-place, and a great resort for smuggling business, in which it would seem representatives

of British commerce are interested to a very considerable extent. It serves also as a safe and not altogether unpleasant residence for British subjects who get into "trouble," and prefer a quiet life on the shores of the Bay of Biscay to legal proceedings in England. All these circumstances make of San Sebastian quite an English colony. English faces are to be seen, and the English tongue to be heard at almost every step. But the well-regulated habits of the Anglo-Saxon race do not seem to influence much the indolent and unbusiness-like nature of the Spanish portion of the population. At all events, it would not appear from the way in which "the regular diligence communication" of the aforesaid Senor Marcelino Ugalde was carried on. We arrived at four p.m., and were advised to secure our tickets at once, but could not make out until midnight what time we were to start. At midnight we were told we had better go to bed, as care would be taken to call upon each of us at our respective hotels when the diligence was to start. So we did go to bed, and at three in the morning, some violent knocks at my door, gave me to understand that I was "wanted," either for the purpose of having my throat cut, or for that of being conveyed to

Zummarraga. To my satisfaction, it turned out that it was for the latter purpose.

Homer's or George Augustus Sala's would be the only pen fit to describe our nocturnal pilgrimage. Fancy a pitch-dark night in a place you have never been in before, among people who talk Basque to you and are supposed to be a set of brigands, with the prospect, in addition to all that, of ferocious Carlists falling upon you as soon as you are on the high road. A wretched lantern stuck up on the top of what seemed at first sight to be a little mountain, did not contribute much light for the discernment of things. By-and-bye, however, I perceived that this mountain was the diligence, an old nondescript vehicle of an immensurable height, with a monstrous heap of luggage on it, and with seven mules to it. My first impression was that the mules would never be able to set it in motion at all, and that, should they manage to do so, the monster would no doubt upset at once. Mr. Plimsoll and his overloaded ships immediately crossed my mind, but I felt at once that there was not the slightest use in meditating about legislative projects or drawing foreign analogies, and that I had better secure a seat, and looked for my luggage.

The seats were, of course, not numbered, and I was told I could take whichever I liked best; as to my luggage, it was already loaded, and all I had to do was to pay another 70 reals for it, in addition to the 80 reals already paid for my ticket. The man who told me that, assumed that I ought to have been quite delighted, and that no more satisfactory position than mine could be well imagined. Giving up, therefore, all hopes of being permitted to inquire whether my portmanteaux, instead of being loaded, were not stolen, I proceeded to secure a seat, and found the atmosphere inside the immense vehicle so full of garlic and other attractive perfumes, and the vehicle itself so thickly packed with objects and subjects of which I was unable to discern the nature, that I did not hesitate a moment to decide that I would rather run all the way alongside the mules than go in such a pandemonium. But the perspiring priest with whom we had become friends on the previous day, was already on the look-out for me, to say he had secured me a seat outside. Great were my thanks for his attention; but if I escaped asphyxia inside the diligence, I certainly did not escape mediæval torture. A little portable bench had been placed on the top of the vehicle

in front of the mountain of luggage, and a couple of square inches of space on it were allotted to each of us. The bench was thus made to accommodate four persons, my two other companions being the French Jews from Bayonne, and as I had on the previous day had some clerical conversation with the reverend father, and did not quite meet his views, I began to think now he had purposely put me and the Jews to this trial. All the horrors of the Inquisition crept one by one into my head under the influence of the physical pain I was subjected to, and by-and-by the priest became to my mind thoroughly identified with the image of a Torquemada on a small scale.

The journey lasted over fourteen hours, and all the time our legs were hanging down without any vestige of a support of any sort, quite as if we were sitting on the edge of a roof. The coachman, whose box was down below us, was all the way howling horribly, and whipping us right across the face with the interminable whip, the reaction of which he said he was unable to control. Each stroke he gave to one of his seven mules was a stroke to some one of us too; and these lashes were not to be reckoned by the dozen, but by the hundred. The mountain of luggage behind us pushed us violently

down, together with our bench, each time the diligence was going down hill, and superhuman efforts were required on our part not to fall on the mules, and thence under the wheels. To improve our position in any way whatever was utterly impossible. To argue with the coachman was perfectly useless; he knew his business, and would not risk the peril of the heavy *coche publico* crushing his mules, for a few lashes he might spare us. The only moments of rest we had from these tortures were at the villages where mules were changed, or when too rapid ascents presented themselves, and several pairs of oxen had to be substituted for mules. We could then get down and walk for a while alongside the coach, thus restoring vitality to our benumbed limbs.

In this comfortable way did we travel from four in the morning till eleven, when an hour's time was granted to us at Zummarraga for lunch and payment of another eighty reals to Vitoria. Of danger, properly so called, there was yet not the slightest trace. Much to our astonishment we had not even been upset. And except the torture inflicted upon us, and the infamous Spanish cooking, we had to complain of absolutely nothing.

It was at Zummarraga that we were for the

first time positively told we should meet Carlist bands within a few miles. But at the same time we were assured that if we had neither official despatches nor escort, we had nothing to fear. We should have a slight toll to pay, and would perhaps be searched for arms—that was all. I need scarcely say that, as we were still travelling through the provinces of Guipuzcoa and Alava, every town and village was thoroughly Carlist in its sympathies, and although all had "fortified" balconies and windows, the population obviously never intended to defend itself. These fortifications were constructed by Republican orders and for Republican troops, and, had we travelled with an escort, we should certainly have been exposed to the chance of being fired at from the mountains.

Our coachman a Carlist to the back-bone, gave us by his mere presence among us the best imaginable protection. When we entered the first village occupied by the champions of *Dios, Patria, y Rey*, the leading street was of course full of people, attracted by the noise of our heavy vehicle, and of endless numbers of little bells hanging and ringing on the mules' necks. Women, children, Carlists in arms, rushing pigs, barking dogs flocked around us; but we did not seem to call forth any feeling

except sheer curiosity, even in the fiercest-looking Carlist. The diligence stopped at the *fonda*. The coachman alighted, went into the inn with the head of the Carlist band, handed him several newspapers and letters he had for him, talked about five or ten minutes, and after payment of thirty shillings, which made less than half-a-crown a head on every traveller, once more took the reins, and we were off again without having been asked a single question. Of course, we all had an intense consciousness that we were practically at the mercy of a band of armed ruffians, and this by no means made us feel comfortable. But as I have to record here facts, and not individual feelings, I have no reason to dwell on the various manifestations of nervousness shown by our fellow-travellers.

Three times were we stopped in that way before we reached Vitoria, and each time we had to undergo the same undangerous process of paying half-a-crown a head, and of waiting till the coachman had delivered his secret correspondence and given all the information the Carlist *jefe* may have wanted. That murders were committed on the high roads of Spain years and years ago, can be little doubted, for one can scarcely travel a few

miles without seeing by the roadside a lonely stone with a cross on it, and an inscription telling one that on this place Don So-and-so had found his life's end. But it can be as little doubted that now-a-days, even in districts where Carlist war is supposed to rage, an unarmed man can travel quite safely, notwithstanding all the dreadful stories spread abroad about this curious and good-natured nation.

The high-road to Vitoria offered also an excellent illustration of the manner in which the Spaniards were then carrying on their civil war. On leaving a village occupied by Carlists, we invariably reached, after a few miles' drive, one occupied by Republican troops. This alternate, or rather intermittent, position of the respective forces puzzled me very much, and I made several inquiries of the men themselves what was the reason of this strange state of affairs, and why—since they were so near each other and almost intermixed—they did not fight it out some day, so that either the one or the other party might become master of the ground now divided into queer little bits among them. And the answer to such inquiries was invariably the same. The Carlists said they could not attack the Republicans, because they were in small

numbers here, and had no artillery; while the Republicans asserted they could never get at the Carlists, for they always occupied villages situated high on the mountains, watched every movement of the Republican columns down in the valley, and set off as soon as they saw that an attack on them was intended.

As a matter of fact, the manner in which our coach was received in villages occupied by Republican troops, differed in no way from its reception in villages occupied by the Carlists. There was the same idle crowd in the leading street gazing at us, the same stoppage at the inn, and the same mysterious talk between the coachman and the commanding officers. In front of the municipal council house, a number of Republican soldiers were playing ball, just as lustily as in the other village Carlists were. The only difference was that we had no half-a-crown a head to pay to the Republicans, and that some of the Carlists had guns in their hands, while none of the Republican soldiers had any sort of arms at all about them. If it had not been for the fortified balconies and windows invariably reappearing in every village, we should never have had reason to believe that we were really in a country where war was going on. The apparent care-

lessness of regular Spanish troops is, indeed, something quite puzzling. The Carlists had, at least, a couple of sentries posted outside the village on the road; but the Republicans did not seem to think even that precaution necessary. On approaching Vitoria we met a Republican column, some seven hundred or eight hundred men strong, marching out in search of Carlists, and the manner in which that column was proceeding on its way, headed by a handsome colonel dozing on horseback, would throw deep melancholy into the bosom of any English or German disciplinarian. The column had neither vanguard nor rearguard, and a few dozen determined men springing out of an ambuscade could have dispersed it at any given moment. Every man was walking as he pleased, smoking his cigarette, and except by his being dressed in a handsome uniform, differed in his general attitude in no way from British radicals or Irish patriots forming Hyde-park processions.

On arriving at Vitoria and alighting at the Hôtel de Pallares, I learned that there was little prospect of any train starting to Madrid, as the curé of Alaya was burning several stations near Miranda. It looked as if some more Torquemada diligence torture were in store for us. But our hunger and

fatigue were so intense that all thought about the morrow was abandoned, and immediate dinner became the only thing cared for. We rushed into the *comedor*, or dining-room, without even waiting till our luggage mountain was unloaded, or our beds secured. But nothing was lost through that attack of voracity on our part. The luggage turned up all right, and every passenger had something to lie upon at night; while I had the additional comfort of meeting two acquaintances from Bayonne: Colonel Butler, the late United States Consul-General in Egypt, and his Secretary, Major Wadleigh. After having re[illegible]ed his post, the Colonel became desirous [illegible]oining the Carlist army as an amateur inte[illegible]d in mountain warfare.

The party started from St.-Jean-de-[illegible] in a hired carriage, across the Franco-Sp[illegible]ish frontier to Vera, which Dorregary had [illegible]en taken possession of. The Colonel had all [illegible]he necessary introductions, and the Carlist commander received him with great courtesy, and began at once to discuss the question of outfit. Horses were the most difficult things to get in the already heavily requisitioned country, but he hoped he should still find some, and ordered his aid-de-camp to bring at once

any rideable beasts he could procure. Before the gentlemen had time to settle various other questions the officer returned quite radiant, saying he had found already a couple of very fine steeds. The Colonel, anxious to see them, looked out of the window, and, much to his surprise, saw his own horses led in triumph into the court-yard. "No, that won't do," was his instinctive exclamation in British dialect. He had rendered himself fully responsible that they, as well as the carriage and coachman, should return in safety to St.-Jean-de-Luz. Otherwise no one would have taken him over the frontier. The animals were accordingly to be restored to their proprietor, and, as no others could be found anywhere, the party was compelled to come to Vitoria, where I found them busily engaged in purchasing charges, saddles, arms, mules for the luggage, and other articles necessary on a campaign. Vitoria was in Republican hands, and though it is the capital of a province, it is not so large a town that preparations of this sort could pass unnoticed. The gentlemen did nothing to conceal their intentions. Various very suggestive things were all day long brought to their hotel, situated in the leading street; yet no one seemed inclined to interfere in the least

with a project so obviously hostile to the party in whose power the place was. Now, fancy a similar thing attempted in France under the Commune, or in America during the war between North and South. Where would have been now the soul of the bold stranger who would have attempted an experiment of this sort? Yet people out of Spain talk constantly of the blood-thirstiness of Spanish parties, and of the savagery of Spaniards. Really, on seeing things on the spot, one is perfectly puzzled by the inoffensive nature of all Spanish political and revolutionary "horrors." It is quite a peculiar state of affairs: chaotic yet on the whole orderly, armed yet tranquil, penniless yet without any apparent misery, and with plenty of leisure and pleasure,—a state of affairs which cannot be better described than by simply calling it "Spanish," in the sense in which "Dutch" is used by the common people when expressing something particularly queer. The Spaniards themselves describe it in this wise, by their *cosas de España.*

I was still in bed, restoring myself from the tortures of the diligence, when I heard a great martial movement going on in the street. Bands were playing, horses galloping, regiments marching.

I got up and learned that a "great victory" had been achieved by the Republicans, and that a large number of prisoners would be presently brought into town. The Military Governor of the province, Brigadier Gonzalez, rode out to meet them, followed by a numerous suite dressed in glittering uniforms, while he was himself in a light-grey overcoat, and with a chimney-pot hat on his head. It was the Republican column we had met on the previous day that was now returning, after a "brilliant" engagement it had had early in the morning. Considerable importance was evidently attached to the event, and the ceremony of meeting the victorious column looked quite a grand affair. But the Brigadier Gonzalez still did not think it necessary to put on a uniform, though he was considered by the Madrid Government as a great disciplinarian, and on the strength of this reputation was subsequently appointed Minister of War.

The disarmed but quite merry-looking prisoners were marched in with a numerous escort; quite as strong a force was escorting the cart carrying the rifles taken from them. The prisoners were lodged in the town gaol, and their arms in some other safe place; but as soon as the ceremonial part of the business was over, and the

soldiers had retired to their barracks, the gaol was surrounded by a mass of people, and there was no end of greeting and cheering, the fellows looking quite as jolly through the railings of the prison windows as if they were attending a wedding party.

To start from Vitoria was almost as difficult as it had been from San Sebastian. Up till four P.M. no one knew at the station, or anywhere else, whether there would be a train at all. Some said all the rails were taken off near Miranda; others that all the stations were on fire; the telegraph was cut; and no exact information could be received unless a train from Madrid should turn up. The platform of the station was all day long crowded with people looking out for such an event, and, after several hours' waiting, they were gratified with the sight of a locomotive at a distance, and with the sound of its whistle. The joy became exceedingly demonstrative, and the news of a Madrid train having arrived safe spread over the town with electric celerity. Much to our astonishment, when the train reached the platform, the doors of several luggage vans at both ends of it opened of themselves, and poured out no end of *cazadores* (riflemen) and *carabineros* (fusiliers). It was the

escort. The Carlists having declared over and over again that they would fire at and upset any train that carried troops, the escort was now almost hermetically shut up in the luggage vans. But notwithstanding the safe arrival of the train at Vitoria, it took the railway authorities a good deal of time to decide whether a return-train could be started, after all the rumours which were current in the town. It was only under the heavy pressure of the travellers, and on the reiterated assurance of the officers commanding the escort that there were no Carlists on the road, and on their official request to send the escort back to Miranda, that the railway authorities made up their mind to order the engine to be placed the other way, and began to distribute tickets. In another half hour we were off amidst the blessings and good wishes of a crowded platform. The escort was, of course, again thickly packed, and locked up in the luggage-vans, while most of the few travellers had each a whole first-class carriage to himself. The majority, on entering the carriages, began at once to barricade the windows with cushions and hand luggage, so as to lessen the chance of any Carlist balls reaching them. The train went forward with great cau-

tion, and an additional couple of men were placed on the engine to look out for places where rails might have been cut. We did not progress more than at the rate of ten miles an hour; but neither received Carlist balls, nor underwent any smash. Still, I must avow that such slow travelling, with the constant idea of the possibility of an immediate accident in your mind, is by no means a pleasant thing. After a while, one gets positively desirous that something should happen, and thus put an end to the uncertainty.

On arriving at Miranda, about ten o'clock at night, the escort left us, but it turned out that, to all appearance, the really dangerous portion of the line was beyond that town. The Carlists were at the second station from Miranda on the previous day, and had set it on fire, consequent on some "misunderstanding" between the leader of a Carlist *partida*, the priest Alaya, and the station-master; but the band—we were informed—was now being pursued by the troops in the mountains and the line clear. So off we were to Burgos, and when we had passed the still burning station — which, by the way, presented a very fine sight amidst the darkness of a southern night—and the driver felt

quite out of danger, he made the train run at a rate which was by no means comforting to those who know the carelessness of Spanish guards and pointsmen. But

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,"

rendered us rather unconcerned with either the behaviour of the engine-driver and the guards, or the night aspects of glorious cities like Burgos and Valladolid, through which we had to pass. I awoke early next morning with the sight of the snow-covered heights of Sierra Guadarrama on my right, and that of the monkish and mournful giant, Escorial, on my left. The guard entered the carriage to say we had reached the Escorial station, and had to wait there, as a telegram was expected from Madrid to say whether we could proceed further, for the capital was, according to the news received during the night, in full revolution. The Federals had taken possession of all the important public buildings, including the railway station, and general fighting was expected to begin at daybreak. Although I had already some idea of the Spanish tendency to exaggeration, I thought this news looked serious. But in an hour's time "permission" to proceed arrived, and about ten A.M. we

reached the northern station of Madrid, which was really in full possession of an armed and ragged mob, but not a drop of blood seemed to have been shed. Gendarmes and soldiers of the late monarchy were noisily fraternising with armed "gentlemen of the pavement." It was clear that there might have been a conflict, but that it had been settled by the very peaceful process of one of the conflicting parties retiring from the struggle.

There is no need to repeat here all the rumours which comforted us at Escorial. The Federals were shooting everybody who did not join them; the army had partly mutinied, partly fled; Serrano had fought a duel with Pi y Margall, and so on. But on reaching the unlucky capital we were satisfied that, though the streets were crowded with a vociferous and gesticulating mob, the greater portion of which bore arms, there were no shots to be heard, nor anything to be seen suggestive of the probability of any at that moment. The omnibuses and carriages which took up the passengers at the station had considerable difficulty in passing through the streets, but managed to deposit all of us safely at our respective hotels; and the absence of any Custom-house officers, and the consequent non-

ransacking of our luggage, rather pre-disposed some of us in favour of the *régime* of mob-rule.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FEDERALIST COUP D'ÉTAT.

THE events which will be probably described in Spanish history as the Federalist *coup d'état* of April 23, were very simple in their nature. When King Amadeo abdicated and retired from Spain he left behind him a "National Assembly" which, amalgamated from two houses of Parliament elected under a Monarchy, was of course composed mainly of Monarchists, though of a liberal shade, known in Spanish political nomenclature as *radicals*. They constituted a majority of nearly three-fourths. But some of the seats on the Opposition benches were occupied by gentlemen of great attainments and very high reputation for integrity, yet strongly inclined towards republican theories. Among them Señor Estanislao Figueras and Señor Emilio Castelar were the best known

abroad, especially the latter, who used, without knowing a word of English, to write a good deal in the *Fortnightly Review*, and in some of the American periodicals, chiefly on questions connected with the Republican movement in Europe. The Monarchists of this Assembly were, as they invariably are in Spain, very much out of tune with each other; everyone of them wanted something different from what his next neighbour wanted, and so no sort of agreement or common action could ever have been expected from them in a critical moment. When Amadeo, annoyed by the open hostility shown to him, by violent party struggles, and by the heavy expenses of Royalty, deposited his crown, the sundry factions of Monarchists were utterly unable to agree as to any line of action. They were, as usual, hesitating and quarreling, and thus gave the Republican fraction ample opportunity to jump at the tribune, and proclaim the Republic, which, as it turned out, did not find any actual opposition in the mass of people outside the Assembly, and was therefore naturally considered as established. A Republican Ministry was at once formed, and Señor Figueras appointed president of the Executive Power.

The new Spanish Republic had a luck which

few republics ever had—that of being able, after one or two readjustments during the month of February, to compose a Government, against the members of which absolutely nothing detrimental could be said. Everyone of the men called to power was known as a man of high integrity and irreproachable morals, and some were, besides, known as very able men, especially so Señor Figueras (the President), Señor Nicolas Salmeron (Minister of Justice), Señor Francisco Pi y Margall (Home Minister), and Señor Eduardo Chao (Minister of the Fomento, or Progress, which includes commerce, public instruction, &c.) The remainder were men who had still to show whether they had the abilities of statesmen, but who had, one way or the other, obtained considerable popularity. Señor Emilio Castelar (Foreign Affairs) was a fine writer and poet, and Señor Juan Tutau (Finances), was supposed to be an excellent authority in political economy. The War and Marine Ministers were the only ones still objected to by the majority of the Republicans on account of their Monarchical connection. But it was impossible to find all at once experienced officers beyond the sphere of those who had served under the Monarchy. In this way, whatever success the Spanish Republic has had at the outset,

was entirely due to the personal character of the men composing the new Cabinet, and I have never heard in Madrid or in the provinces, a single person, however hostile to the Republic, say anything detrimental against any of the Ministers as individuals. The high reputation of these gentlemen was a fact of almost incalculable importance in a country where governmental circles are most corrupt, where scandalous gossip is very much liked, and personal life very open to observation, and very much inquired into. The new Ministry had also another and rare advantage—that of being very homogeneous. The Ministers seemed never to quarrel with each other, and on the whole, I believe, seldom had any members of a Cabinet been more united in their views than those who had to work under Señor Figueras.

The old Assembly was of course dissolved, and new elections were to take place for a Constituent Assembly, which was to frame a new constitution for the country. But a Permanent Committee, with rather indistinctly limited powers, was left sitting until the new elections were over. Its duties were supposed to consist of a general superintendence over the affairs of the country and the dealings of the Ministers. This committee turned out to be thoroughly

hostile to the Republic, and consequently no harmony between it and the Ministry could have been expected from the outset. They interfered with every measure of the Executive Power, made several attempts to postpone the elections, and to reconvoke the old Assembly, and their quarrels grew more and more threatening every day. At the same time, rumours began to circulate that the Committee had come to an agreement with Marshal Serrano and several other Generals to upset the Government by means of a military *coup d'état*, and to bring the Marshal once more to power. On the other hand, Señor Figueras' wife having died, the President expressed his desire to retire for a short time from office, and the Ministry appointed Señor Pi y Margall as President *pro tempore*. The Committee at once protested, saying it was not the Minister's but the Committee's business to select a president in such a case. In a word, an open war was going on for several days between the two governing bodies, and on the 23rd of April, some eleven battalions of the old Monarchical National Guards (about 4,000 men strong), mustered by General Letona and the Marquis of Sardoal, were ordered to assemble at the Plaza de Toros, under pretence of a review. The Civil Governor of

Madrid, Señor Estevanez, a very shrewd Republican, knowing what this review meant, and aware that Marshal Serrano's house was day and night full of Generals holding commands in the regular army, ordered in the first place all the Republican battalions to assemble, also for a review; and in the second rushed to Senor Pi y Margall, and induced him to dismiss at once all the conspiring Generals and to appoint others. At the same time he hurriedly published the following proclamation:—

"Madrileños!—When I took charge of the Civil Governorship of the Province, I promised you I would watch over the public interests, the security and the rights of all the citizens. If I have complied with this up to now, I must in equal manner comply with it in the future, however critical the circumstances may be. The Monarchical demagogism has placed itself in rebellion against the legitimate Government, but the latter counts on the support of the forces of the Army, Civil Guards, and Volunteers of the Republic. I promise you I shall re-establish order, however painful it may be for me to fight against those who were also Volunteers of the Republic, but who to-day have assumed a traitorous attitude.

"Health and fraternity.

"NICOLAS ESTEVANEZ, Civil Governor.

"Madrid, April 23."

He had overtures made to him by the Conservatives, showed a disposition to listen to them,

and when he had grasped the nature of the arrangement, attacked it with all the unscrupulousness of a staunch Republican. The army, under its new officers, was practically neutralized, and, for still greater safety, part of it sent out of town. As to the artillery, Señor Estevanez had fully secured its assistance. In that way, at noon on the memorable Wednesday, Madrid found itself divided between two armed forces, of which one was incomparably less strong than the other. The eleven Monarchical battalions took refuge in the vast building of the bull-ring, and were disarmed there by the Republican forces without a single shot having been fired, except the few with which the appearance of the Republican commander, General Contreras, had been greeted, and which resulted in the death of a poor unconcerned cabman. The Republican victory was as complete as it could possibly be, and, taking full advantage of it, Senor Pi y Margall went, on the same night, a little beyond the strictly legal limits of his position: he issued a decree dissolving both the Permanent Committee and the refractory battalions, adding that he would justify these acts before the new Assembly when it met on the 1st of June. His dictatorial decrees ran thus:—

"Presidency of the Executive Power of the Republic,—

"The Government of the Republic, considering that the Permanent Committee of the Cortes has, by its conduct and tendencies, converted itself into an element of perturbation and disorder; considering that it has ostensibly endeavoured to prolong indefinitely the *interinidad* in which we live, when the contrary is counselled by the interests of the country and of the Republic; considering that to effect this it attempted, against the text of a law of the Assembly, to postpone the election of Deputies to the Cortes Constituyentes; considering that with this intent it proposed to re-convoke the Assembly, when, so far from the existence of extraordinary circumstances which might justify this, the discipline of the Army had notably improved, public order was almost assured, and the factions of Don Carlos had just received defeats which had greatly broken them up; considering that by its unjustifiable pretensions it contributed much to provoke the conflict of yesterday, even without taking into consideration the direct part some of its members took in it; considering that yesterday it attempted of itself to appoint a Commandante-General of the citizen forces, thus usurping the faculties of the Executive Power; considering, in short, that it has been a constant obstacle to the march of the Government of the Republic, against which it has been in perpetual machination, decree:—

"Art. 1. The Permanent Committee of the Assembly remains dissolved.

"Art. 2. The Government will give due account to the Cortes Constituyentes of the results of this Decree.

"By accord of the Council of Ministers,

"FRANCISCO PI Y MARGALL, President *Interino* of the Executive Power.

"Madrid, April 24, 1873."

"Ministry of the Gobernacion,—

"Considering that the battalions of Volunteers assembled together yesterday in the Plaza de Toros declared themselves in open insurrection against the Executive Power, the Government of the Republic decree :—

"Art. 1. The battalions of Volunteers Nos. 1, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10, and those of Volunteers known as Artillery, Sappers, Cavalry, and Veterans of the Republic, are hereby dissolved.

"Art. 2. All the members, officers, and chiefs of the said Corps must, within twenty-four hours, deliver up the arms, munitions, and other effects of war which are not their private property.

"Art. 3. Those who fail to obey this decree within the same period will be punished according to the Code.

"Art. 4. The delivery of arms, &c., is to be made in the offices of the Inspections of public order.

"Art. 5. The Civil Governor of the Province is charged with the execution of this decree.

"FRANCISCO PI Y MARGALL, Minister of the Gobernacion and President *Interino* of the Executive Power.

"Madrid, April 24, 1873."

Theoretically, the young Minister of the Interior, and *pro tempore* President of the Republic, was now as fully a master of Spain as any dictator ever was in any country; but practically he had over him the will of an armed and victorious mob, and Allah alone knows what would have happened under similar circumstances in any other country. Here, however, everything passed off in a curiously quiet manner. All the ring-

leaders of the reactionary movement took to flight, including Marshal Serrano and the members of the Permanent Committee, and those who had managed to win the day were left to do what they pleased. When I reached Madrid early on the 24th, the whole town was in arms. The Puerta del Sol, that celebrated centre of all Spanish revolutions, was covered with noisy and demonstrative human beings, most of whom had loaded guns in their hands. I purposely secured an apartment looking on the Puerta, but in vain did I wait all day long on my balcony for the sight of a fight. The only objectionable thing a portion of this mob did, was to go to the houses of the ringleaders of the reactionary party, and to make a search there for their proprietors, none of whom could be found, of course. But during these domiciliary visits, the armed mob nowhere committed any robbery or caused any destruction of property. The searches were made in the most orderly way, and except arms, of which some of the disaffected Generals had rather large and valuable collections, nothing was carried away from the houses. On looking at the proceedings of that ragged mass of what seemed really to be most ferocious-looking ruffians, I remembered, unwillingly, the days of the Paris

Commune. A comparison naturally suggested itself to my mind, and I felt a deep respect for the unlucky and much abused Spanish people.

While I was thus engaged in a process of retrospective and international comparison, my landlord, who, like all shop and hotel keepers in Madrid, was an obstinate Monarchist, rushed into my room quite pale and nervous, saying I had better pack my luggage again, as we were at the full mercy of the mob, and were sure to have "dogs dining upon our bowels" (*tripas*) to-morrow morning. Yet that to-morrow morning brought no increase of danger either. All seemed to go on still quite harmlessly, though the crowd covering the celebrated square in front of the Palace of the *Gobernacion* seemed to be still larger. Yet not a quarrel was to be seen, no violence was committed; and an Order of the day censuring the invasion of private houses was placarded everywhere, warning the National Guards against any new attempt of the sort, which would bring the culprits before the tribunals. At the same time the *Gaceta de Madrid*, the official organ, published the following version of the events which had taenk place on the previous day :—

"Yesterday the Alcalde of Madrid, Señor Marina, under the pretext of reviewing the Volunteers, ordered the battalions

which existed during the reign of Amadeo of Savoy to mass in the Plaza de Toros. The news of this filled the capital with alarm, and produced great agitation. As soon as the Civil Governor of the Province heard of it, he ordered the immediate convocation of the battalions of Volunteers who have been recently organized, according to the Decree issued by the Government of the Republic on the 14th of February.

"At 3 p.m. the Permanent Committee of the Cortes met, as announced, with the assistance of all the Ministers except the Home Minister, who was occupied with the question of public order. Deliberation was going on tranquilly, when fresh news obliged the Government to retire before any decision had been come to.

"The Volunteers of the ancient Republican party had carried out the generous idea of approaching those of the Plaza de Toros to see if they could not come to an understanding, and jointly place their arms at the disposal of the Executive Power. When they reached the Plaza, they soon became convinced of the gravity of the situation. The Volunteers inside were decidedly in insurrection. They were headed by the Unionista General Letona, and among them were various retired officers of different arms. In vain did Brigadier Carmona, one of the Commission of the Republican Volunteers, try to harangue them. General Letona and his friends imposed silence upon them, and did not hesitate to proclaim their hostility to the Government of the Republic. Convinced of the state of insurrection of the Volunteers in the Plaza de Toros, the Government met in council, and took energetic means to attack them. They met with the most decided support from all the troops of the garrison, and, thanks to the imposing attitude of the army, and to the skilful disposition of the Republican Volunteers effected by Brigadier Carmona, who was made Commander-General of

the Militia, the insurgents yielded, and the Plaza was evacuated, the insurgents being in great part disarmed by the battalions who occupied the streets opening into the Prado. Great zeal and love for the Republic have been demonstrated in this conflict by the Minister of War, General Acosta, whose orders were executed with decision and energy by Generals Socias, Hidalgo, Contreras, Pierrad, Ferrer, and Milans del Bosch, and Brigadier Arin, all of whom from the first moment offered their services to the Government. The Committee of the Cortes continued deliberating to the great displeasure of the Republican party, who consider it as having been the cause of the conflict by its marked tendency to create obstacles to the progress of the Government, prolong the *interinidad*, postpone the elections for the Cortes Constituyentes, and convoke, without due and reasonable motive, the Assembly, whose sessions had been suspended, that the Executive Power might have more liberty of action, and devote themselves to the maintenance of order and the salvation of the great interests of the Republic and of the country. Thus the Committee had come to be an element of perturbation, so much so that when the Republican Volunteers saw that, even after the insurrection of yesterday was subdued, they presumed to continue deliberating over the re-convocation of the Assembly, they conceived great ire against them, from which the Government were able to save them with not a little effort. Fortunately, we have surmounted this grave crisis without other casualties than those always attendant on even the slightest movement of confusion and tumult among a population. Madrid is tranquil, although armed, and is anxious for the consolidation of a Republic surrounded by so many difficulties and machinations. The Government are resolved to save it by dint of energy and great sacrifice."

The young Spanish Republic was thus a little over two months old when I reached Madrid. The hardships the newly-born baby was now exposed to, and the trials it had to undergo, were something quite desperate. In several large towns the working classes proved utterly unable to comprehend Republican institutions, except in the shape of an anarchy tempered by grape shot, and had, according to circumstances, either to be bamboozled or to be fought. A fanatical civil war was raging all over the north of the country. Justice, administrative machinery, army, navy, everything that constitutes government, was in a state of perfect disorganisation and ruin. The Treasury was literally penniless, and foreign ironclads were sternly cruising along the coast. But a circumstance threatening still more immediate danger, was the open hostility between the Executive Power and the Permanent Committee. It became evident that they could not get along together, and that one of the two would have to submit. The contest was decided in favour of the Executive Power, and, truly speaking, it is only from the 23rd of April that the establishment of the Republic ought to be reckoned; for as long as the Monarchical factions were still in the field, and at liberty not only to conspire, but to

bring an armed force into the streets of Madrid, the Spanish Republic stood on a most shaky basis.

Thus as far as the Republicans were then concerned, I could easily make out both the meaning of the memorable Wednesday and the manner in which they carried the day. But I was anxious to ascertain what were the exact intentions of their opponents, and whose guilt it was that the Conservative attempt proved a failure. The officers had then not yet lost all control over the army, and a great feeling of discontent seemed to prevail in the regular troops, consequent on the indiscriminate armament of the National Guards. It seemed rather strange that the opponents of the Government had not taken advantage of it, mustered the regiments, and upset so eminently an unmilitary lot of men as Señor Figueras, Señor Castelar, and Señor Pi y Margall. Marshal Serrano was the most likely man to know everything, and I soon made off in search of him.

On the eve of my starting for Madrid I had the pleasure of presenting my compliments to the Duchess de la Torre—for such is the title by which both the Marshal and his lady prefer to be called—at her villa Rue Silhouette, Biarritz.

"I should like very much your calling upon my husband if you have time," said the Duchess, about whom so many wicked rumours had been spread, and who is still one of the most fascinating and amiable ladies I know. "He would be so glad to know that both the children and I are getting well, and to see some one that has so recently seen us. I will just drop you a line for him," and slowly, in a supine and lazy sort of way, the Duchess began to scrawl something on a miniature bit of Marion paper, still talking, without lifting her eyes from the lines her little hand was tracing. But I was unable to listen to her; she gave me too good a chance, unnoticed, to enjoy the charming features against which both age and the anxieties of revolutions seem to have proved equally powerless. "I am, however, afraid," said she, folding her little epistle, "that my poor Duke will not be of any use to you at Madrid. What is he now? Nothing. And he has done so much for Spain! Quite recently, he tried again to render the country a service by settling the Artillery question. The gentlemen who call themselves Ministers at Madrid gave him full powers, saying that they accepted beforehand all his stipulations. Yet yesterday I received a letter from him showing that all his efforts had been

in vain, and that these gentlemen behaved towards him like men without honour. You know how moderate the Duke is in his language, and therefore you will believe that the case must have been a very hard one, indeed, if he speaks in that way. At the same time, everyone feels that he is the only man that could help our poor country out of the chaos. I have received from Monsieur Thiers several telegrams within these last days. He not only offers, with his usual courtesy, to place himself at my and my husband's disposal, but assures me that, should the Duke come to power, the Republic would be immediately acknowledged by France, and he believed by other Powers too." And while narrating me this underhand escapade of the shrewd little ruler of France, she handed me her almost microscopical note bearing the address: "*Excelentisimo Señor Duque de la Torre*," written in so fine and small a handwriting as only a Spanish lady is capable of. Yet notwithstanding my being armed with this little but highly effective pass, I had to give up all hopes of discovering the whereabouts of the Marshal when I reached Madrid. His most intimate friends seemed to have no idea where he could be.

"If anyone knows anything positive," said

one of them, "it can only be the old Countess de Montijo. But he is not with her, for her house was ransacked yesterday by an armed band." A few days later everyone knew that, with the aid of the English Minister, Mr. Layard, and of an English razor that shaved off the Marshal's moustachios, he had safely escaped to France. But in the first turmoil the fact was not generally known, and as the Countess de Montijo had favoured me with an invitation to come and see her when I visited Madrid, I resolved to call without any further delay at the well-known mansion of the Plaza del Angel, so plain-looking from the outside and so intensely comfortable within.

CHAPTER VII.

THE COUNTESS OF MONTIJO ON SPANISH MOB-RULE.

THE mother of the ex-Empress of the French is almost blind now, but her mind is as fresh and bright as ever, and her house remains still the centre where all influential notabilities congregate in Madrid. I called on the Countess early in the afternoon, and found her alone, seated in her favourite artificially darkened corner of a vast hall, transformed into a winter garden. The conversation fell quite naturally on the events of the day, and the old lady, at all times a capital talker, was more animated than ever.

"Serrano was not here," said she, "and I sincerely regret that he did not ask for my hospitality. I should have been most happy to be of any assistance to him. He is a man of eminent capacities and great energy, though I don't believe him to be fit for an actual leader. He must

work under some one—or at least, in the name of some one—then he is worth any price. But when he is to be *the* man he is inclined to hesitate, and I know that this time my estimate of him has perfectly justified itself. If they did not succeed on Wednesday, it was his fault. Everyone came to him for positive orders, and he did not give any. He permitted himself to be outdone by Estevanez. That is a man! a brigand! but really *a man*. Without him, the literati ruling to-day over our destinies would have lost a day or two more, and Serrano might perhaps have taken some resolution. But Estevanez spied out everything, caused all the commanding officers to be changed at a few minutes' notice, and not only defeated Serrano, but nearly cut off all his chances of escape. If we were a revengeful people, the poor Marshal might have been shot already. But happily enough we are not so; we always help each other out of difficulties, and I am sure that Serrano was protected by the very men against whom he fought, and that every one of the vanquished party has escaped with the full knowledge of the Government. I know that Señor Castelar did his best to place all the leaders of the movement under the protection of some foreign embassy. We are

don't you see, so accustomed to revolutions, and are so little sure of not wanting some one's help to-morrow, that we instinctively protect everybody to-day. This personal kindness, joined with apparent great political harshness, is quite characteristic of the Spaniards of all classes. It has got into their blood. Look how the Carlists are protected everywhere. Look at the mob itself, that is now complete master of every one of us. Do they do any harm to anyone? Personal safety was never greater in Madrid than it is now. All the ruffians got a gun, suppose themselves to be something, and are quite satisfied. They watch over that very property they might have otherwise destroyed, and protect those lives they might have otherwise taken. I begin to like Republican arrangements. Turn all the thieves and brigands into guardians of peace and order, and all the difficulties of the so-called large agglomerations of modern cities are got over. Is it not nice? And I can assure you that in fortnight — unless something new happens — Serrano may drive daily on the Prado as comfortably as if nothing had happened. But what do I say—a fortnight? To-morrow every danger will be over, especially if there is a bull-fight. You will see it yourself. But you might see also

many new rows, and perhaps actual bloodshed, should the weather get hot, and our blood begin to boil a little. As long as the weather remains so cold, I do not apprehend any serious disturbances."

I could not help laughing at the picture the Countess drew here of the temperament and peculiarities of her countrymen.

"You laugh," said she, "but I am really telling you the truth, although I may seem as if I was joking. We are a strange people, not like everybody else. But all *plaisanteries* aside, I must avow I am amazed at the conduct of what we call our *canaille*. I begin deeply to respect this semi-savage mob. They behave themselves really wonderfully, and I believe nowhere could a similar sight be seen—certainly not in our beloved France. Mind you, that they are absolute masters to do what they please, and what have they done? I will give you one instance. On an estate of mine in the province of Valladolid, the peasants got the notion that the 'Republic' meant the breaking up of large estates and the distribution of land among them. And so they came to my steward to inquire when and how the partition was to be effected. They said they knew for certain that the Republic meant such a

partition. The steward, who is a clever old man, and knows his people well, did not make any noise, and did not contradict them, but said he was quite sure they were right, and was very glad their position would be so much better now; but added that, before proceeding with any new arrangement, both himself and the peasants ought to receive orders from Madrid, so as to avoid any chance of getting into legal troubles. They quite agreed with him that such was the wisest course to take, and though the explanation was given them three months ago, they have never raised the question again since that time.

Even here in Madrid, where the mob is supposed to be much more dangerous than in the provinces, it seems to me to be just as good-natured. You know that a band invaded my house yesterday in search of Serrano. I was at dinner with a few friends, and on the footman's announcement of the unexpected visit, I ordered him to say to the man in command of the band, that as I had no material force to oppose him, he was at liberty to do what he pleased, but I would not disturb myself from my dinner. And I gave orders to throw everything open. Well, what was the result? Five men only came upstairs, the body of them remaining outside. They

searched every corner of the house, but in a manner as proper and orderly as the best police would have done. And when they reached the dining-room, and I offered them, according to our national custom, to partake of my meal, they all blushed like school-girls, and were only anxious to get away as quickly as possible."

The Countess spoke often and much on the inoffensiveness of the Spanish character; and I purposely give here her opinion, as that of a person whom none will accuse of being a partizan of mob-rule or democratic theories, and who, being now quite aloof from any political party, has lived long enough to form a just estimate of the political peculiarities of her countrymen. Even in the worst days of the revolutionary outbreaks, the Countess never left Spain if she happened to be there, and never showed anything like distrust towards any class of her fellow-countrymen. So great, consequently, seems to be the regard which all Spaniards pay to the old lady, that her nephew, notwithstanding his being in no way connected with the Republic, is still in office at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

Every day at half-past seven some half-a-dozen friends sit down at the Countess's table, from which

the national *pochero* is never missing, and which is always so delicious that it compensates one for all the miserable Spanish dishes which one may have been compelled to swallow in the most out of the way corners of Estremadura or La Mancha. A little after nine the doors of her drawing-room are opened, and some more guests belonging to all shades of political opinions come to salute the old lady, to listen to what she has to say on the topics of the day, and now and then to afford her the opportunity of having a talk of the olden days when her eldest daughter, the Duchess of Alba, before whose beautiful full-sized portrait she is always sitting, was still alive; or of those nearer days when her other daughter had not to mourn the loss either of a husband or an imperial crown.

The Countess watches with great interest the state of English popular opinion with reference to Spain. Her English lady's companion reads to her every day some London newspaper, and next to such paragraphs as may happen to be in it from Chislehurst, comes invariably the Spanish special correspondence column.

"I am glad to see," said she once to me, when I found her at one of these daily readings, "that the English journalists have given up

describing us as brigands and assassins. They still sneer at us, and sometimes in a very nasty way, but that we forgive them; we know that all they want is to carry on trade with this country, and that, whenever there is any disturbance in the regular business traffic, England becomes at once discontented. But I hope the day will come when Englishmen will know us better and like us better. At all events those of them I see here, and who are residents in our country, have often repeated to me that, whatever may have been the political disturbances, they always found that both property and life were quite as secure in Spain as in England, and that in Madrid they were even more so than in London." I did, of course, my best to persuade the old lady that the notions about Spanish savagery and brigandage had almost disappeared in England, and that, even in so old a book about Spain as that of Mr. Ford, complaints were already made that, notwithstanding the constant demand for brigand adventures in the home market, great ingenuity must now be evinced by travellers to get up *bonâ fide* materials for anything in the shape of a story of a nice Spanish murder, or robbery.

On the Sunday which followed the Federalist

coup d'état, I took advantage of the old lady's advice, and went to the bull-ring to see whether really the population of Madrid would have forgotten all that had passed during the week. The ring is said to be capable of accommodating about thirteen thousand people, and it was crowded to excess on that day. Even all the approaches to the Plaza de Toros were thronged with a gaily dressed crowd. The National Guards, having apparently forgotten that they were now guardians of peace and order, left their guns at home and were the first to create a quite undescribable noise. Royalists and Federalists were joining in the common excitement, and the young Duchess of Alba, by her anxious watching of the bull-fight from her box, evidently showed that she was just as sure that peace and order were not threatened in Madrid, as her old grandmother. When I next saw the Countess, and complimented her on the perspicacity she had evinced in foretelling that everything would be settled by Sunday, afternoon when the fight was to take place, she answered me with a quiet sort of smile which is scarcely ever absent from her lips:—

"I should have been very sorry if I had not been right, for it would have proved that I had lived for about seventy years among the people of my

country without ever learning to know them. I can give you, however, another proof that I know my Spaniards well. I told you the other day that Serrano was most likely to escape by the aid of the very men who are now in power, and who, to judge by the surface of things, must be most angry against him. And it turns out that he did really escape quite safely, and not only with the knowledge, but by the direct aid of the members of the Republican Government, and more especially by that of Castelar. The eloquent orator had a debt of honour to pay, for Serrano once facilitated his escape; and it was only fair that he should return the service. As I told you, we live in this country on the principle of a mutual escape insurance. No one knows what may befall him next day or next week; and by aiding other people to escape, he secures his own safety in a like moment of danger. Besides, what would the Government have done, had all the leaders of the Plaza de Toros movement been captured. Why, it would have been the greatest calamity that could have happened to the Ministry. The "sovereign people" would have at once demanded the life of those men, while Castelar and Company have all their life long written and speechified against capital punishment. The European Go-

vernments would also have risen against the wholesome execution of men of such high position, and the Republican Cabinet is above all other things anxious to appear as a respectable body in the eyes of European Powers, so as to get some chance of being officially recognised abroad. All this must naturally have led to their helping the escape of everyone of their opponents and enemies. Castelar and Figueras were for two days conferring with the foreign ambassadors in Madrid on the subject of how better to protect the valuable lives of the very men who had conspired to upset them. They were all distributed among the sundry Legations; and it seems it was Mr. and Mrs. Layard who undertook to protect the leading spirit of the abortive attempt. After having for about twenty-four hours rushed in disguise about the residences of some of his most intimate friends, the man who had so often ruled Spain was safely brought to the Calle Torija, where his moustaches were shaved off, some English looking whiskers pasted on his cheeks, and an old travelling suit of Mr. Layard's put on him, a big and ugly felt hat serving as a complement to the whole. Being shown in this masquerade attire to some of his friends, and they having declared him to be utterly *méconnaissable*,

he was despatched under the kind escort of Mr. and Mrs. Layard themselves to the railway station, and thence to Santander. The English ambassador and his lady were travelling all the way down, and taking advantage of their position prevented any search in their carriage, or the identification of any persons therein, though on many stations the National Guards showed a great desire to ascertain the personality of the passengers. At Santander, I hear, a little steam-tug has already been hired by the British Legation to proceed on a special mission to St.-Jean-de-Luz, and unless the boat be very bad and the Gulf of Biscaya in a particularly violent fit of temper, our amiable Duke is pretty sure to be now in the arms of his still more amiable Duchess. I am heartily glad if it be so, and I hope it is. But I still pity the moustaches which have always so powerfully aided the handsome Serrano in his career. There is always something humiliating for a man in his position, and especially for a soldier, to be compelled to disguise himself that way. I fancy I could never have done so had I been he, or I should have felt myself more like an adventurer than a Duke and Generalissimo. However——" and the old Countess shut her suffering eyes, as she always does after having spoken for

some time, and when they have become fatigued by light, and seemed quite absorbed by endless reminiscences—probably not Spanish only—which the story of Serrano's escape must naturally have suggested to her.

CHAPTER VIII.

FEDERALIST ELECTIONS AND FEDERALIST FESTIVITIES.

A GOOD many readers might consider it quite an unusual, indeed, almost an unorthodox thing in this country, to write a book on Spain without giving a description of a bull-fight. A writer might dispense with brigand stories, on the plea that there are now no brigands in Spain, or at least that he did not meet any; but no one could believe that he had not seen any *espadas*, *chulos*, *picadores*, and *banderilleros* at work in the bull-ring; and the truth is that he would not be able to speak of Spain, without having seen Spaniards at their national entertainment. So we shall, probably, have to say a few words on this subject; but this by-and-by, when we shall have to talk of Spaniards as a nation, not of individuals, or political parties. Besides, the last week of April

and the first fortnight of May promised no end of interesting events outside of the bull-ring. In the first instance general elections were forthcoming, and the *Intransigentes*—or the Irreconcilables, the ultra-Federalists, the Communists—call them as you like, were carrying on an apparently sufficiently serious agitation to absorb all other interests. Then there was also coming the celebrated anniversary known as the *Dos de Mayo* (2nd of May) at which thousands and thousands of armed men were expected to assemble, and some sort of row seemed to be quite a natural anticipation. At last, though not least, the anniversary of San Isidro, the rustic patron of Madrid, was speedily approaching, and might also have given a good opportunity for the working classes to turn their gatherings on the hill beyond the dried-out Manzanares into more or less mischievous demonstrations. All those who do not know Spain and Spaniards anticipated great bloodshed on all these occasions, and I knew even of many Spanish families having spent their last *onzas* to be able to escape from the capital on the approach of these threatening days. Yet it is doubtful whether to unbiassed students of Spanish character the population of Madrid has ever presented a more interesting sight—a more wonderful mani-

festation of mixture of impulsiveness and self-command by which they are distinguished; of verbal violence and moderation of action; of apparent blood-thirstiness and actual aversion for blood-shed; of intense party hatred, and almost unlimited respect for the individuality of their opponents.

For fully a fortnight after the Federalist *coup d'état* became an accomplished fact, and the Government of Figueras and Castelar were perfect masters of Spain, the *Intransigentes* got up in various parts of Madrid daily meetings of the adherents of their party for the purpose of duly preparing public opinion for the forthcoming elections. Not only were these elections to be general elections, but they were to take place for the purpose of giving the country a Constituent Assembly, which was to remodel the whole governmental machinery, to abolish everything that reminded Spain of centralized monarchies, and to present her with a chalice overflowing with those liberties and franchises which have been dreamed of by the theoreticians of all the Republican schools since the great days of Athens and Rome, and which they have as yet laboured in vain to achieve.

For weeks past the walls of Madrid had been placarded with all sorts of manifestoes and

declarations of the various committees, and in all of them the Government, which had scarcely established itself, was attacked as not being sufficiently Republican, and suggestions were thrown out that, unless certain reforms, indispensable from the point of view of the *Intransigentes*, were granted, the Government should be immediately overthrown. Among these reforms, the most prominent were the immediate proclamation of a Federal Republic; the abolition of the Council of State and the reduction of the number of Ministries and Boards forming the Central Government and incompatible with the Federal principle; the separation of Church and State; the readjustment of the Budget (what was to be the nature of this readjustment was not explained); and the abolition of lotteries and of the penalty of death. Such were the starting points of the *Intransigentes* and the topics upon which they dwelt in all *cafés*, *tertulias*, and popular meetings, the largest of which, and that to which all the others were to serve as mere preliminaries, was to take place on the Sunday following that on which the bull-fight caused the population of Madrid to forget all about the *coup d'état*.

It was the 4th of May, if I am not mistaken. and at two o'clock I was in the square

or rather in the courtyard between the ex-royal Palace and the ex-royal stables. The very fact of the *Intransigentes* selecting a retired spot of that sort, showed that they did not wish to provoke any popular manifestation or to produce any excitement in town, in which case they would certainly have selected the Puerta del Sol or the Prado, where revolutions were, as a rule, begun, carried on, and ended. It may be also that the Government of Señor Figueras and Castelar had suggested to the *Intransigentes* the advisability of their retiring to the Palace courtyard, for it is another of the many things peculiar to Spain—*cosas de España*—to make political (though by no means personal) enemies as comfortable as possible, and often to agree with them beforehand about the general arrangements of the contest.

A man accustomed to meetings of representatives of the radical party in other countries, would certainly have expected to see on that day a great number of working men and rough-looking fellows belonging to that nondescript class which detests prosperous artisans still more, perhaps, than capitalists or nobles. But in Spain, where everything is different from all that is to be seen in any other country, the very word "Radi-

cal" has a meaning different from that which it has in the rest of Europe. The Spanish Radicals are Monarchists, about one shade only in advance of the Spanish Conservatives. In fact, they would represent something similar to the party in England supporting the Government of Mr. Gladstone, and their organs might be all most efficiently edited by any of the *Daily Telegraph* lions; while the *Intransigentes* party is that which is Radical here—that is to say, which is led by men like Mr. Bradlaugh and Mr. Odger. Wherever one of these gentlemen appears in England, his audience is sure to consist of working men. In Spain, on the other hand, I don't think I have seen a single working man at the *Intransigentes* meeting, which numbered about three thousand people. Nearly all of those present belonged—at least, to judge by their appearance and address—to that class of society from which Government clerks, teachers, journalists, lawyers, commission merchants, and similar professions are recruited. The speeches delivered were, of course, of a very fierce nature, though a good deal of this fierceness ought to be put to the account of the Spanish language, and the natural violence of Spanish gesticulation. They resembled, in many features, the speeches of French Communards and of

Russian Nihilists, but were incomparably less sanguinary than either, and pleasantly differed from both through the absence of any personal squabbles between the speakers. The orators explained their views as to what Federalism meant, and what, in their opinion, a good Governmental system should be. They indicated some suspicion they entertained that the Cabinet was not sufficiently converted to the Federalist theories; they argued that the best way to improve the existing state of affairs was to send to the new Assembly none but *Intransigentes*, the speakers evidently meaning that they were about the fittest men to send, although they did not make any positive statement to that effect. In a couple of hours of this sort of speechifying, the audience, knowing that the bull-fight hour was speedily approaching—for it was a Sunday, and consequently a bull-fight day—brought the meeting to a close, and the whole company went straightforward to the Plaza de Toros. There was no procession, no noise of any kind, the whole gathering breaking up into small groups, merging, in the Puerta del Sol and the Calle de Alcalá, into the immense and motley stream of quite a Derby-like excited multitude, and in a quarter of an hour's time no one in the whole

city thought any more of Federalist or any other political theories, the whole of them being to all appearance entirely drowned in the enjoyment of the innumerable niceties of the *tauromachia*.

Two days previous to the Meeting, the proceedings and result of which were so remarkably peaceful and innocent, an opportunity of a totally different kind was offered to the mob of Madrid of making a disturbance, if they had been disposed to do so. It was on the 2nd of May, which is supposed to be the anniversary of the liberation of Spain from the French invaders, a day which is always observed with great festivity.

The reader will probably remember that Murat entered Madrid in March, 1808, and began to treat the population of the capital in the way in which the Generals of Bonaparte treated the inhabitants of all conquered cities. The Spaniards rose against him, and a pretty general massacre took place on the second day of May of the same year. As is usually the case, the memory of the more serious sufferings inflicted upon the unhappy people vanished from the national mind; but one scene of the struggle was seized, magnified, and embellished by the popular imagination, and

transformed into one of the most brilliant episodes contained in the chronicle of national Spanish heroism. Hundreds of people were slaughtered on that horribly memorable day, but three men only survived in national recollection—three officers of artillery, who, when the French came to seize the cannons under their command, refused to surrender them, and were cut to pieces at their posts. Their names were Luis Daoiz, Pedro Velarde, and Jacinto Ruiz, and in their honour an obelisk, round which cypress trees were planted, was erected in the centre of the Prado, and forms now the Campo de la Lealtad (Field of Loyalty), where every year the anniversary of El Dos de Mayo is celebrated. In itself, Murat's massacre at Madrid was neither more barbarous nor more significant than numerous similar deeds performed by the French in other parts of the Peninsula; but it became important because it took place in the capital of Spain, was consequently more spoken of, and seemed to have furnished the final motive for English intervention, and for the embarkation of the Duke of Wellington's expedition. It became also memorable on account of the various retaliative massacres made by the Spaniards on the French in different provinces, as soon as the news of the Madrid events reached them. Thus

in Valencia alone nearly four hundred French residents seem to have been slaughtered in the bull-ring; and the Spanish hatred for the French, which has now greatly cooled down, but which raged with great fury during the whole of the reign of Ferdinand VII., had its root planted into the heart of the Spanish nation on the 2nd of May, 1808.

The population of Madrid, which is even more given to sight-seeing than the population of Paris, will certainly never cease to celebrate this *Dos de Mayo*, for it is most jealous even about the observance of the endless small processions and festivities of which nearly the whole of the Spanish year consists. When there was a crowned head at Madrid, the Sovereign was always bound to be present on the 2nd of May at the Campo de la Lealtad; and Amadeo, who had nothing Spanish in himself, was compelled to share the Spanish views on the subject, and to join on that day in the demonstrations by which French usurpation and savagery were stigmatized.

Although the actors taking part in this pageant change every year, since there is nearly every year some radical change in the Government of Spain, the ceremony itself remains substantially the same. On each of the four sides of the

obelisk temporary altars are erected, and handsomely decorated. Masses are uninterruptedly served at each of these altars, from six in the morning till two in the afternoon, when the military procession begins, and everyone entitled to wear anything like an official garment is compelled to appear in the *cortége*, and to march past the Memorial. The Spanish uniforms, the dresses of the Spanish women, and the colour of the Spanish sky, are all brilliant enough to make the sight one of the most attractive that can be seen in Spain. Even this year, when there was no royalty, no gilded carriages and gold embroidered courtiers, this popular manifestation had still something very imposing about it, though here and there some rather comical elements displayed themselves. But with all that, the procession was not only thoroughly harmless, from a political point of view, but had lost even all the dangers which it some time ago presented to such French lookers-on as may have ventured into the street. I saw myself very many of them on the Prado the last time that ceremony took place; I heard them talking French; I talked French myself, and there was not a single instance of any hostile demonstration on the part either of the people

at large, or of the force taking part in the proceedings.

The Republican authorities did not seem much disposed to join the procession. At all events, except Señor Castelar, I did not see any member of the Government. Señor Figueras was still mourning the death of his wife, while Señor Pi y Margall and Señor Salmeron seemed to have intimated that their philosophical views and principles did not permit them to take part in any religious ceremony. But there were quite enough of all sorts of municipal authorities and generals to form a tolerably brilliant head to the procession. Another feature which gave it a rather impressive character was the presence of a large number of invalids, children, and old men and women, all of them relatives or representatives of those massacred by Murat, and now ranged in marching order at the head of the troops. The regiments attending were not numerous, as the garrison of Madrid consisted just then of very few troops; but the National Guards turned out in strong battalions, all the more characteristic as every man in them was dressed according to his personal taste, the *uniform* consisting exclusively of a little red cap. Being arranged in position alternately with the regular battalions, they

greatly enlivened the picture as the procession marched from the Plaza Mayor through the Puerta del Sol and the Calle de Alcalá to the Salon del Prado. The Salon, which is but little shorter than the popular part of Rotten Row, and rather wider, was covered with one gigantic awning which, so to speak, concentrated the various elements of the immense picture, and made it really grand to look at. The numerous bands playing funeral marches added solemnity to the spectacle. The majority of the bands of the regular regiments restricted themselves to the Riego march, but one or two of them seemed to know something about Chopin's and Beethoven's funeral marches, and if the musical part of the ceremony had been limited to bands of the regulars only, the effect would have been very imposing indeed, especially to those who preserved the consciousness that these thousands and thousands of ragged volunteers had the power to do any mischief they pleased. But a smile unwillingly appeared on the faces of a good many of the unconcerned observers, when Volunteer battalions passed with their bands furiously blustering the *Marseillaise*. And as the Volunteers were incomparably more numerously represented than

the regular troops, the *Marseillaise*—apparently the only march their bands were capable of playing—became quite predominant throughout the proceedings of the day, and the Spaniards did not seem to be cognisant of the incongruity of their thus conducting such an essentially anti-French ceremony to the tune of that immortal song of Rouget de L'Isle, to which, to a great extent, was owing everything they had to complain of on the part of France, including Murat himself.

The ceremony did not last long. Some sort of short religious service having been celebrated, the regiments and the National Guards marched past, and in about a couple of hours Madrid assumed again its usual aspect, without the occurrence of the slightest disturbance. The more I saw of Spanish popular meetings, the more I became convinced that these people have a peculiar capacity for sticking to the special purpose for which they congregate. It is not as in France, Italy, Germany, or even sometimes in England, where a popular gathering, assembled for some more or less inoffensive purpose, finishes up with a row. The Spaniards, as a mass, are possessed of a self-command that would make it quite unnatural for them to depart,

in any degree, from the object for which they had assembled. If they join in a religious or national procession, they do so in the same stern and serious manner in which they would attend an execution. The bull-fight is the only festivity to which, since time immemorial, they have been accustomed to proceed in a joyous, noisy sort of way. With that exception, all their processions have always had a religious, frequently a mournful character, which they still invariably retain. I have been told over and over again of instances in which people, having decided upon the advisability of putting an end to some one's life, have marched quietly and solemnly to the house of the man, murdered him in perfectly cold blood, and returned just as quietly and solemnly to their respective homes, without any of the excitement which is to be seen on the occurrence of much less sanguinary popular proceedings in other countries. Yet people still persist in calling Spain *le pays de l'imprévu.* On returning by the Carrera San Geronimo I met an old English resident, supposed to know all about Spain, and who had been getting rather feverish on the previous night, anticipating some considerable mischief in connection with the *Dos de Mayo.* When I now called his attention to the peaceful way in which

the ceremony had been brought to a close, he said:

"Oh, well, you were right, but don't you see my apprehension was inspired by what I had seen of the Madrid mob formerly, when it did not feel itself so completely master of the situation. Now they have no reason for raising any disturbance, for they know that they are at liberty to deal with everyone of us as they please, and there is a natural chivalry in the Spanish rogue which prevents him from being harsh, or even uncivil, as soon as he sees that he is standing on a footing of perfect equality with you."

Anyhow, people who apprehended great dangers in Madrid, both from the *Intransigentes* and from the gathering of the National Guards, had to transfer their apprehensions to the general elections, which were to last during four days, beginning on the 10th of May, and which, I am perfectly certain, will remain among the dullest experiences of my life.

Madrid was divided into ten electoral districts, each of them containing upwards of ten or twelve polling-places, and in every one of them the same monotonous proceedings were going on during all the four days. In some large building—

a concert-room, or an empty shop, behind a table covered with red or green cloth, with a wooden urn placed on it—sat a returning officer with two secretaries, two civil guards posted at the door completing the official arrangement. Lazily, one by one, dropped in the electors, apparently quite disgusted at the bother imposed upon them. There were polling-places in which during the whole day not more than a dozen electors appeared, and the returning officer, his secretaries, and his sentries were reduced to passing the time by dozing at their posts during the whole of the four days. Of election struggles, as carried on in England or America, Spaniards seem to have no idea, and elections could hardly ever take in that country the character they have assumed with the Anglo-Saxon race. Of electioneering bribery and corruption there is not the slightest trace in the whole of the Peninsula, except when the Government interferes, in which case the elections are distinguished by the same features which disgrace them in France. But, on the other hand, Spanish elections present peculiarities of their own. First of all, in a good many cases, the party which feels itself to be in the minority abstains from voting altogether; and this abstention, with the

Spaniard, is meant to convey a kind of silent protest against the order of things which may be established by the newly-elected body. They seem to have arrived at the conclusion that it is both dangerous and useless to carry on political struggles by means of elections—useless, because the overthrow of their opponents might be made much more easy by out-of-door movements than by Parliamentary struggles, and dangerous because election struggles in Spain, when a reality, have been, as a rule, carried on at the point of the knife. Consequently, the Spaniard much more prefers sitting in his café, smoking his cigarette, and talking politics with his friends until his opponents are in power, when he can combine with all those out of power, and who have, therefore, in the nature of things, chronic cause for discontent.

On the 14th of May, at six P.M., these unbearably dull elections throughout Spain were closed, and their result was another victory for the Republican Government. Out of three hundred and eighty-seven newly-elected deputies, fully three hundred were in favour of the state of things established by the Republican leaders on the morrow of Amadeo's abdication. The Conservatives abstained from voting almost

everywhere, and in Madrid itself only one-fourth of the electors exercised their right. In many of these cases, where the electors did not take advantage of their right, the returning officers, annoyed at having sat for several days for no better purpose than that of seeing one or two dozen men throw their bulletins into the urn, invented a rather curious way of making the thing look more decent. They put into the urns several hundred bulletins of their own, without, however, affecting in any way the result of the election, the supplementary bulletins being equally divided between the various candidates.

Since the great bulk of the Monarchists of all shades had resolved to abstain from voting, it was evident that none but Republicans could be elected: out of the three hundred and eighty-seven votes, there were returned some thirty-five Conservatives sent by distant Conservative localities, not sufficiently influenced by the party-leaders of Madrid, and some fifty Intransigentes, elected chiefly in the large towns where the working man element was predominant. This last point was very important in many respects. It was, in the first place, a defeat of the Intransigentes, and, in the second, it partly reconciled the politicians of Europe, and, amongst others, of England, with the

idea of a Federal Republic. When the word *Federalism* was first uttered in Spain, all the foreign dealers in politics were greatly alarmed. They did not quite understand the meaning of the term, but it did not suit them. They did not wish even to listen to the argument, that Spanish Federalism is founded upon exactly the same principle as that on which the Swiss and American Republics are based. It simply appeared to them as a new *ism*, and they thought they had had quite enough of *isms* already. But when the elections were concluded, and they clearly saw that very respectable men were amongst the Federalist Deputies, the British and Continental politicians concluded that the devil must, after all, not be so black as he is painted. In this way, the idea of a Federal Republic began to rise in credit in the European political market.

The Intransigentes, defeated in these elections, and apparently conscious of their inability to manage anyything in Madrid, got up small provincial risings, every one of which ended in more or less sanguinary fights (Alcoy, Malaga, Cartagena, &c.); but the Republican Government of Madrid, though recasting itself almost every month, managed still to subsist, notwithstanding

a perfect national bankruptcy, the utter breakdown of the whole administrative machinery, the constantly increasing progress of the Carlist rising, and little comfortable incidents like that of the 'Virginius.' But for us, all this is a matter for further consideration.

The last chance left to me of discovering any actual disturbance at Madrid, could evidently present itself only in connection with the popular festival of San Isidro, which was to take place on the morrow of the conclusion of the election, the 15th of May. But even this gathering turned out to be a failure. Formerly, when religious feeling was more intense in Spain, and superstition more generally rampant, San Isidro was a very much reverenced individual. A vast number of Madrileños and Madrileñas of all classes used to turn out to the hill beyond the Manzanares river, where his hermitage is situated. But, now-a-days, when the male population of Madrid has become more atheistic than that of any other capital, only a very small gathering could be expected on the occasion of such an exclusively religious festivity. True that the electoral urns were not yet closed when a considerable number of vehicles, thickly packed with representatives of the fairer sex,

drove along the Calle Mayor to the Toledo bridge, to attend what is called the *Vispera*, and that early next morning there were also a number of carriages driving that way; but this movement was made by the female population chiefly with a view to indulge in mutual contemplation of their costumes and head-dresses. They returned to Madrid without alighting from their carriages, and the festivity does not seem to have presented even the usual attraction to artists and sight-seeking foreigners, who formerly flocked to it in numbers, to look at the costumes and dances of the peasantry, and to listen to their songs. All that I saw this year was a number of booths, in which clumsy clay images of the saint were sold at high prices, and a number of eating houses, which spread pestilential smells for a mile around. The commemorative service going on all day long in the hermitage was almost unattended, and the beggars exhibiting their deformities at the entrance of the chapel seemed to do very little business.

The story of San Isidro is pretty much like all the stories of Spanish saints, with the only difference, perhaps, that he was not a general dealer in divine and miraculous things, but restricted his activity chiefly to the sphere of agriculture and

medicine. He was a labourer by profession, and used, instead of working at his plough, to remain sitting in the fields in contemplative ecstasy. The angels seemed to appreciate very much such a highly intellectual disposition in a labourer, and so they came down to him, conversed with him, and did his work for him. It was in this way that the environs of Madrid were made fertile, notwithstanding their otherwise very inconvenient character. He used also, with the aid of the same angels, to render a good many services to his fellow-labourers. He caused, for instance, springs of water to rise wherever there was need of them, like Sir Richard Wallace in Paris, and the Cattle Trough Association in London. He also managed to restore dead animals to life, avert plagues, and render all sorts of such acceptable services. On one occasion he seems even to have most beneficially interfered with the military affairs of his country, but that was about two hundred years after his death, when Alonzo VIII. was very much annoyed by an arrangement the Moors had made somewhere near Toledo, to prevent his passing with his army by a road he wished to take. San Isidro, noticing the state of affairs from above, came down and showed Alonzo a by-path by which he was enabled to proceed, and, subse-

quently, to slaughter a vast number of the infidels. All this taken together, has naturally elevated the lazy ploughboy to the capacity of a great saint, and to the responsible position of patron of Madrid. Since then he has given up agricultural pursuits, and having taken to medicine, has now for something like eight hundred years been performing all sorts of most remarkable cures, having had among his patients a large number of the highest nobility and several royal persons. Upon the whole, San Isidro seems to be a very accommodating and useful kind of saint; but it appears that occasionally he shows a disposition to get rather angry. For instance, a lady-in-waiting of one of the Queens of Spain, in an access of kissing ecstasy, bit off one of his toes, and was immediately deprived of the natural use of her tongue. I thought the punishment a rather hard one, since it was more than a tooth for a tooth; but the English friend who told me this story seemed to have taken another view of the matter, saying it was a great pity the body of San Isidro could not be brought over to London, where it could be turned to great advantage by making some of the English statesmen and M.P.'s lunch upon suitably disguised toes of the saint.

Probably on the principle that *les extrêmes se touchent*, San Isidro just reminds me of Mr. Bradlaugh. I had almost forgotten that that gentleman was also, so to say, a May event in Madrid. He arrived there as the "representative of the English people" to congratulate Spain on the establishment of the Republic—Mr. Layard, "the representative of the English nation," not having, it would seem, properly performed his task. By whom Mr. Bradlaugh was actually sent, on whose behalf and at whose expense he came, did not transpire. But here he was, and the Ministers received him; the Federalists feasted and eulogised him, and got up a banquet in his honour at fifteen shillings a-head, with speeches during its continuance, and a serenade after it. About a hundred ultra-red Republicans assembled to participate in the meal and the speeches, while a considerably larger number enjoyed the serenade outside till a very late hour. The proceedings were throughout just as inoffensive as the rest of the May festivities, though perhaps a little more amusing, for Mr. Bradlaugh sat nearly all the time listening to Spanish speeches of which he could not understand a word, while his entertainers listened to a couple of his orations with equal benefit. His speeches

having been, however, subsequently translated, the *convives* of the banquet, and the Spanish public at large, may have become acquainted with Mr. Bradlaugh's views and expectations.

Without taking any particular interest in what the different speakers uttered on that occasion, I was nevertheless struck by one or two rather happy thoughts of Mr. Bradlaugh's. The one—particularly interesting to Englishmen—was that twenty years hence the Republic of England would be receiving the congratulations of the Spanish Republic. The other—particularly interesting to Spaniards—was that the Republicans of Spain must not expect that their English brethren would help them with arms, but *only with ideas.*

CHAPTER IX.

ON THE TOP OF THE SILVER MOUNTAIN.

MEDITATING on the uncertainity of all human arrangements, I often thought that, should people at large ever give up fighting and making revolutions, and generally begin to behave themselves as citizens of orderly communities, the first result of such a change would be the abolition of that beautiful Anglo-Saxon institution known under the name of "our special," and "our own." These indefatigable animals would then become quite as useless as post-horses are now in countries well provided with railways. I am afraid that an improvement in the general condition of the world's political affairs would even greatly reduce the large size of English and American newspapers. For what on earth would then fill up the columns which are now occupied by reports of terrific slaughters,

upsetting of governments, wholesale executions, and kindred matters? Except the prices of various articles of commerce, and the rise and fall of public funds, there would be absolutely nothing to communicate from a well regulated country. Fancy, for instance, an Italian or a Spanish correspondent writing from Edinburgh or Glasgow. Why, he would not have material for half a column in a whole year. Even in London the correspondents for continental journals seldom find oftener than once a month a subject which is likely to have any interest at all in a distant foreign country. So intense indeed is the consciousness of the correspondent of the present day that his place is exclusively where people are cutting each other's throats, that whenever he happens to have a fortnight's quiet time he feels at once that he is out of his element, and begins to expect a telegram ordering him to find out some less monotonous place, or else to return to the London office to be placed on the half-pay list.

I had scarcely spent a few weeks at Madrid when I began to have an uneasy consciousness that it was not the proper place to stop at. The bull-fights, the Dos de Mayo, San Isidro, and especially the utterly peaceful character of the elections suggested that the Intransigentes were

losing ground, and that until at least a couple of months were over nothing particularly interesting could be expected. At the same time news arrived from the North that the Carlists under Dorregaray had achieved a great victory at Eraoul, and that Don Carlos himself was about to enter the land he claims the right to reign over. It became at once clear that I should soon have to bid farewell to the Prado, and to all the other attractions of Madrid, and to go back again to the mountains. And my apprehensions were fully justified, for within a few hours a telegram to that purpose was placed in my hands.

Carlist bands, however, had advanced so far into the country since I left them, that to return *viâ* Vitoria was a thing no more to be thought of, all communication that way being completely cut off. The next nearest route was to go to Santander, and thence by steamer to Bayonne. This journey, though a longer one, could at all events be made without any interruption, except that caused by the scarcity of steamers running between the Spanish and French ports. At Santander, for instance, I had to wait for two days to go by a tug, loaded with gunpowder for the Spanish troops, and with a quantity of petroleum for some Bilbao merchants. And after a journey

of about six hours, in company with a volcano of that description, I had to wait another three days before I could get at Bilbao a steam-boat bound to Bayonne. This time the ship had, much to the satisfaction of the passengers, neither petroleum nor gunpowder in its cargo, but it had a captain and a crew with a great proclivity for sleeping, and as the journey was to be made at night, all of them naturally went to bed with the exception of the man at the wheel, who dozed at his post, and was only kept awake by the rather clever expedient resorted to by two Andalusian *caballeros*, who were all the way either talking or singing Andalusian ballads to him, or else treating him to cigarettes. But as the night was a beautiful one, our journey was performed in a way sufficiently pleasant to leave behind nothing but very bright reminiscences.

Arriving at Bayonne, I learned that the battle of Eraoul was a real fight, not an invention of the over-sanguine Carlists, or of those opponents of the Republicans who were always anxious to spread abroad in Madrid false news of Carlist victories, for the purpose of showing that the Republican Government was not able to manage the army. I learned also that Don Carlos really intended to enter Spain, and that his horses were all in readiness at

Bayonne, and his ordnance officers gathered around him. The day of his entry was, however, not yet determined. All that I could ascertain from the best-informed persons was, that "the great event" would take place very soon, and that I should keep myself in readiness to witness it. I was also informed that the staff would be a very brilliant one, and the horses magnificent. Knowing that a Spaniard's weakness for what is called keeping up appearances is scarcely exceeded even by the same foible in certain classes of Englishmen, I took every care to ascertain what was the proper way to fit oneself out for the occasion, and was made to understand that a gentleman on the staff of *Su Magestad*, the King of all the Spains, should have at least two horses. One should be a strong and showy animal, fit for hard marches and triumphal entries. The other should be a light horse, no matter of what appearance, but thoroughly fit for securing the escape of its master when necessary. The faster such a horse is, the more invaluable may it prove under special circumstances. Grasping the hint, I set out at once in search of a couple of animals of that description, and during four or five days frequently lamented the absence at Bayonne of anything like those

useful columns of advertisements in which one can make known to the world any want one may have—to begin with, that of obtaining a kind-hearted wife, and to end with anything within the range of ascertained objects. Ultimately I found, however, what I wanted, notwithstanding the scarcity of ridable animals at that time in Bayonne. The fact is that the Carlists had bought up everything, and wretched hacks for which eight or ten pounds at some village fair would have been thought a high price, were now impudently valued at five times that amount.

Happily enough, a remnant of the old Moro-Iberian love for ostentation causes Spaniards greatly to prefer stallions to either horses or mares for riding. They ride a horse only when a stallion is not to be obtained, and seem to prefer riding a donkey to riding a mare. Consequently, mares were to be had more easily at Tarbes and in the Landes markets, and I discovered two which answered the requirements of the case in a very fair way. The one was a big chestnut mare, strong as the Evil One himself, and incomparably more showy than any of the animals which took part in the celebrated cavalcade of aldermen and sheriffs organized on the occasion of the Prince of Wales's recovery.

Nature had certainly predestined her to be an omnibus horse, but she was a great Conservative, and seemed to hold the opinion that anything given by the Creator, including strength, should not be used, but preserved. Accordingly, when she was first harnessed to a light carriage she smashed it to pieces, and when an attempt was made to put her to a more heavy vehicle, she kicked it until she bruised herself all over and fell exhausted to the ground. A Bayonne horse-dealer then bought her, thinking she was exactly the sort of animal to be sent out to the Carlists, who, with mountain marches of twenty and thirty miles a day, would soon bring her to the sense of duty, or else make short work of her existence. Of course, he assured me it was the best imaginable beast for my requirements, and charged about four times the sum he had paid himself for her. But still, with the exception that she frequently objected to crossing bridges, that her carriage reminiscences caused her to kick at everybody and everything that came too near to her from behind, and that her Conservative tendencies prompted her to bite every horse that indicated an intention of progressing ahead of her, she rendered me excellent services, especially in the way of making a show; for, thanks to

her powerful appearance and her kicking habits, she called everybody's attention, and became thoroughly well known wherever she had once passed.

Quite different was the other mare. A little half-bred animal, from one of the studs Napoleon III. had called into existence in the Landes, she was all fire and nerve, and her walking pace alone was worth any amount of money to a man intent on escaping. True that she was not fit to carry regularly a grown-up person of average weight. But that was not a matter of great consequence, as my little Navarre servant, who had usually to mount her, weighed hardly five stone, and it was quite a treat to see the pride of the little fellow when he was parading through the villages of his native country. Though he had never mounted anything but a donkey, he managed to become an excellent rider within a very few days, and I firmly believe that the fidelity and attachment he always showed to me were, to a not inconsiderable extent, to be attributed to the opportunity I gave him of mounting *una yegua francesa.*

Having harnessed the two animals in the best way I could at a place like Bayonne, and equipped myself as comfortably as my purse allowed, I started once more for the little village of Urdax,

where preparations for the reception of Don Carlos were going on.

Somehow or other, the police watch on the frontier was considerably slackened during my absence, and, if not Spaniards, at all events Frenchmen and foreigners were allowed to cross the frontier pretty freely on the simple exhibition of their passes, and a categorical declaration that they did not wish to make any *détour* either by the Atlantic or the Mediterranean. So no obstacle was put to my crossing the Doncharinea bridge, and the French patrol on it, wishing me *bon voyage*, looked quite jocularly at me as I stepped on to Spanish soil, and the Carlist outposts surrounded me and carried me off to a little inn occupied by their commander.

The officer, on seeing the Carlist passport I had secured, received me in a most friendly manner, and on reading my name seemed struck by it, and exclaimed, "Oh, I have a parcel for you!"

"A parcel?" said I. "Where from?"

"I don't know," he answered. And from a heap of all sorts of luggage and odds and ends, lying in a corner of his room, he picked up a little leather bag with a couple of shirts, some other articles of toilette, and lots of London letters and newspapers, which had been sent out to me some

six weeks previous, when I gave the old boot-cleaning colonel a note for Bayonne. The bag was not locked, and as a good many of the Carlists who were around us had scarcely any shirts at all on them, I was very agreeably astonished to find that neither of mine was missing, and expressed my satisfaction to the officer.

"Do you find anything to surprise you in that?" was his retort. "I hope, Sir, you never believed that any property, however valuable, could be lost if was entrusted to a good Carlist?"

It was clear that a stern denial of any thought of this sort was, on my part, the only possible answer under such circumstances.

Urdax looked now quite different from what it was when I first visited it. It was still the same little loophole, so surrounded on all sides by mountains as to be almost hidden from the eyes of any traveller who enters the picturesque valley of Bastan. But it was peopled now with no end of fashionable Carlist warriors awaiting the entry of "the King" into his dominions. From a military point of view, Urdax is quite an impossible place, for no force could defend itself there from the attack of an enemy holding the surround-

ing heights. But the Carlists, always relying upon their good legs and sharp eyes, have from the outset selected that little village as one of their favourite resorts. It was within easy reach of the smugglers carrying arms and ammunition across the frontier, and this alone was quite sufficient to render the otherwise unsuitable village one of the most important starting points of Carlist operations. Whenever the enemy approached, the *Voluntarios de Carlos VII.* stationed at the village climbed the hills and took up their position on them, if they felt strong enough; otherwise they ran away along the French frontier to Peña de Plata and other inaccessible mountain refuges.

Towards the end of May, some Legitimists at Paris got up a party of about a dozen young noblemen to form the nucleus of a squadron of body-guards for Don Carlos. The squadron was to be formed on the spot, and the organisation and command of it was placed into the hands of Count d'Alcantara, a Belgian gentleman of Spanish extraction, as amiable and valiant a man as one could wish to meet. There was scarcely any officer under his orders who did not bear some sort of title, from Chevalier to Marquis inclusive, and every one of them was

dressed and equipped with all the luxury Parisian outfitters were capable of suggesting. But it was evident that these gentlemen could not remain waiting for Don Carlos at Bayonne, as even if they concealed their uniforms, their glittering arms and splendid chargers would soon betray their presence and intentions to the French police. Consequently they were as quickly as possible despatched, with arms and baggage, over the frontier to Urdax, where they were to await the "great event." Their dark green Hussar uniform, richly trimmed with gold lace, their white Bedouin bournouses, their Astrakhan shakos with a kind of Hungarian plume on them, were all very attractive, and would have been probably very imposing at the head-quarters of some well-organised and victorious army. But, amid the wilderness of the Navarre mountains and the rags of Navarre volunteers, they had something very incongruous about them, and suggested, I don't know why, the idea of Paris or Boulevard cavalry lost in these wild regions. Still they relieved the dulness and loneliness of Urdax, as did also the presence of a number of other Carlist officers assembled here on the occasion of the consecration of the fort Peña de Plata.

Just in front of the French village Sare rises a

steep mountain, some two thousand five hundred feet high, called Peña de Plata (Silver Mountain), on account of the silvery reflection produced by its rocky top under the play of the rays of the sun. The line of the Franco-Spanish frontier passes through the very summit of that height, cutting it, like a pear, into two equal parts, and giving one moiety of it to each of the neighbours. The Carlists conceived the plan of erecting a fort right on the top of the Peña, and to build it close to the very line of demarcation between the two countries, so that no attack on the fort would be possible without projectiles being thrown on French soil. At the same time the garrison of the fort could, of course, fire into Spain as much as it pleased without exposing itself to any breach of international law. The scheme, as far as it went, was carried out with full success. A strong fort has been built, armed with three cannons, and provided with plenty of ammunition. It is capable of holding a garrison of three hundred men, and of sheltering, in case of necessity, certainly twice that number; and, unless the supply of provisions were to be cut off from the French side, the fort could hold out for an indefinite period of time. It was natural that a stronghold of this description should be made a great fuss

about, and that some sort of festivity should take place at the conclusion of the works. And so it occurred. The ceremony of the consecration of the fort, and of hoisting the flag on their first fortress, was quite an event among the Carlists at Urdax, Zugarramurdy, and the environs. High mass was celebrated, speeches were delivered, cannons fired all day long, and a banquet given, for which wine and provisions were brought over from Bayonne and St.-Jean-de-Luz, and so freely did the officers indulge in these luxuries, that traces of the festivity were to be seen, even on the next day, in the features of some of them.

But another day passed, and all joy had vanished, a heavy gloom being now visible on every face. Some bad news reached Urdax on that day. In the first place, several thousand English-made cartridges had somehow been seized on the frontier, and in the second, the Republican Colonel Tejada had fortified San Estevan, and showing the apparent intention of marching on Urdax, had already reached Elizoado, with fifteen hundred men and two cannons, and could easily begin to shell our miserable loop-hole in two or three hours. "What shall we do?" was a question that might be read on everyone's face, for the five hundred

raw recruits, who were to protect us under the orders of the Marquis de Las Hormazas, nephew of General Elio, had in all only three hundred cartridges. Very few questioned the bravery of the Marquis, but the position was too critical to admit of any solution by means of mere courage. Right down flight was evidently the only means of escape left. "I have no fear for my men," said the Marquis. "They will all find room within the walls of our fortress; but what I am afraid of is the safety of the brilliant staff we have with us, and of their beautiful horses. They will all come to grief climbing the mountain, or break down for want of food on Peña de Plata." Count d'Alcantara drew a very long face when flight was decided upon, and he saw his brilliant officers doomed to behold the ruin of their chargers, to obstruct the movements of Volunteers, and to increase the general confusion.

Nor did the old Marquis of Valdespinas, head of General Dorregaray's staff, look much brighter. The Marquis led the cavalry charge at Eraoul, got a bayonet wound in the arm, and had since been laid up at a little house at Zugarramurdy. A decree of the King, his Master, appointing him Grand Marshal and Grand Cross

seemed to have quite restored the health of the old gentleman, and to have given him strength enough to join in the ceremony of the consecration of the new fortress, after which he came to Urdax, where he was to wait, as we did. He had consequently to fly, too, with us, having for escort only his two sons and his aid-de-camp. In that way, as far as Carlist notabilities were concerned, the capture of the Urdax detachment would have been quite a treat to the Republican column. But the Republican colonel, not being sufficiently well informed about the position we were in, did not attack us, when he could have caught all of us, and thus gave us ample time for flight. At daybreak on the 5th of June, off we marched to Zugarramurdy, and a few hours later were safe on the top of Peña de Plata, fully a thousand feet above any spot that the Republicans could be excepted to reach. What the road was like I am utterly unable to describe. Kids, I fancy, would be the only animals likely to find it comfortable. It was all an incoherent mass of stones, big and small, rolling under foot; and where it was not stone it was slippery mud. The path was nowhere wider than a yard, and about the top of the height ceased to be a path at all. Every one climbed the rocks as best he could,

and out of a couple of dozen horses of the staff fifteen were lamed, the beautiful chargers of the Paris cavalry being of course the first to break down. Over six hours did the march last, and when we reached the fort we had only one prospect—that of being locked up in it without rations until some other and better provided for band came to our rescue. That band every one expected to be that of the curé Santa Cruz, who was within a couple of hours' march at Echalar, on the opposite side of the mountain. As a matter of course, neither the Marquis Valdespinas, nor the Marquis de Las Hormazas, commanding the cartridgeless force, intimated what their plans or expectations were, and this rendered the position still less pleasant.

Towards the evening only did we learn that the curé had refused all help, and threatened to shoot young Valdespinas if his father sent him down again to Echalar with either commands or propositions. Being already under sentence of death, the curé imagined that our expedition to the top of Peña de Plata was simply a manœuvre invented for the purpose of capturing him and his force. He declared his resolution not to go into the trap, and added that if the Urdax detachment had no cartridges it was the fault of Señor Dor-

ronzoro, late Carlist Deputy in the Cortes, and now Governor of the Fort Peña de Plata, who had the management of the stores, and who got, it seems, an endless supply of money from Don Carlos' cash-box. To that gentleman the curé sent word to say that, both for his spending money for inauguration banquets, like that of a couple of days back, and for his threatening to fire at Santa Cruz whenever he passed within the range of his cannons, he would administer to him a heavy bastinado as soon as he caught him. With all these communications the young Marquis of Valdespinas returned to us, and for a couple of hours a regular war-council was held on the top of the height, with a view to decide what was to be done, when, all at once, a spy arrived with information that the enemy, instead of advancing on Urdax, had retreated to San Estavan. We could, consequently, come down again from our eagle's nest and get something to eat. Great was the general joy. *Marchar!* was to be heard on all sides, and we had time, before it became quite dark, to reach Zugarramurdy again, where wine, bread, and forage could be found without particular difficulty for the whole of the force.

The cause of this Republican retreat from Elizondo, when by marching on Urdax their success

was so certain, was the very famous curé who refused to help us. Early in the morning on the previous day he attacked a fortified post of some forty carbineros near the bridge of Enderlaza, on the high road from Irun to Vera. The little cannon he had soon smashed the palisades, calculated to protect the Republicans only from rifle shots, and the carbineros, after having lost several men, hoisted a white flag. The Carlists began then to descend from the heights down into the valley, and when they were close to the bridge a volley of musketry greeted them.

Santa Cruz's band became quite furious, they threw themselves forward to a man, and slaughtered every one of the carbineros they could lay their hands on. The Republicans said afterwards that the curé executed prisoners who had hoisted a white flag, while the curé said he simply killed treacherous enemies who had tried to get him into an ambush. Whatever side may have been right, for us the wholesale butchery of these carbineros had a very favourable result. The news of the Enderlaza bridge affair spread with an electric rapidity, and compelled Colonel Tejada to retreat from Elizondo. We were thus saved from partial starvation, and perhaps from capture, and the five hundred men of the Marquis

Las Hormazas had now a fair chance to get cartridges in a day or two, and to be able to defend both themselves and the distinguished and brilliant Paris cavalry they protected.

But in a place like Urdax, even with plenty of cartridges and a good deal of fashionable society, life does still not appear *couleur de rose*. Though the Marquis of Valdespinas, speaking excellent French and having lived long among Frenchmen, was quite glad of the arrival of the fashionable French warriors; though their horses and brilliant uniforms captivated every Spaniard that saw them; and though Count d'Alcantara was at once lodged in the same house with the Marquis, and every one of his officers was provided with quarters, stables, servants, and ample rations, in less than a fortnight the new-comers seemed as if they had had enough of Spain. The everlasting mutton, stale bread, and pig's skin smelling wine, began to disgust them. Of real work there was nothing to be anticipated beyond that which we had seen during our flight to Peña de Plata. To undertake excursions to Bayonne, or St.-Jean-de-Luz, became impossible, for the names of the gentlemen composing the Paris cavalry squadron

were quickly made known to the authorities on the French frontier, and an order had been issued to arrest them as soon as they appeared on French soil. The only recreation to them was, therefore, to take, now and then, a ride along such bits of the Pamplona high-road as were free from Republican posts, or down to the bridge of Doncharinea. half of which is Spanish, the other half French, and on which the French and Spanish sentries can be still seen amiably conversing, or at least trying to converse, as far as the difference of their languages permits. Every afternoon members of this elegant corps could be seen talking to the French gendarmes on the bridge, joking at their being not able to arrest them, although they were quite close enough, and passing letters which the gendarmes and custom-house officers posted to the friends of those very men whom they had the order to capture.

A life of that sort could, of course, present no attraction to men, some of whom had left Paris because, as they said, it turned dull to them and they wanted amusement and good living before everything. From what I learned subsequently, I think that to many of them Legitimacy was quite a secondary, if any, consideration. But, be that as it may, here they were, and could not,

apparently, make up their minds to wait till Don Carlos came over, and the operations of the royalist forces had taken a more decisive turn. Yet, as Dorregaray and Elio were operating much further down in the country, and as I did not see the fun of sharing the Paris cavalry's idle and tiresome captivity in a miserable village, I resolved, if possible, to make a move, explaining to the amiable Count d'Alcantara and his followers that though, as military men, they were subjected to the Marquis of Valdespinas, as senior officer in the place, and to the Marquis Las Hormazas, as commander of the Urdax force, they were not officially placed under the orders of either, and had, if they chose, the right to go to Elio's head-quarters, which were then in Las Amescoas. I pointed out also that a little excursion in that direction would probably present the attraction of novelty, and, to say the least, of a very pleasant military picnic. The Count d'Alcantara seemed at first to have some objections to my plan, knowing, as he did, that the old Marquis of Valdespinas, now Grand Marshal and Grand Cross, was anxious to keep around himself the fashionable escort; but, the officers of the squadron having sided with me, he resolved to announce to the Marquis our intention of leaving Urdax.

Yet as, in a little village like that, everything is speedily known, old Valdespinas learned of our plan, and of my having proposed it, long before Count d'Alcantara had made up his mind to submit the question to him.

"Go and fetch me that journalist with the curtain on his hat," cried out the infuriated Marquis to his aid-de-camp, meaning me and the puggaree I wore. In a very few minutes I was caught and brought into the presence of the gallant and excitable Marquis, and a really thunder-like scolding fell upon my poor head. I was rendering him ridiculous; I was taking away his troops; I was showing an example of insubordination, and I don't know what else. I had the greatest difficulty in making the brave but perfectly deaf Marquis understand, through the aid of his gutta percha tube, that if anyone rendered him ridiculous it was himself, in making all that noise about a foreign journalist having wished to go on a trip to the head-quarters, and having asked a few foreign officers, who had absolutely nothing to do, whether they would not join him,—that I never meant to take away any of his troops at all, and that, if he was discontented either with my presence or with my conduct, the only thing he had to do was to order me to be escorted

to the frontier. I added, at the same time, that, as I had nothing to do at Urdax, and was now not permitted to go forward, I had nothing left to me but to go back to France and wait until Don Carlos, who had invited me to follow the operations of his army, should come across himself.

About a fortnight later, when I again met the good old man, he had of course forgotten all about our comical squabble, and treated me quite as an old friend; but at the moment of the first explosion of his Castilian fury, he seemed so angry, that I considered my retirement from under his jurisdiction as the only course left. But where shall I go now? was my next thought. I must find something to write upon, as they won't stand in New York any falling off of communication from a quarter where blood is supposed to be daily poured out in streams. Yet, in reality, weeks and weeks passed without a single drop of human blood being shed, except in the barbers' shops of the Peninsula. There were, indeed, some rows going on in a few towns on the Southern and Eastern coasts. But by going so far away I was pretty sure to miss the entry of the Pretender, and the beginning of what was spoken of as the "Great

Campaign." On a ride of nearly six hours from Urdax to Bayonne, I was the whole time turning the matter over in my mind, till all at once the genius of "enterprise" whispered to me: "And how about Santa Cruz?" Everyone then spoke of the man as about the worst brigand and assassin that ever existed. Every newspaper had daily some new exploit of his to relate. Yet, even among the Carlists, few knew him personally, and no one seemed to have ever seen him. To find out a man of this description, and to "interview" him, appeared to me as the very thing to be done, and without any further delay, off was I to St.-Jean-de-Luz, and thence to Vera, the famous curé's head-quarters.

CHAPTER X.

SANTA CRUZ.

IT is all very well now, my chaffing and laughing about this Vera "interviewing" expedition, as the reminiscences of it are pleasant enough; but I am sure that when I undertook it, it did not look like a joke at all. Except that Santa Cruz was shooting and bastinadoing everybody he could lay his hands on, nothing was known of him, and I should certainly not like to experience once more the kind of uncertainty I felt, when, after a lonely ride of a few hours across the mountains, I reached the outskirts of the little town of Vera, and was caught by the famous curé's patrols, who proved utterly unable to understand a single word of what I tried to impress upon their minds.

As often happens in cases of an unpleasant nature, the man wanted was not to be found.

He was neither at Vera, nor at Echalar, where I was told at St.-Jean-de-Luz I was sure to find him. He had already marched off towards Hernani with some six hundred of his crack men and two cannons. I had consequently to present myself to a rough-looking chap of barely twenty years, armed to the teeth, and bearing the sonorous name of Don Estevan Indart, and the important rank of the Commander of the place and forces of Vera. He was asleep when, after having been taken at the outskirt of the town, I was brought into his room. Lying across the bed, with a whole arsenal of arms upon him, his head hanging down and his legs up on the wall, he was snoring most formidably. But after a few calls, accompanied by some pokes from the sergeant, the worthy warrior woke up and began to examine my papers without changing in the least his picturesque topsy-turvy attitude. From the tone of his voice, if not from the words he uttered, I perceived at once that he swore at the documents, being just as unable to understand them as his patrols were. Not only were the foreign documents unintelligible to him, but even the Carlist passport, by which the Ministers of Don Carlos granted me free circula-

tion amid "the armies of S. M. El Rey, Nuestro Señor," and which was worded in Spanish, was a dead letter to Don Estevan Indart. Being a pure Basque of Guipuzcoa, as well as the majority of his soldiers, he did not know Spanish, and did not seem to care for it. Without even looking at me, or attempting to arrive at any sort of understanding, he gave some orders to the sergeant, and I was marched out of the room. A crowd of armed men and of ragged children had already assembled around my horse, and began now to examine me as closely as they had examined my tired "escaping" animal, its saddle, and the bags strapped to it, which carried my scanty luggage; for I had taken good care to leave, this time, servant, "showy" horse, and every other valuable at St.-Jean-de-Luz, as I did not see any use of losing them too, if I had to get lost myself, and also did not wish unnecessarily to give any temptation to a band which had such a high repute for being easily tempted.

To all my attempts to inquire whether I could see Señor Santa Cruz, I had only the short and abrupt answer of "*Salida*" (apparently the only Spanish word these men knew, and which meant that the curé had gone). And here I stood without knowing what was to become of me, when

presently the patrol sergeant appeared with a cleanly dressed young girl, who, after addressing to me a few questions in intelligible French and excellent Spanish, went up to the Commander's room with my papers. Within a few minutes she was back again, and said that Don Estevan had ordered her to take me to her house, where I should have to wait till the return of Señor Santa Cruz. To my inquiry whether I should have to wait long, she said no one knew, or was able to tell me anything; while to the question whether I could proceed further should the curé not return soon, I got the short but explicit answer of "No." In this way, I found myself practically the prisoner of Don Estevan Indart and of my little interpreter.

Happily enough, my hostess was, or rather my hostesses were quite charming persons. Their father, the only and consequently the leading tailor of the town, seemed to have saved money enough to send his two girls to Bayonne to study millinery. Together with this trade, the girls had learned there French and Spanish, and had now nothing of the peculiar Basque look about them. They did not wear even the usual Basquese costume, and considered themselves, and were considered by everybody, as very distinguished "ladies." The

eldest girl was humpbacked, and consequently less admired; but the second was evidently a general attraction to the town.

Santa Cruz, known to be full of hate to the fair sex, and of never having kept a female servant, or even allowed his sister to live at his house, seemed to have made an exception in favour of the young Vera milliners, being in frequent intercourse with them, and having appointed them to superintend the manufacture of clothing for his soldiers. There had been for the last two years no millinery work of any kind to be done at Vera, and so the girls were quite glad to become military tailors, and seemed to discharge their duties to the full satisfaction of the ferocious Cura. And while the two American sewing-machines were going their full speed the girls talked to me all day long, and told me about the inner life of their little and unlucky town, more than I could ever have learned by personal observation during the forty-eight hours I was their captive.

The town of Vera was, as a matter of course, thoroughly Carlist. The Republicans had taken possession of it five times since the Carlist war broke out, and the utterly ruined population spoke of these Republican occupations as the

worst moments they had endured. Besides the usual contributions, the town had additional burdens to bear for being a Carlist centre. When I visited Vera, no man was to be seen in it except those armed, the civil portion of the population apparently consisting of women and children only. Half of the houses were deserted or shut up, and, except in the evening, scarcely anyone was to be seen in the street, the women being anxious to accomplish such little field-work as they possibly could. They toiled hard all day long, and the Carlists eagerly assisted them, whenever they got a day's rest from perpetual marching. The soldiers of Don Estevan Indart, who were in possession of the place when I reached it, were to the last man at work in the fields, except the men on duty as sentinels. The misery and wretchedness of the place was nevertheless quite shocking. Of cows, oxen, horses, or pigs, there was no longer any trace. A few sheep, a few fowls, and a couple of donkeys, seemed to be all the inhabitants of Vera still possessed in the way of live-stock. Their own number had also decreased to barely 2,000, and this small community, consisting almost exclusively of women and children, had to pay every month over 20,000 francs in rations of

bread, wine, and meat only, without reckoning either lodgings, or such extras as are always likely to be required, especially when the Republicans came in and retaliated upon Vera for its well-known Carlist proclivities. My two hostesses and their father had had over thirty francs a month to pay for nearly two years past, and they said they could not make out where families with less resources got the money required. Seeing that the flocks of the place were quite exhausted, Santa Cruz invented a rather ingenious mode of supplying the wants of his bands. He requisitioned sheep and oxen in other places, or on the high-road, or captured them from the Republicans, and sold them to the Municipality of Vera for ready cash, which he invested in arms and ammunition, while the town, having bought from him the beasts, delivered them back again in the form of rations. Notwithstanding all this misery, however, the inhabitants seem to be on the best possible terms with the Carlists. They were evidently tired of the war, but not a word of reproach was to be heard against the Carlists or their chiefs, and Santa Cruz himself was almost an object of worship among the population. Now and then only they would whisper that he was too severe, but this was meant

with reference to his own men only, and not to what he was doing in the field. And it must be said that the discipline of Santa Cruz's bands was kept up with a stern hand. Within the week he spent at Vera, previous to the Enderlaza fight, he shot two of his men for attempting to rob some travellers who turned out to be Carlists, and gave the bastinado to three more who failed in the performance of their duties. What terrified his men above all was, that he never spoke of what he intended doing or uttered any reproach. He was really a man of few words, and one of the best characteristics of his nature is exemplified by the manner in which he treated one of his former friends—an old man, sixty-five years of age, of the name of Amilibia.

Two brothers Amilibia, and a man of the name of Recondo, were commanding some Carlist troops in May, 1872, when Don Carlos was surprised at Oroquieta by Moriones, and Serrano was thus enabled to compel some of the Carlist chiefs to lay down their arms and to sign a convention. Santa Cruz was then chaplain of Recondo's battalion, which operated in conjunction with that of the brothers Amilibia, and seemed to have urged these officers not to lay down arms or sign a

convention. They did not listen, however, to his advice, and Santa Cruz has felt since that time an invincible hatred to these men, and has never called them otherwise than traitors. During the present year when the Carlist war had been resumed, and Santa Cruz was no more a chaplain, but a *cabecilla*, he arrived one morning at Echalar, where one of the brothers Amilibia had also arrived on his way towards the head-quarters, intending to resume service.

"What are you doing here, traitor!" exclaimed Santa Cruz, on seeing Amilibia looking out of the inn window as he was passing by with his troops. "You had better leave Spain at once if you care for your life."

But as Santa Cruz's band remained for dinner in the village, Amilibia, probably anxious to white-wash himself in their eyes, asked some of the volunteers he knew to the inn, gave them some wine, and began to talk over last year's business. It would seem that his language, with reference to Santa Cruz, was not particularly respectful, and that he made some allusions to his being a despot and a rebel, not even obeying his superiors, nor his lord the King. The conversation was soon reported to Santa Cruz, and Señor Amilibia had not finished his hostile remarks when several armed men appeared,

ordering him, as well as his guests, to follow them. All were marched to Santa Cruz's house, in front of which a company of his crack men was ranged, and a heap of *bastones* prepared.

"I gave you an advice which you did not consider it worth listening to," said Santa Cruz to his old friend. "You even considered yourself justified in trying to excite my men against me. I will therefore give you a lesson in another way now; and the first time I meet you or your brother, or Recondo, again on Spanish soil, I'll shoot you like dogs."

After this short preface, the very same men whom Amilibia had been treating were ordered to take the prepared sticks and to give a bastinado to the old man. Santa Cruz himself reckoned the strokes, and cried out his "Bastante" after the fortieth had been inflicted. A few days later, when I had to pass through Echalar, I alighted at the same inn, saw an old man lying as I thought hopelessly ill, but no one told me the sad narrative of his illness. It was only at Vera that I learned his story, when I saw the poor man carried on a stretcher towards the French frontier, on the other side of which he hoped to find the necessary care and medical assistance. Santa Cruz left Echalar the same

afternoon, and, from the whispering tone in which the affair was spoken of, I must conclude that its effect was all the wild curé could have desired. No one, either at Echalar or at Vera, has ever since attempted to betray the Carlist cause or speak against the brutal authority of the curé.

Another fact characteristic of the nature of this man is his dealing with the only prisoner he had taken at Enderlaza. The whole number of *carabineros* which took part in that affair amounted to forty-one men. Five of them got off in safety, two were drowned in attempting to escape by swimming across the Bidassoa, nine were killed during the action, twenty-three were massacred because they had fired after they had hoisted the white flag, and one was, somehow or other, taken prisoner. Santa Cruz carried that man for several days with him, but when he learned that, notwithstanding the letters he had sent to the Bayonne papers giving the particulars of the affair, public opinion in Spain and France still persisted in accusing him of having shot prisoners, he sent word to his captive saying he thought it his duty to justify the accusations of the Liberals, and therefore to shoot him. Ten minutes were allowed the poor man for confession, and four balls put an end to his life.

It may be mentioned here, by-the-by, that this economical plan of shooting with four balls instead of the customary twelve is an established rule in the Carlist army. They say they cannot afford the luxury of twelve cartridges for a single man. And the fact that the twenty-three *carabineros* who were found lying in one heap near the Enderlaza Bridge were all shot with one ball, not with four, and mostly through the head, was adduced by Santa Cruz and his men as additional proof that they were not shot after being taken prisoners, but killed in a hand-to-hand fight by the Carlists, enraged by the treachery to which they had been exposed through the firing at them after the white flag had been hoisted. Yet it must be said that, however savage the fighting may have been, it could not have lasted long, for of the two dead bodies I saw picked out of the Bidassoa, the one had twenty-two cartridges in his pouch, the other fifty. Keeping in view that a cartridge pouch contains sixty cartridges, and that it is seldom quite full, it becomes evident that the two men who threw themselves into the Bidassoa had scarcely fought more than a few minutes.

There is no need to say that the famous curé

is a man of a quite peculiar type. His organising faculties seemed to be just as considerable as his despotism was violent. He has never received a single penny or a single cartridge from the Ministers of Don Carlos. Notwithstanding that, he armed and equipped nearly a thousand men, established a cartridge manufactory, and was about to open in a secure spot of the mountains, called "The Three Crowns," a regular gun and cannon manufactory when he had to fly to France. He had also managed to make a few hundred rifles with the means he found at Vera, Echalar, and Arachulegui. One became perfectly puzzled when one saw all that man had done almost without any means whatever, and certainly without anything like scientific notions as to how such things should be done.

The drill of Santa Cruz's band was just as peculiar as all the rest of his arrangements. There was something quite strange and perfectly original in the kind of dancing movements of his men; but still they marched remarkably well, with marvellous speed, and for an unusual number of miles in a single journey. None of the men wearing boots, but soft Basque sandals, one scarcely heard when they passed and, for a considerable period of time, both Santa Cruz and

his officers went always on foot with the men. It was only when his force was provided in every other respect that he took to riding, and gave a horse to every commander of a company.

Still more primitive perhaps, was the care Santa Cruz took of the bodily cleanliness of his men. Whenever he got to a stream with a sufficient quantity of water in it—which is not often the case in Spain—he ordered all his men to take a bath; and regularly twice a week they had all to change their shirts. As they were not allowed to carry any luggage, and hardly had any shirt beyond that which they wore, the curé invented the simple mode of requisitioning clean shirts against the dirty ones, which he left to the inhabitants of such villages as he had to pass. As the practice had been continued for several months, quite a regular stock of this kind of garment was ready in every village of the province of Guipuzcoa, which was his great centre of operations. The men arrived, received the clean shirts from the *alcalde* of the village, returned him the dirty ones, and the next day all the village women were engaged in washing for the next arrival of the band. Santa Cruz seemed to be quite proud of this arrangement. At all events, I saw a letter written by him to his friend, and

ammunition agent in France, in which he boasted of having brought his men to such a state of cleanliness that he was prepared to pay a real ($2\frac{1}{2}d.$) for every louse that would be found on any of them.

But if the curé thus showed great ability and energy in organising his own force, he was far from showing the same care about the general progress of Carlist affairs. I have mentioned already what was his answer to a demand for assistance sent to him from Fort Peña de Plata. The conditions which he put to his "Lord and King's" request to submit to the military authorities was not much better. He said he would do so when his sentence of death was revoked, his enemy and immediate superior, General Lizarraga, removed, and full liberty left to him to operate with the bands he had organised. None of these conditions having been fulfilled, Santa Cruz did not yield an iota. Don Carlos, enraged at such conduct on the part of an obscure *cura*, wrote to him, through his secretary, ordering Santa Cruz to come at once to France, to which Santa Cruz answered in most respectful terms that he would not do so. If the King chose to come himself to the frontier, or to send anyone, Santa Cruz said he would find a secure spot where he

would give verbally every explanation that might be wanted; but he thought it most injurious to the King's cause that he should leave his command, for he was sure he should never be able to return to his post, the French gendarmes knowing him now too well from the portraits published everywhere, and being most likely to arrest him as soon as he had put his foot on French soil. Something similar, though much more rudely expressed, was his answer to the proposal for the opening of the railway traffic on the Northern line. I saw myself the project of the treaty the Company had agreed to conclude with Don Carlos. Every point was approved by both parties. The Company were to pay two thousand francs a-day to the Carlists, and undertook not to carry either troops or ammunition. For these considerations the Carlists bound themselves to protect the trains, the telegraphs, the travellers, and the goods transported between Irun and Vitoria. The only thing that apparently remained was to sign the agreement, when it became known that Santa Cruz, on learning of the arrangement, had said:—"The line goes partly through the province of Guipuzcoa, occupied by my forces. As I have never been consulted with reference to this arrange-

arrangement, I shall never submit to it, and shall upset the first train that comes." On hearing this, General Elio, who, whatever may be said of his political opinions, is above all a thorough gentleman, wrote to Don Carlos that he would never sign an agreement which he was not quite sure of being able to carry out, and requested the King first to settle the matter with Santa Cruz, and then to send him the document for signature.

When I had spent fully two days in the custody of the two young milliners and the old tailor, and was just beginning to speculate how long my detention at Vera might last, my little humpbacked custodian rushed into my room and announced that Señor Santa Cruz was coming, hurriedly lisping "Here, here," and pushing me into the front room, which served the family as a workshop. Within a few yards of the house I saw, through the window, the ferocious *cura* marching in with a band of his best men. His orderly was walking by his side, leading his mountain hack. Santa Cruz had no arms about him, except a revolver stuck in his *faja*, and a long stick, similar to those used in the Alps

by Englishmen of climbing dispositions. He was dressed in a rough grayish jacket with green pipings, something like the Bavarian Jäger coat, and rather short light cotton trousers of the same colour as the jacket; some hempen Basque sandals and a dark blue *beret* completed the costume. There was not a brass button, or anything military-like, about him; but nothing either denoted the priest. He marched with long steps, now and then muttering the usual "*adios*" to people bowing to him, and went straight to his house, some twenty doors higher than that I was lodged in. My hostesses advised me not to go to him until called, as Don Estevan was sure to report to him my presence in the place. More than an hour passed without my hearing any news from the man in whose power I was. Presently I noticed, however, some movement round his residence, and by-and-by the *Cabecilla* appeared at his door. He walked down the street with eight men of his body-guard, armed *à la* Don Estevan, to their very teeth.

"Is it to me that he is coming? Is it to shoot me that those men are with him? Thank Heaven they do not seem to have any sticks, so that there is at all events little probability of my getting the bastinado." These and

similar thoughts crossed my mind with the rapidity of lightning. But the master of my destiny passed our door and turned round the corner.

"There must be something going on in the town square," said the old tailor; and all four of us, as by common accord, went down stairs with the intention of following Santa Cruz, but a sentry posted at the corner stopped us, saying that we had better wait a bit if we had any business that way. Soon some vague noise reached our ears, and by-and-by very distinct cries of a suffering man.

"Some one is being punished again," whispered my humpbacked friend, and made a sign to all of us to return home. A few moments later, we learned that the gunsmith of the band, to whom Santa Cruz had given some work to do, had not fulfilled his task, but gone away during the curé's absence for a couple of days to a neighbouring village and got drunk. His reward was fifty *bastones*, and very hard must they have been; for, passing by his house more than twenty-four hours after the punishment was inflicted, I heard the poor man still groaning. It did not take, however, much time for Santa Cruz to give this new "lesson."

In less than a quarter of an hour he was walking back again from the town square with the same body-guards, and as he reached our house, I saw Don Estevan receiving some order, and rushing up the staircase. There was no longer any mistake that my turn had come to be attended to. "Come along," would be the literal translation of the short but expressive speech Don Estevan delivered to me on entering the room. Down we went at once, and found the curé waiting with his staff at the door, and talking to a short and stoutish man in the costume of a private. I learned subsequently that the man was Don Cruz Ochoa, late Carlist Deputy in the Cortes, and now a private soldier in Santa Cruz's bands, and a secretary to his leader. Don Cruz Ochoa is a well-educated man, speaking very fair French, of which he was anxious to make a show each time an occasion presented itself. But he had not much opportunity that way, for the meeting, besides lasting a very short time, was by no means a verbose one. In fact, I do not remember of having had so business-like an interview for a long time past with any man, big or little. The greater portion of it was occupied by the curé examining my papers. Of the Carlist passport and my letters of

introduction he did not seem to take any notice at all. But he examined very closely my other papers, which, being worded in French, gave him, it seemed, a good deal of trouble, but he went through them without the help of his French speaking secretary; and becoming apparently persuaded that I was not an agent of the Republicans or of his enemies at head-quarters, he put to me the simple and short question:—

"What is it that you want?" which in Spanish is even shorter than in English. "*Qué quiere Usted?*"

I answered that a great deal having been written and told of his and him troops' activity in the present war, it was my duty, as a journalist sent out to the Carlists, to ascertain what was really true in the reports circulated, and what were the operations of the various Carlist corps; that I had been sent not to him alone, but to the whole of the Carlist Army, as my Carlist passport showed, and that my account would not have been complete if I had not visited his corps and witnessed its operations.

"Of my corps you can see but a small portion now," answered the curé; "Our men are all gone in different directions, and I myself am start-

ing at once for a place to which I cannot take you. But on some future occasion I would not mind your being present at any engagement we may have, provided you can stand fire and great fatigue. But before allowing you to join us I must make some inquiries about you and the paper you represent. If we are treated by the *Heraldo de Nueva York* as the miserable French and Spanish papers treat us, I shall never allow you to come here again; and if you are not prepared to serve the cause of Monarchy and the Catholic Religion, you had better not come at all."

I don't know why the gloomy, bearded head of the curé, deeply sunken in his shoulders, appeared to me at this moment as the head of some big bull that was going to charge me.

"With whom are you acquainted of our Carlist people?" continued Santa Cruz, walking at a slow pace abreast with me towards his house, the guards following us. I named several persons.

"Very well; I will make inquiries, and will let you know when you may come here again, if you wish it. I must start now, but I hope I shall be soon back to Vera. If you like, you can wait here."

Being of course by no means anxious to lose any more time at this miserable place, and to run the risk of his receiving information that *Nueva York* was under Republican Government, and *El Heraldo* not a Catholic paper, for both of which circumstances he might have prescribed me a more or less strong dose of bastinado, I answered, with many thanks for the proposal, that a previous invitation from General Elio did not allow me to postpone my journey to head-quarters; but that I hoped to receive soon a permission from him, and to come then once more to Vera.

"Very well; go to the head-quarters. But do you know where they are? I don't." I said that I knew them to have been a few days since in the neighbourhood of Peñacerrada, and that I hoped to find them if I could get a guide knowing well the mountain passes. "I don't think you can get one here; at all events, not before to-morrow, for we have but very few men disengaged. I will give you a man who will take you either to the next Carlist post or to the frontier, as you prefer, and you must then make out the way yourself. This is all I can do for you at present." And the fierce curé added the usual Spanish *Vaya Usted con Dios* (God help you on your journey), and entered his house, to the door

of which we had by that time walked. Don Cruz Ochoa, probably anxious to put in a few French words and to justify the somewhat dry reception his leader had given me, remained behind the curé, and began to assure me that Señor Santa Cruz had really not a moment to spare just then. I answered, of course, that I was very much obliged for the favour shown to me, notwithstanding the pressing occupations, and that the promise of a further admission was, above all, very encouraging. In less than half an hour they were all off in the direction of Tolosa, and I towards the frontier, feeling a considerable desire to get rid as soon as possible of the guardsman they gave me, whose look suited me just as little as his utter inability to comprehend a single syllable that was not of the purest Guipuzcoa Basque.

But I had also some other reasons pushing me more in the direction of St.-Jean-de-Luz than in that of Elio's head-quarters. In the first place, I had promised some friends to return at once to tell them what I had seen; and, in the second, I knew at St.-Jean a South American

gentleman who had become quite mad in his admiration of Santa Cruz's genius, was his most fervent protector, and friend, and had supplied him, to a great extent at his own and the vicar of Tolosa's expense, with nearly everything the fierce *Cabecilla* wanted when he first started. This gentleman was not in town when I started to Vera, and I thought now to avail myself of his assistance for further studies of the curious type I had just seen.

Don Isidoro—for such was the name of the enthusiastic South American who is not to be confounded with San Isidro—on hearing the record of my visit to his protégé, began to laugh, saying that he was sure the rather rude impression Santa Cruz had produced upon me would vanish the next time I saw him. "He is a most charming man," assured Don Isidoro. "You shall see yourself. I have just got a note from him, saying that he will be back at Vera on Sunday next, and we shall go and have dinner with him." And so we went and had dinner, and a pretty good one, for there was salmon fresh out of the Bidassoa, and chicken, and a bottle of sherry, and even some dessert. Don Isidoro was too well known by Santa Cruz's men for us to be in any way

molested on our journey. We went straight to the town square, and met the curé returning from mass with his usual escort of eight crack men. Whether it was that he had put on a clean shirt, or that he had cut his hair, I cannot say, but there was certainly a great improvement in his appearance. He looked much younger, and when he smiled on seeing Don Isidoro, and kissed him, his face brightened up considerably, and he looked almost handsome.

By the way, none of the portraits published of Santa Cruz have the slightest likeness to him. He is everywhere represented as a very dark man, while in reality he is quite fair; certainly not fair in the sense of Scotch or German fairness, but what is called *blond* in France, which is equally as far from dark brown or black as from *blond cendré*. His blue eyes are rather deeply seated, but that does not prevent them from looking quite bright when the face becomes otherwise enlivened. His teeth are irreproachable, and though the full beard he wears greatly conceals the expression of his mouth, what is to be seen of it when he smiles is rather attractive than otherwise. He is under the middle height, but built like an athlete. I remember him once sitting cross-legged and ar-

ranging his stockings, (he wears long stockings not socks, and ties them with a garter), I was puzzled at the strength and form of his calves. He is now thirty-one years of age, and it would seem that it is within the last two years, since he has been leading the mountain guerilla life, that he has so improved in health. But though he might have been thinner formerly, he must always have been strong, for even as a student of the seminary of Tolosa he was reputed for his agility and his taste for bodily exercise. When Don Isidoro told him that he brought me for the purpose of showing me that, when Santa Cruz knew people and could rely upon them, he was not so fierce-looking as he appeared at first sight, the curé laughed, shook hands with me, and asked me at once to come to his house.

During nearly the whole of our visit the conversation ran upon the illegality of the behaviour of Lizarraga and other generals of Don Carlos towards Santa Cruz. The curé was evidently quite furious against them. He said all the accusations of cruelty brought against him were false; he never shot anyone except spies, and in this case he did not make any difference whether they were women or

men. He also never shot prisoners, but his men were sufficiently good soldiers not to allow themselves to be taken prisoners, and seldom captured any. When they fought they fought. As a matter of course, there was no end of talk about the hidden reasons which, in Santa Cruz's opinion, caused the Carlist generals to oppose him. He was not a military man, and he had accomplished more than all of them put together. He armed nearly a thousand men without having a penny, while they squandered the money of Carlists right and left. They pretended to be, or aimed at being at some future day, grandees of Spain while he was a poor curé. And so on, with a repetition of the petty and uninteresting details which characterise every personal struggle. The real facts are, however, that Santa Cruz having entered first into Spain in December last when the movement began, and having rendered great services to the cause, made perhaps somewhat unreasonable demands, which the generals of Don Carlos were not disposed to accede to, simply because they knew that a leader capable of commanding a guerilla party of a couple of hundred men was not on that account necessarily fit for the command of large forces, and Santa Cruz is the sort of man who thinks himself capable of

everything. He wanted not only to be made commander-in-chief of the province of Guipuzcoa, but to have also the whole of the civil administration of it in his own hands, and the counsellors of Don Carlos, knowing the temper of the man, thought that, notwithstanding his popularity in certain districts, he was sure in the long run to spread discontent, and to estrange the whole province through the stubbornness and savagery of his proceedings. Santa Cruz, on the other hand, thought himself inspired by the "great models" which he desired to imitate. Soldiering was never considered incompatible with theology in Spain. Not to speak of more olden times, Loyola was a soldier before he became a monk. Espartero was preparing himself to become a monk when the War of Independence made him a soldier instead. During the Seven Years' War, an obscure curé of Villaviado, of the name of Geronimo Merino, began like Santa Cruz, and soon became quite a legendary figure among the Carlists. Cabrera, though he never managed to become a curé, was a student in a seminary, and became a soldier only when expelled from it. He rose to the celebrity he possesses now among the Carlists, chiefly through his violence. Santa Cruz wished to imitate all of these, and

to unite in himself a combination of the most salient traits of each of them, with a strong addition of the terrorist tendencies of Mina and Zumalacarregui. The clumsy and wild manner in which he set to work was simply the result of his utter ignorance. And this was so great that—to give only one instance—he delivered once a pound of common gunpowder to a mining engineer he had captured somewhere among the numerous mines of the neighbourhood, and ordered him to blow up with it the big iron bridge of Endelaza. And when the man told him it was impossible, he threatened to shoot him.

But notwithstanding all that, I firmly believe, from what I have seen of that man, that had he had the leisure to devote a couple of years to reading something besides his prayer-book, he would certainly have acquired a very different notoriety from that he possesses now. His life is in itself a little epic, sufficiently interesting to warrant my giving the principal incidents of it here, especially as it was narrated to me by Cruz Ochoa in the presence of Santa Cruz himself, during the dinner. Señor Cruz Ochoa, always anxious to extol the merits of his chief, thought it very convenient to make the curé's

life the subject of dinner talk with a man he supposed likely to put a good deal of what he heard into print, and Santa Cruz did not seem to object to it, for he listened the whole time, and frequently corrected his secretary.

Don Manuel Santa Cruz was born in 1842, at Elduayen, an obscure mountain village in Guipuzcoa. Having early lost his parents, he was, together with his only sister, brought up in the almshouse of Tolosa. A curé, who afterwards became the vicar of that town, and one of the chief supporters of Santa Cruz, discovered some intelligence in the almshouse boy, and placed him in the seminary. On the conclusion of his studies, Santa Cruz was appointed curé of Hernialde, a village within a gun-shot of Tolosa, and a place he has often frequented since in his new capacity of a *cabacilla*. The young curé quickly made himself a high reputation for the purity of his life, and for the indomitable zeal with which he performed his duty among the peasants scattered in the isolated farms around his parish village. In 1870 a small Carlist rising broke out, and was soon suppressed; but one of its leaders managed to save

some arms from capture, and entrusted them to the care of Santa Cruz. The Government became aware of it in about a year's time, and sent some Civil Guards to arrest the curé just as he was leaving the church after having celebrated mass. On the guards showing to him the order they had, he answered that he was perfectly ready to give himself up,—though he did not know the reason for which he was arrested,—but asked a few minutes to take his meal and to put off his gown; and while the men were waiting for him at the entrance of his house, he slipped out in disguise and was never seen more. That was his first trick, and since then begins the epic of his life. After having wandered for several months in Spain, constantly chased by the troops, he escaped to France; but as he had neither papers nor any knowledge of the French language, he was soon tracked by the gendarmes, and had once a regular run with them through the whole town of St.-Jean-de-Luz, yet managed to get off, and to escape across the frontier. This was not long before the Carlist rising of 1872, and Santa Cruz had consequently no great difficulty in finding a safe abode in his native land, until he entered in April of that year as chaplain into the band of Recondo. He soon

became the favourite of the Volunteers, and even a dangerous rival of his commander, if not in any official capacity, at all events through the influence he exercised over the men. When Don Carlos was surprised at Oroquieta, and when afterwards the Amorovieta Convention was signed, and Recondo surrendered his arms, Santa Cruz treated him in the way I have already mentioned when speaking of Amilibia, and declared that at all events *he* would not surrender, and with eleven men, upon whom he could firmly rely, he took to the mountains. A few days later, a party of Amadeo's soldiers was passing from Mondragon to Oñate. They were about forty in number, and had a small quantity of arms which they were carrying to the latter town. Santa Cruz, having learned this, attacked them in a narrow gorge, took all the arms away, buried them in a secure spot, and I found them all doing service when I was at Vera.

During this skirmish he had a man wounded, and while he was carrying him one day to some isolated farm, a detachment sent in pursuit captured him together with the wounded man. Santa Cruz was now to be shot as soon as he should be brought to Tolosa. But during the march to that town the escorting party had to pass a night in some village on the road. Santa

Cruz, with his hands and legs tied, was locked up on the third floor of the house for greater security. Yet, on the next morning, when the party was to start, no Santa Cruz was to be seen; at the back window were only to be found two sheets tied together, by means of which he had descended from his temporary prison. The Carlists having everywhere surrendered and been dispersed, he could not remain long in Spain, and had again to fly to France. But the Government of Amadeo had communicated with the French authorities about the presence of the man, who began already to become a notoriety, and the police of St.-Jean-de-Luz captured him, and sent him for internment to Nantes. Yet the city of plums did not seem to have taken his fancy, for he disappeared about six hours after his internment, and returned once more to St.-Jean-de-Luz, where, with the aid of Don Isidoro, who enjoys certain consular privileges, he safely resided up till last winter, when the vicar of Tolosa and the hospitable host of Santa Cruz, supplied him not only with money, but with arms, ammunition, and everything necessary for the new attempt to raise the Carlist banner in the Guipuzcoa. On the 1st of December, 1872, when Don Carlos had not yet quite made up his mind whether he should

embark upon a new campaign, Santa Cruz crossed at Biriatou with thirty-seven men, marched straight off towards St. Sebastian, upset a mail train bound to Madrid, and began thus both his now famous career, and at the same time gave the signal for the present Carlist rising.

Up till last Spring, everything went right enough. Santa Cruz spread terror all along the French frontier and throughout the province of Guipuzcoa. Whenever he encountered large Republican forces, which were more than a match for him, he took to flight; but whenever he saw himself strong enough, he fought desperately, and, as a rule, came out victorious, and slaughtered every enemy who did not escape in quick time. But in the Spring, when Lizarraga was appointed Commander-General of Guipuzcoa, the quarrel broke out between him and Santa Cruz, and both had then, practically, two wars to carry on, the one with the enemy, and the other between themselves. When Lizarraga issued the sentence of death against Santa Cruz, the Curé answered by a similar sentence against Lizarraga, and for a considerable time got the best of the struggle, for, being nearer to the frontier and to the sea, it was always in his power to capture the arms and ammunition which were intended for his General.

Don Carlos, Elio, Valdespinas, everybody tried in every way to settle the qnarrel, but all the efforts failed, Santa Cruz not being disposed to listen to anything before Lizarraga was removed, and the whole of Guipuzcoa given into his hands. This state of affairs lasted for about two months; till Elio, seeing that the matter caused quite a split in the party, ordered Valdespinas to march with something like fifteen hundred men against Santa Cruz, to capture him, to carry out the sentence, if it was necessary, or to release him, on the condition that he should leave for France, if the Marquis thought that the former services he rendered to the cause justified such a course of clemency. Old Valdespinas opened this campaign on the 24th of June, and had to work for fully a fortnight before he was capable of surprising Santa Cruz at Vera, surrounding his house, and making him surrender. On the 9th of July, a Convention was signed between the Marquis and the Curé, according to which Santa Cruz was to give up all his men, ammunition, arms, and provisions, to be himself escorted to France, and never to return more unless called by the King. His bands were taken down to the Bastan valley, where they were distributed between the various other battalions, and Santa Cruz, with three or four of his followers,

passed the Pyrences. Yet, notwithstanding the Convention, he managed to surrender only one cannon out of the two he had, concealing the other somewhere in the mountains, together with a considerable number of rifles, both of which he expects some day to serve him again. But, in consequence of the reckless way in which everything is done in Spain, the fact of his having still retained some arms was discovered only when he was beyond the frontier.

Santa Cruz was now sufficiently experienced in the manner in which things are managed in France, not to fall again into the hands of the French police. Himself, his secretary, Cruz Ochoa, his lieutenant, Estevan Indart, whom we saw lying on his bed in a topsy-turvy position, the fierce Francisco, commander of Arachulegui, and the personal servants of Santa Cruz, were the men who passed with him into France, lived for some time in a small village near Bordeaux, and subsequently, when the sensation caused by Santa Cruz's exploits had a little cooled down, returned again to St.-Jean-de-Luz.

It might, perhaps, be worth mentioning here, as a curious characteristic of the fierce Curé, that the whole time of his residence in France he entirely devoted to military studies. He sur-

rounded himself with various military works, and with French-Spanish Dictionaries, and when I saw him again in September last, at Don Isidoro's house, he spoke a very fair French, and his reading of military books has also evidently influenced his mind, for he no longer criticised the chiefs from any personal point of view, but from the consideration of their strategic operations, which of course he did not approve. In talking on these matters he used military terms, of the meaning of which, I am perfectly sure, he had no idea of three or four months previous.

But while he was thus storing military knowledge, the adherents he had with him, and who were regular Basques, incapable of anything except hard fighting, or hard field work, got sick of their idle leisure in France, and wanted to get back at any price into Spain again. According to the terms of the Convention, none of them had the right to return, but this was disregarded; and in August last, all, with the exception of Cruz Ochoa, who disappeared from the stage altogether, passed the frontier, and were attempting once more to reunite the dispersed men of Santa Cruz's band. The Marquis of Las Hormazas, on learning of their being near Vera, marched out one day with a couple of dozen reliable men, captured the

three Santa Cruz's fellows, disarmed them, tied their hands and legs, carried them to Lizarraga's head-quarters, where they were shot off-hand for the breach of the Convention, upon the strength of which they were released. Santa Cruz is consequently so far quite alone in France at present; but he has probably a sufficient number of adherents to be able to reappear again some day, and to judge from his nature, he is not a man who would withhold from any attempt of that sort on account of being afraid to provoke internal discords in the party he pretends to serve. The man is decidedly bent on mischief, and he is endowed with all the capacities necessary for doing a good deal of it. No one, knowing the man, could be astonished at hearing of his being actively at work again, and one may safely predict that, unless he be captured and shot at the very outset, his next onslaught will be fiercer than ever.

CHAPTER XI.

FOREIGN CARLISTS.

HAVING mentioned the French Legitimist Squadron in one of the preceding chapters, I think I ought not, for the sake of completeness, to omit showing to what extent other countries were represented in the Carlist camp. And it must be stated at the outset that the foreign element was neither very strong, nor did it prove particularly successful in the defence of Spanish Legitimacy. Except the few French noblemen of the provinces bordering on Spain, to whom Legitimist opinions come as an inheritance, whose families, one way or another, had been connected with the Carlists for the last forty years, and whose principal support to Don Carlos was rendered outside Spain, nearly all the foreigners I met among the Carlists seemed, with very few exceptions, to be mere petty mili-

tary adventurers. As a matter of course, I exclude from these my *confrères*, the journalists, who were present independent of their own wish, and all those whom I have to mention here by name.

The most promising body of foreigners, who entered the service of Don Carlos, seemed undoubtedly to be the already mentioned squadron of Paris cavalry, but unhappily it lived but the short life of a rose. It made its brilliant appearance towards the beginning of June, and in a month's time nothing more was to be seen of it, and what was to be heard was not pleasant to listen to. Count d'Alcantara became ill and had to go back to France, while the majority of his officers discovered, it seems, at the battle of Udave (Lecumberry) that to take actual part in Carlist fighting was not a particularly jolly pastime. In fact, Count d'Alcantara and Baron Barbier were the only two officers of the little squadron that went bravely into fire on that occasion, the remainder having retired to the village in the rear of the force, and retreated to France the very next day. The brilliant escort came thus to grief before Don Carlos had ever seen it, and the horses, saddles, and the rest of its splendid equipment were sold by retail to

the highest bidder. Of course every one of the officers had a reason of his own for withdrawing, but one, I remember, struck me as particularly characteristic. It was that of a Monsieur le Marquis packing up his luggage, and preparing to cross back into France. On my inquiring why he had resolved not to continue any longer with the Carlists, he said:

"*C'est une vie de chien. Depuis un mois je n'ai pas seulement pu obtenir un légume.*" (It is a dog's life. For a whole month I could not get any vegetables.")

Some more Frenchmen had engaged in the rank and file of the Carlist battalions, but not knowing either Spanish or Basque, and consequently not being able to explain themselves, felt all the more intensely the hardships which were so easily endured by the Navarre and the Guipuzcoa men, and which were so offensive to the French sense of importance. Two or three of them fared even worse, for they were shot by Lizarraga for petty thefts.

The Germans were less numerously but more happily and much more romantically represented in the Carlist army. An Austrian and a Prussian officer, whom I knew there, were amongst the most valiant men. They managed also to pick

up Spanish very promptly, and to make friends with everybody, The Prussian, a lieutenant in the German Army, had had a duel with his captain, shot him dead, and was to have been judged by a court-martial. To escape this, he went into Spain, entered the ranks of the Carlists, and when I last saw him he was on the point of being made aid-de-camp to Lizarraga. The Austrian was a member of a very high and wealthy family, and had been connected for years with the Diplomatic service. He had been Secretary to the Embassy in Paris, and for some time, I think, *chargé d'affaires* in Portugal. He seems to have fallen into a love affair which did not quite answer his wishes, and took to Carlism out of despair. With plenty of money at his command and with no end of courage, that man became at once one of the most distinguished Carlist officers. At Eraoul, at Udave, at Cirauqui, at Dicastillo, he was always in the hottest of the fight; and the rank of major, the Star of the order of "Military Merit," and the position of ordnance officer to the King were the rewards bestowed upon him. When I last saw him at Durango he spoke Spanish like a Spaniard, and everyone of the Volunteers, none of whom would even attempt to pronounce the name of Baron

Von Walterskirchen and who seldom cared to know the name of even their own officers, knew perfectly well, and were always anxious to salute "Don Carlos, el Austriaco."

The Anglo-Saxon and the Celtic races were almost as numerously represented as the Gauls. Not to speak of the gentlemen connected with the Carlist Committee of London, the various other bodies of Irish and English Catholics which were working at home for the cause of Don Carlos at the risk of legal prosecution, and those gentlemen who, on board the *Deerhound* and other vessels, exposed themselves to be captured and dealt with as pirates, England, and especially Ireland, have, from the very outbreak of the movement supplied the Carlist army with a number of gentlemen auxious to get a bit of fighting, and to win some military rank or order they had no chance of obtaining in their own country. Some of them had already tried to do so in the Papal army, in the French army, and in that of the Southern States. They came as a rule with more or less considerable pretentions, and as none of them knew the language of the country, and but few had sufficient means to purchase a horse or equipment, I do not believe they had any great success in Spain. One of these gentlemen, however, left

an excellent name behind him. Mr. John Scannel Taylor, an Irish law-student, I believe, entered a battalion as a private, never asked for any favour, and was the first to fall, under the walls of fort Ibero, near Pamplona. It was the first and last action that young gentleman ever took part in.

America and Italy had each a couple of representatives in the Spanish camp. I have mentioned elsewhere Colonel Butler, the United States Consul-General in Egypt, and his secretary, Major Wadleigh. They were both attached, in the capacity of military amateurs, to the staff of Dorregaray, and stood a good deal of fire at the battle of Eraoul. At Peñacerrada they narrowly escaped being captured by Republicans when the Carlist forces were surprised. They lost every bit of their luggage, but did not seem to be discouraged by their first experiment, and went home promising soon to return again. A couple of young American doctors were also trying to join the army, but the knowledge of Spanish being quite as indispensable to a surgeon as to an officer, and the Carlist medical arrangements being so poor that they were not able to supply the surgeons with the barest requisites of an ambulance service, the American doctors did not even cross the frontier. The nephew of a well

known South American General, a smart and military-looking young gentleman, was also about to enter the ranks of the Carlists at the time I left Spain, and—let us hope—will have fared better than the majority of foreigners.

Italy sent, as far as I know, only two persons —a captain of engineers, who was doing some actual service with the Navarre battalions, and a priest (supposed to be a Jesuit father) one of the most curious specimens of priesthood I ever met with. He spoke very bad Italian and quite unintelligible French, a mixture of which imperfectly spoken languages with some Latin—which I suppose must have been better—was intended to do service as Spanish. No one knew where he came from, and what he came for. He was attached to no military body or person, constantly changed his abode, and had consequently no regular corps to draw his rations from. Of money he had, apparently, none at all, and lived upon anything he could find. But, wherever there was fire: the father was sure to be in the field with a gigantic silver crucifix in his hands, administering the last consolations to the wounded, some of whom I am perfectly sure he frightened to death by the abrupt and hurried way in which he jumped at them with the heavy crucifix in his hands. One of the wounded actually complained

to me that a wound the worthy priest had inflicted on his eye with the crucifix, was much more painful than that caused by the enemy's bullet, which entered his calf. The behaviour of the reverend father on the battle-field, his attire, which was by no means attractive or clean, and the general mystery as to his personality made him soon known everywhere, and the kindness of the various officers in inviting him to share their meals more than once, I believe, saved him from the danger of starvation. On learning one day that I was a newspaper correspondent, the worthy priest got hold of me, saying that, being very well acquainted with everything concerning Carlism, he was anxious to place in my hands some notes he had, and that although he knew my journal was published in the English language, he thought I could easily translate them from the Latin, the language in which he preferred to write. As such exercises in translation frightened me very much, I thanked him off-hand, saying that I thought my position as a mere looker-on much better fitted for the observation of facts and details, and that his incessant and beneficial activity would make it very difficult for me to get these notes from him in proper time for the couriers.

"But," retorted the mysterious father, "that

is exactly what I want to keep you aloof from —the communication of what is called news. I want you to speak of those eternal truths and principles to which so little attention is paid nowadays, and which it should be the duty of every honest paper to revive amongst the erring masses of the people."

I need not say that, after a suggestion of this sort, I did my best to avoid meeting the reverend gentleman again; and as the Carlist forces soon after divided into three distinct corps, operating in different provinces, my object was very easily attained.

The foreign journalists were, almost exclusively, all representatives of English and American papers: *Times*, *Standard*, *Daily News*, *New York World*, *Illustrated London News*. The Paris *Figaro* had sent out M. Farcy, but he remained only a short time in the camp, and returned to Paris. As to my English colleagues, they fared as they always do in such cases—that is to say, worked much harder than soldiers, for they underwent the same privations, and exposed themselves to the same danger during the day, and wrote at night when soldiers were at rest. For some months I was quite alone with the Carlists, the English papers not having "gone in" yet for Carlism, and for all

that time I was more or less exposed to "inspirations" on the part of the Carlist leaders. They all wanted to explain to me, as they said, the philosophical and political importance of the movement. Some of the curés were particularly zealous in that way, and a good many of them did not much differ from my Italian friend, except that they talked in intelligible Spanish, and did not propose to favour me with any Latin notes to translate. But when Don Carlos had crossed the frontier, several more correspondents arrived, and the burden of those Carlist "inspirations," which I had previously to bear alone, was, of course, henceforth divided between us. The *Times* representative, whose sympathies the Carlists were particularly anxious to secure, was naturally the most courted man, and there was no sort of compliment that Don Carlos and his Generals did not pay to the correspondent of the leading English journal, in the vain hope to make him and his paper serve their cause. The arrival of that gentleman produced quite a sensation in the Carlist camp. He came with several horses and a couple of English servants. That was already something to astonish the Carlists. But the pink envelopes, with the printed address of the *Times* on them, produced

a still stronger impression upon Don Carlos, when one of that journal's letters happened to be handed to him for the purpose of sending it over to France with his courier. It seemed as if the pink envelope, containing the record of his deeds, made him appear greater in his own eyes.

By-and-by, however, as the campaign went on, and the Carlists got accustomed to the presence of the "gentlemen of the press," much less fuss was made about us. In fact the Carlist chiefs began to take so little notice of us as to leave us sometimes without a shelter at night. But during the whole time we were present in their corps, none of us had the slightest unpleasantness or difficulty with the authorities, the population, or the volunteers. And this strikingly contrasted with the experiences of some of us during the Franco-German war, when every correspondent, however devoted to the French cause, was several times locked up by the French military commanders, and some very narrowly escaped being shot. Yet, if you speak with Frenchmen about Spaniards, you are sure to hear all sorts of sarcastic remarks, amongst which some allusions to their *abrutissement* are sure to occur. But then it is well known that the French are *le peuple le plus spirituel de la terre.*

CHAPTER XII.

THE ARMY AND STAFF OF DON CARLOS.

IN September last (1873) the Carlist forces were composed as follows.* In the province of Navarre were eight battalions, consisting of about nine hundred men each, and four mountain four-pounders: the whole under the command of General Ollo. The eighth battalion was then only just in course of formation, and they were arming it with rifles taken from the enemy when Estella was captured. I still remember the joy of the population of that town, when the bugle sounded to call the men of the eighth battalion to receive their arms. After the usual signal for marching, distributing rations, or anything of that sort, the Carlist trumpeter always gives a number

* To judge from the reports, the Carlist forces have greatly increased since. But the author speaks only of what he saw himself.

of abrupt bugle sounds, a kind of tu! tu! tu! the number of which corresponds to the number of the battalion concerned, and when on that occasion the eighth tu! was sounded, there was no end to the applause and hurrahs on the part of the citizens and volunteers congregated in the town square.

The province of Guipuzcoa had six battalions of about eight hundred each, and four four-pounders, the commanding general being Lizarraga. The province of Biscaya had ten battalions, of which eight were composed of Biscaya volunteers and two of Castilians; they had, also, two cannons, and were under the command of General Velasco. They were the best equipped and the best disciplined; but the Navarros and the Guipuzcoanos said that the Biscayinos were not fit to fight. The truth of this accusation I have not been able to ascertain, as I never saw the Biscaya men under fire, but I think that the general looseness and carelessness of the Navarre and Guipuzcoa men had a good deal to do with their dislike to the clean and smart-looking volunteers of Biscaya.

Besides this, there were three battalions in the province of Alava, under General Larramendi and two in that of Rioja under Llorente. The enrol-

ment of troops was also to be begun in Aragon under General Ceballos and Gamundi, in Valencia, in Murcia, in the province of Burgos, and in a couple of other districts, but in all of these the movement was quite in an incipient state. In Catalonia, where the Carlist movement began first of all, Don Alphonso, youngest brother of Don Carlos, and his wife Doña María de Las Nieves, who were commander and commandress-in-chief respectively, had under their orders some ten thousand men, with the Generals Savalls, Galcéran, Tristany, and Torres, commanding in the provinces of Gerona, Barcelona, Taragona, and Lerida. The whole strength of the Carlist force might thus be estimated to consist in the Vasco-Navarre provinces and Catalonia of about thirty-five thousand, all well armed and pretty fairly equipped men, without reckoning the bands spread in other provinces.* Don Carlos was sup-

* General Kirkpatrick, the military representative of Don Carlos in London, gives the following data concerning the strength of the Carlist forces in districts which I have not been able to visit myself.

Principality of Catalonia. Province of Gerona.—General Saballs had under his command 1,850 men—Barrancot, 350—Isern, 250—Chico, 500—Farringol, 200—Huguet, 250. *Barcelona.*—General Galcerán had 1,400 men—Muxi, 150—Rodereda, 150—Nasratal, 100—Campo, 200—Malo, 325—

posed to be the Generalissimo of the whole force, but the real commander-in-chief was, as I have all ready said, General Elio. The young Don Alphonso occupied in Catalonia the same position as General Dorregaray occupied in the Basque provinces.

In the beginning of the campaign General Don Antonio Dorregaray, commander of the Carlist

Vergas, 200—Gieu, 850. *Tarragona.*—General Tristany had 900 men—Espolet, 300—Miret, 250—Quico, 450—Vallés, 2,100—Perpiñá, 500. *Lerida.*—Command of Torres, 750 men—Valls, 400—Tallada, 350—Sans, 580. *Lower Aragon and Valentia.*—Piñol, 900 men—Masacho, 500—Moline, 600, Pujol, 350—Duocastello, 300—Vidal, 250. *Upper Aragon*—Camacho, 500 men—Nassarre, 400—Barris, 250. *Castellon.*—Cucalla, 700 men—Ferrar, 150—Martinez, 200—Gimeno, 260. *Granada.*—Juentar, 300 men—Torres, 350. *Huesca.*—Camats, 525 men—Rufo, 125—Cadirere, 100. *Maestrazgo.*—Coquetas, 250 men—Villalonga, 200—Poto, 200—Pauls, 150—Talaras, 275—Barrera, 200 men—Merino, 225—Ferrar, 250. *Andalucia.*—Sanchez, 450 men—Utego, 250—three other bands, 950. *Teruel.*—Poto, 400 men—six new bands, commanders not reported, 600. *Leon.*—Three bands, about 500 men. *Malaga.*—Lara, 450—Gerasco, 300 men.

The figures are those of February, 1873, since which time General Kirkpatrick became President of the London Carlist Committee, after having commanded a brigade in Catalonia at the outbreak of the present Carlist rising. For further information on this subject, see his pamphlet, "Spain and Charles VII." (London: Burns, Oates and Co. 1873.)

forces in the Basque provinces and Navarre, had some real business to do, and seems to have accomplished a pretty fair amount of work; but the farther the Carlist movement progressed, the more did Dorregaray lose both prestige and power. His nickname amongst the staff officers became "General Boom," on account of his fierce appearance, and his being rather fond of hanging about the balconies with such ladies as could be found willing to have a chat on non-political matters. As the forces of each of the provinces increased, the various commanders became more independent in their action; they often received orders direct from Elio, and the post of Dorregaray became quite a sinecure. In fact, for the last three or four months I saw him, he was doing nothing but riding with his staff behind Don Carlos, and looking at battles and skirmishes from a more or less safe point of view. His previous career, however, indicates that he was an officer of some merit. He is a Navarre man by origin, but he was born in Africa, and enlisted as a cadet in the troops of Charles V., at the early age of twelve. In 1839, at the conclusion of the Seven Years' War, he was a lieutenant, and passed, on the strength of the Vergara Convention, into the regular army of Isabella. He was a Colonel

during the Morocco campaign, and left the Queen's service at the time of her fall. In the Spring of 1872, when the new Carlist movement first began, he was commanding some bands in Valencia, and the beginning of 1873, was appointed Commander of the Basque Provinces and Navarre. He is a rather handsome man, and his powerful appearance, his full beard, carefully parted in the middle, and his left arm suspended in a sling, give him, when mounted on his white charger, on the whole, a very martial appearance. As the General's wound seemed to be serious, and the doctors constantly told him that the arm must either be amputated, or he must submit to undergo a careful medical treatment, Don Carlos wrote to Dorregaray, proposing that he should take leave of absence for the benefit of his health; but he did not seem disposed to take advantage of this permission, generally considered as a suggestion to retire from the post he now occupies. On the whole, I think Dorregaray is disliked by the staff of Don Carlos, simply because he is not a nobleman, has not always been a Carlist, and is supposed to be capable of turning in favour of Don Alphonso, should that Prince ever appear in Spain again.

The chief of Dorregaray's staff is the Marquis of

Valdespinas, one of the most charming and curious types in the Carlist army. He is a man about fifty-five, deaf as a post, as recklessly brave as can be well imagined, and as nervous and excitable as an old maid. Although he has not much to do, in consequence of the position of his commander, he is to be seen everywhere in the war-councils as well as in the battle-field, and when he happens to have no command, he takes a gun out of a Volunteer's hand, and rushes on at the head of a charging battalion, or, brandishing his sabre, dashes at the head of a cavalry charge, as he did at Eraoul. It is impossible to speak to Valdespinas, except through the gutta-percha tube which is invariably hanging around his neck; and like a good many deaf people, he thinks everybody else is deaf too, and is constantly shouting. At the battle of Dicastillo he was for more than an hour under a heavy artillery fire, and was apparently so unconscious of where he was, that he is said to have exclaimed to his aid-de-camp, "I wonder why those fools of Republicans don't fire at us," and was quite surprised when the aid-de-camp called his attention to the exploded shells lying about. In private life the Marquis is one of the most amiable and charming men, and is every inch of him a true Castilian caballero.

The Commander of the province of Navarre. General Ollo, is much less of an aristocrat, and before the outbreak of this war his name was little known even among Carlists, except through his having married a very remarkable woman. the widow of one of the heroes of the Seven Years' War. When her first husband was killed, Doña Ramona never ceased to serve the Carlists, and Zumalacarregui acknowledged that he owed to this lady, on several occasions, his life. He was once on the point of being captured with the whole of his force, when Doña Ramona saved him by smuggling several thousand flints concealed in a cart-load of cabbage, which she conveyed from Pamplona into Zumalacarregui's camp disguised as a mule-driver. By this dashing act, she gave the Carlist Commander the opportunity of defeating the enemy instead of being captured, as he would have been without the flints. On another occasion she entered Pamplona at the risk of her life, and carried on with the Christino General Saarsfield the negotiation for the surrender of the town and citadel with all the forces and ammunition in it. On the eve of the day when the surrender was to have taken place, Saarsfield was dismissed, and this was the only cause—say the Carlists—why Pamplona did not become their capital.

One could make quite a three volume novel out of the adventures of that extraordinary woman. When the Seven Years' War was over and Doña Ramona was released from prison, she married a Señor Zubiri and kept an hotel at Pamplona; where the defeated and banished Carlists always found a refuge, and where all the petty risings were organised after 1840. Her second husband does not appear to have lived long, at all events a few years back we find her keeping a large ironmonger's shop in the same town of Pamplona, and married to Don Nicolas Ollo, the present Commander of Navarre. Although Doña Ramona worked very hard, she does not seem to have ever made a large fortune, perhaps on account of her constantly spending money for the Carlist cause. At all events when Don Nicolas received his appointment as commander of the Province of Navarre he was in Paris, on a visit to a stepson of his, and could not accept the post for want of the small sum necessary for the journey from Paris to Bayonne. It was only after obtaining from a friend a loan of one hundred and fifty francs that he was enabled to start for the frontier. He entered Spain on the 17th of December, with Argonz, Perula,

and twenty-three volunteers. They disinterred some three hundred rifles which had been concealed somewhere in the forest at the close of the previous year's rising, and in less than ten months Ollo managed to raise, arm, and organise eight battalions, each of which, whatever may be said of the external appearance of the men composing it, consists of as good a raw fighting material as any general could wish to possess.

Since the time of his entry into Spain, Ollo has not left his troops for a single hour, not even when the news reached him that his wife was dying in a small village near Pamplona. He is always at work; and I never saw the serious serenity of his demeanour desert him for a moment. He is quite destitute of that agility and verbosity with which we are so familiar in Spaniards, and in character very much resembles General Elio, with the advantage that he is some twenty-five years younger. His only shortcoming seems to be that he has a little too much of Navarrese conceitedness, which often prevents him from co-operating with the generals commanding in other provinces. And as the Navarre volunteers are all possessed of the same defect, there occur differences between the various corps, which give some trouble to old Elio, and seem often to disconcert his plans.

General Ollo has under his orders a few superior officers too popular in the Vasco-Navarre provinces not to be mentioned here. First of all there is the interminable General Argonz, the head of his staff. I mean interminable in the sense of length. He is a regular telegraph-post. It is almost an ocular feat to raise your eyes to the man's shoulders; and when you have accomplished this much, you find that it is only to see a neck to which there is apparently again no end. The general's stature strikes you all the more because he seems to have a fancy for little aid-de-camps. He has two of them, and both are so short that they could as easily pass under him as the Lilliputians passed under the giant Gulliver in the familiar tale. Argonz is an invaluable man in his way. He knows the country better than anyone. Even the smallest mountain-paths are indelibly impressed upon his mind, and he is known far and wide under the nickname of the "perambulating map." Formerly, during the Seven Years' War, he is said to have been very brave, but, now that he is getting old, he rather dislikes to be under fire, and in the war-councils advocates, as a rule, marches and counter-marches for the purpose of tiring rather than fighting the enemy. But in cases of unexpected retreat or

attack, there is no man like him to direct the troops, especially if he can do so without being obliged to expose himself too much. In the beginning of the outbreak, when Ollo had but a few hundred badly-armed men, and was pursued by several strong columns of the Republicans, he would probably never have escaped if he had not had Argonz by his side.

Next to him, as a character, stands the celebrated Perula, the commander and organiser of the Carlist cavalry. He is a lawyer by profession, and was never a military man, but he looks a real *sabreur*. His thick and big moustache, and his fierce general aspect, at once suggest the idea of a man destined to lead cavalry charges; and I believe that it was through looking at himself that he came to the conclusion that such was his true vocation. At all events, nothing else warranted him to undertake the task of organising the Carlist cavalry when he first came across with Ollo. In a couple of months he had nearly a thousand mounted men. Where he got the horses, saddles, and other equipments for them I am unable to tell; but what I know is that, in a few weeks after the corps had been formed, there remained but twe hundred horses, all the rest of them having been so miserably fed and badly cared

for that they had either to be shot or let loose. During the present Carlist war, there has been only one cavalry charge worth mentioning—the charge of Eraoul. It was a very thorough one, and decided the victory; but few horses were lost then. Perula's cavalry came to grief almost without fighting, and the brave commander has now but a very small force under him, and from what I have heard on Don Carlos' staff, even that would have been taken from him had it not been that the services he rendered to the cause at the outbreak of the war call for more than usual consideration.

There are two other celebrities amongst the Navarre men, one of whom is Colonel Rada, or Radica, as he is called, in order that he may not be confounded with the other Rada, who managed Carlist affairs so badly in 1872, and exposed Don Carlos to the hazard of being captured at Oroquieta. Radica is commander of the second battalion of Navarre, a corps that, through its valour, would do honour to any regular army. There was scarcely any important Carlist battle in which the bayonet charge of the second battalion of Navarre did not play a prominent part, and the popularity of Radica is so much increasing all through the Carlist army, that, if the war is

destined to last, he is sure some day to become one of the chief commanders of the force. Next to him, and almost equal to him in popularity, stands Major Carlos Calderon, a young, handsome, and powerful-looking fellow, in whom there is certainly more of the Englishman than of the Spaniard. Calderon is the son of a rich banker; he was educated in England, and used, but a short time back, to spend nearly the whole of the shooting season in this country. He has friends in all classes of English society, and from that circumstance alone I do not believe him to be much of a Carlist, as Carlism is at present generally understood—I mean to say that he will never side either with Popery or absolutism. But, being very rich, and not belonging to the celebrated family of Calderon de la Barca, he was probably anxious to associate himself with the Spanish nobility, and to acquire a name of his own in defending the Spanish legitimist cause. At all events, I know that his mother, who is now a widow, but still a comparatively young and energetic woman, taking great interest in politics, was formerly very closely associated with a good many of the Alphonsist families. Now, however, both mother and son are truly Carlists, and leading Carlists, too. Madame Calderon

and her daughter, married to the Duke of the Union de Cuba, are at the head of the Carlist ambulances, and are frequently to be seen in the Carlist camp; while young Calderon, avoiding all court charges, or aid-de-camp-ships, serves the cause at the head of his battalion, almost constantly under fire; and, when there is a prospect of a few days' relaxation, he rushes to London to buy arms, or to arrange for the shipment of those which are bought already.

The commander-in-chief of the province of Guipuzcoa is a man of quite a different type from any of the Navarre chiefs. Don Antonio Lizarraga was lieutenant-colonel in the Spanish army, a comrade of his present enemy, the well-known General Loma, and had always the reputation of being an excellent officer. When I saw him in April at Lesaca he had scarcely four hundred men; in September he had nearly five thousand, and his task both of forming the battalion and of organising the general management of the provinces was a much more difficult one than that of Ollo; for Guipuzcoa, or, at least, a certain portion of it, is much less Carlist than Navarre. The population of that part of the province which borders on the sea and on France lives chiefly by means of trade and smuggling, and does not care much about

Dios, Patria, y Rey. This part of the country, having constant intercourse with foreigners at San Sebastian and Irun, is, as far as I was able to make out, rather Amadeist, if anything, in its political views. There is here little of that inveterate hatred with which Spaniards generally regard foreigners, and as under Amadeo trade was brisk and smuggling pretty freely carried on, the leading inhabitants of the province do not seem disposed to sacrifice their interests in favour of Don Carlos. This caused a good deal of trouble to Lizarraga. At the very outbreak of the war he was also much impeded by Santa Cruz, the ferocious curé not only refusing to obey his commander, but declaring open war against him, and seizing all ammunition and provisions whenever he could lay hands upon them. Lizarraga managed, however, in less than six months, to settle all these matters, and with the exception of the towns of San Sebastian, Irun, and Tolosa, the whole of the province is in his hands; the troops are well armed, and well provided for, and the gun-factories of Placencia and Eibar are in a position to deliver daily about a hundred good rifles.

Elio speaks always of Lizarraga in the highest possible terms, and I believe that he places in him

more confidence than in any other of his generals. His personal courage is beyond any question, but there is rather more of the fanatic than of the warrior in him. Lizarraga is intensely religious. When under fire he exposes himself frequently to unnecessary danger, and if his attention is called to the fact, he invariably answers that he is under the protection of the "Divina Providencia." His nickname is the "Saint," for he goes to confession every week, and to mass and vespers every day, and there is a general belief that he has never spoken to a woman, except *ex officio*, although he is already a man of fully fifty years of age, so that he has a fair chance of dying like Giacomo Leopardi—in a state of irreproachable chastity. But commendable as may be the moral and religious feelings of Lizarraga they have a drawback, for he is exactly the sort of man to assume that any idea which strikes him when in church, or during prayers, is an inspiration from heaven, and, however absurd it may be, he carries it out. I was told that in this way he was prompted to lead his troops into two or three engagements, which were by no means successful. He might also be reproached with being a little too verbose for a general in command, but that is the result of his natural frank-

ness and simplicity, both of which qualities, however, do not prevent him from mercilessly shooting his Volunteers for any serious breach of discipline, and especially for anything that has the aspect of theft. He has shot several men, even for such small matters as the "unlawful requisitioning" of a fowl. Nothing is ever taken by the Guipuzcoa volunteers without being paid for. Lizarraga imposes heavy contributions in money, especially on villages and towns which show any opposition to Carlism, but everything that is taken for the troops, whether in the way of food or other requisites, is always paid for.

Of Generals Velasco, Larramendi, Llorente, and the Carlist chieftain in Catalonia, I am unable to say much, since, though I saw all of them, I had but little personal intercourse with any of them, and have seen none at work. What struck me, however, very strongly, in the case of Velasco and Larramendi, was the great despatch and efficiency with which they have organised their forces. In the beginning of August there was nothing to be heard of the Alava Carlists, yet towards the beginning of September Larramendi appeared at the siege of Tolosa with several battalions, rather indifferently dressed, but well

armed, and sufficiently drilled to be brought at once into action with considerable success. As to Velasco, his troops had always been the most smart-looking of any among the Carlists, and being thoroughly Parisian by his habits the General evidently paid more attention than his fellow-commanders to the external aspect of his men.

But if all the chief leaders of Carlism seemed to be men against whom no unprejudiced observer could say anything detrimental, the same can by no means be said of the personal staff of Don Carlos. Like a good many other staffs, it was composed of real *chevaliers* and *chevaliers d'industrie*. By the side of representatives of the most ancient families of Spanish nobility, you saw men who had passed through all imaginable professions without having obtained a standing in any. One of the officials nearest to the person of Don Carlos was, if I have been rightly informed, for a long time a commercial traveller in Spanish wines, and a most disagreeable person he was too. Another, who, though without any official position on the staff, was frequently to be seen with it, and enjoyed a large share of the Pretender's confidence, being somehow or other connected with the purchase of arms, was a sort

of engineer out of employ. Having lived abroad, he had acquired some knowledge of languages, and was perhaps a little more business-like than Spaniards generally are; but, on the other hand, he had lost every vestige of that gentlemanliness which is so characteristic of his countrymen, even of the lowest class.

Happily enough, all serious matters were transacted without any particularly strong influence on the part of the personal staff of the Pretender, General Elio not being a man inclined to yield to any sort of *camarilla*. The unfavourable influence which some of the members of the staff might have had on Don Carlos, was also at all times fairly balanced by the better portion of his orderly officers and his chamberlains. At the moment these lines are being written, matters may have improved, for when the author left Don Carlos at Durango, the Duke de la Roca (a converted Alphonsist, by-the-by) was about to be appointed grand-master of the Royal household, and may perhaps have greatly altered the state of affairs. At all events, from news which has since appeared in the newspapers, there is reason to believe that some of the most objectionable persons surrounding Don Carlos have already left for France.

The clerical element was, as we have already seen, not particularly strongly represented on the staff of the Prince, who is supposed to be the chief supporter of the Spanish priesthood. As far as I know, only three or four priests were more or less intimately connected with it, and only one of them formed, so to say, an integral part of the Royal Staff, and that was probably on account of his being a person of very high standing among the clergy. Monseigneur José Taixal, Bishop of the Seo de Urgel, and Prince (!) of the Republic (!) of Andorre, was in some way or other officially commissioned by the Pope to proceed to Don Carlos' army as head of the Church in the State which may some day be established. The earnestness of the Roman Catholic tendencies of that prelate must be of course beyond any doubt, and are, perhaps, most strikingly illustrated by the fact that he assured both the Correspondent of the *Times* and myself, that Queen Victoria had long ago passed over to Catholicism, but was afraid of making it known to her people.

Two other curés having free access to Don Carlos were Don Ramon, the private secretary of Elio, whom I have already had occasion to mention, and Don Francisco Aspiroza, chaplain of Dorregaray's staff, the man to whom Don Carlos

owes his life, since it was he who assisted the Pretender to escape in May, 1872, after the defeat at Oroquieta. Besides that, Don Francisco and Don Ramon are about the cleverest representatives of the Spanish clergy I have met with, excepting only a little priest, Don Manuel Barrena, late professor of philosophy in the seminary of Pamplona, a young man of barely thirty years of age, of quite an un-Spanish amount of knowledge, and an unpriestly liberalism of mind.

Don Manuel is a kind of diplomatic courier of Don Carlos. He is constantly on the move between the head-quarters and Bayonne, Bordeaux, Paris, or any place where something important is to be transacted. At the outbreak of the war he put his clerical garment aside, took to private clothes, and scarcely anyone would take him now for what he really is, a man of the most rigid habits, of indefatigable energy in the cause he serves, of really remarkable attainments in every department of knowledge, and, above all, of most pleasant and charming presence. I had travelled several times with Don Manuel in the mountains before I knew that he was a priest, but it happened that, on the day I learned it, we had to make together a little journey in France, and he asked me not to call him by his real name

as long as we were on that journey, as he had some suspicion that the police were watching him. Chaffingly I said to him, "Then I will call you Don Alonso, maestro di musica."

"Oh," answered Don Manuel, "that is very kind on your part. Why not Don Basilio, then? Though I don't believe either Don Alonso or Don Basilio to be prototypes of mine, I don't mind your calling me by either of these names. It won't be the first calumny Spaniards, and especially Spanish priests, have had to put up with, nor will it be the last."

But one of the most curious persons on the Pretender's staff was a squint-eyed captain of the regular army, who had deserted the Republican ranks, joined the Carlists, and was, on the strength of a literary reputation he had somewhere and somehow acquired, appointed *Cronista de S. M. El Rey*, or chronicler of the royal staff. I think I never saw in my life a man less capable of putting two sensible thoughts together. What he wrote, he wrote always in the most bombastic style, and frequently in verse. On one occasion, when I left Don Carlos' staff for a short time to go to witness the siege of Tolosa, the Pretender, on my return, told me that, being anxious that I should have a systematic account

of every day's proceedings of his army, orders had been given to the chronicler to communicate to me the notes he had taken during my absence. The captain accordingly came to my lodgings, and began reading the chronicle of the ten or twelve days during which I was absent, and as I soon perceived that there was very little except quite unbearable "poetry," I said to him that what I wanted was merely a record of facts—that is to say, where the head-quarters had been, and what they had been doing while I was away.

"Oh," answered the captain, "I have nothing of that sort; I don't put it down. What chiefly occupies me is to take note of the sentiments and feelings which the events provoke within me."

And it would seem that the expression of those sentiments and feelings must be very attractive in some cases, for not unfrequently on our marches I have noticed Don Carlos call that captain, make him ride by his side, and read what he had written down. And in this manner the Carlist troubadour enlivened the monotonous hours his Spanish would-be Majesty had to spend on the endless marches.

CHAPTER XIII.

SPANISH CLERICAL MATTERS.

IN the course of this narrative, the present position of the Spanish clergy has been already touched upon. Old Elio told us what part the priests played in the Vasco-Navarre provinces, while some half a dozen *curas*, whom I had occasion to introduce, showed what sort of men the average contemporary representatives of the Spanish Church are. There can be no doubt whatever, that had they still possessed the power and wealth they held but a comparatively short time back, they would have been a very different set of men, and would have shown quite different proclivities. But we all know that any body of men—Protestant parsons certainly included—when invested with undue power and wealth, are about as naturally apt to turn voracious, wicked, and violent as any set of

unsociable animals whose teeth have not yet been sawn and claws not cut. As we are, however, engaged here chiefly in ascertaining how things stand in the unhappy Peninsula, not how they *might have* stood, it is no business of ours to dwell upon topics which various reverend persons never miss an occasion for more than amply discussing. I will even leave to one of them the task of describing the physical appearance of the Spanish priests, being perfectly conscious that I should never have been able to approach him on this subject either in smartness of writing or in truly Christian pity for the deformities of our fellow-creatures. The reverend gentleman—an LL.D., and author of several books on the subject of Popery—depicts in the following manner the priests he saw at Burgos some four years ago:

"They seemed to be of the sons of Anak. Their long robes had no patches; their limbs were not thrust into untanned cow-hide, nor did they in features or form bear any marks of pinching hunger, or vigils unduly prolonged. Portly their form, tall their stature, slow and majestic their gait; conscious they seemed that they were the priests of 'the grand old town' of Burgos, and ministered in a temple than which

are few grander on earth. Their legs were as massy and round almost as the pillars of their own church, and yet, strong as they were, they seemed to bend and totter under the superincumbent edifice of bone and muscle and fat which they had to carry. Their neck was of a girth which would have done no dishonour to the trunk of one of their own chestnut trees. Their head it would have delighted a phrenologist to contemplate; it was bulky and vast, like some of those which, chiseled out of granite, lie embedded in the sands of Egypt. Their face was about as stony; and then what a magnificent sombrero! It ran out in front in a long line of glossy beaver; behind it extended in a line of equal length, and it gracefully curled up at the sides. It was truly worthy of the majestic figure which it topped and crowned."

Now, that the Spanish *cura's* sombrero (hat) is very ridiculous, is perfectly true. It is frequently more extravagant than that we see on Don Basilio's head on the Covent Garden stage. That many *curas* are fat is also correct, though I have seen some who looked—if it be possible—more angular and bony than Signor Tagliafico ever did in the days when his impersonation of Don Basilio was most successful. Whether the Spanish

priest's legs are always "as massy and round" as the pillars of the Cathedral of Burgos, I am unable to tell, having never unrobed any of them either at Burgos or elsewhere. But what I know for certain is that, in olden as well as in modern days, in the Catholic as well as in the Protestant Church, the most dangerous and objectionable representatives of clericalism seldom were the fat, but always the slim ones. Stout people are, as a rule, more or less good-natured, or, at all events, easily bamboozled. They are too fond of eating, drinking, and sleeping to take much trouble about the consciences and thoughts of other men. The great masters in all branches of art have often embodied in mastodon-like representatives of humanity all kinds of roguery and brutality, but seldom any of those qualities which are emblematically represented by the serpent and the witch. The real plagues society has not yet discovered the means to get finally rid of, are not the priests or parsons with legs as massy and round as the pillars of their own churches, but those with toothpick-like legs, the thin, bilious, nervous, restless guardians of "ecclesiastical rubbish," individuals in whom and from whom, in the proper as well as in the figurative sense, one never hears anything but what Mr. Bright so graphically

describes as "the rattle of the dry bones of theology." Contrary to the views of the distinguished aforesaid LL.D., one would be led to think that a universal law prohibiting admission to ordination of any person under twenty stone weight, would, perhaps, present the best guarantee for the tranquillity of the world at large as well as of the individual conscience. And the usually slim figure of Jesuits on the one hand, and of the most turbulent and intolerant Protestant parsons on the other, would be the best justification of such a measure.

However, whether the reader's sympathies may lie with the fat or the flat representative of the clergy, the fact remains nevertheless undeniable, that the power of both fat and flat priests is gone in Spain, and gone for ever. And future historians will speak of the change which has been effected in this respect in the bigoted and superstitious Peninsula as one of the greatest revolutions that has taken place in our century of great revolutions.

Spaniards have been at all times greatly abused by other nations for their religious fanaticism. But any people similarly situated would have developed itself exactly as the Spaniards have done, and acted in precisely

the same way. To begin with, their soil and climate are of such a nature as to lead men in an early phase of civilisation to be on the look-out for the help of supernatural agencies rather than try to take care of themselves. With earthquakes, with high mountains, with almost no water —consequently with frequent famines and pestilences—and with tropical heat charring the soil, notions of "self-help" and "go-a-headism" do not easily occur to the human mind. All forms of superstition had, therefore, more opportunity to take root here than in other, more common-place countries. The sixth and seventh centuries the inhabitants of the Peninsula spent in religious wars with the Franks; Latinism, in its tendency to spread itself, invaded Spain and fought Arianism. In the next century the Moors came across, soon conquered almost the whole of the country, and the contest had to be maintained with them for nearly eight hundred years (invasion 711, recapture of Granada 1492). In this way, for fully ten centuries, the defence of the native soil was at the same time a religious war. The crusades, which were for the rest of Europe a mere incident, became here the permanent, all-absorbing work of body, soul, and mind of the nation, the more so as it

was carried on in their own country, not in a distant land called Palestine. The warrior and the priest had to go hand in hand, the latter frequently assuming both functions. That he should thus have immensely grown in importance was only legitimate; that he should have taken advantage of his position was quite natural. Kings bowed and kneeled to the monk, and the common man threw himself prostrate at his feet. Proud though we may be of the mighty grasp of our intelligence and understanding, we cannot realise anything like a faint approach to the idea of what it really means for a people to spend some thirty-five or forty generations in the defence of their faith and their soil.

That a nation who had passed through such a trial may have been brought to the sincere belief that every man differing from their religious opinions was a mere piece of combustible can be easily imagined, and that, on the other hand, the flames of some thirty odd thousand burning heretics warmed up the Spaniards — as indeed they would have any mortal—to the highest pitch of devotion and submission to their priests is perfectly intelligible too. It was in Aragon in the middle of the thirteenth century, that these national Spanish spectacles

of the destruction of heretics by fire, are said to have been first introduced. By-and-by, as the Spaniards advanced southwards, the *auto-de-fé* went with them, and it became a very easy thing for the priesthood to persuade the people that it was not the Inquisition that took advantage of the retreat of the Moors, but the Moors that took to flight at the mere approach of the Holy Tribunal. And so, the historian assures us, that the very moment the new light—obtained from the combustion of the heretics—shone over the country, Spain had new forces infused into her, which rendered her capable of routing the Moors.

But this conquest of the gallant and ingenious African invaders had results which neither the Spanish clergy nor the Spanish people could have ever anticipated. Up till the present day, the traveller in Spain can easily distinguish the places where the Moors ruled and the Christians obeyed, from those where the Christians ruled and the Moors obeyed. Without going any deeper into these matters, it will be quite sufficient to point out the presence or absence of arrangements for irrigation, and the preponderance of Gothic over Moresque, or of Moresque over Gothic ornamentations in architecture. The fact is that along with those Moors who invaded

Spain for the sake of fighting and conquest, a large number of sunburnt sons of Africa came over for business purposes. A good many of these, seeing that the country "answered very well," and that the Spanish women were very "nice-looking," did not take much notice of the defeat of their countrymen. They formed connections in the country, and had no desire to leave it. And it was their continued presence in the Peninsula that enabled Ferdinand, Isabella, Charles V., and Philip II. to accomplish all they did. Intelligent and skilful though these sovereigns may have been, they would have been utterly unable to achieve what they did, had the Moorish colonists not worked properly, and produced the means required for the important operations undertaken by these most Catholic Majesties. The conquest by and annexation to Spain of a considerable portion of Europe and America was thus more the work of the Moors than of these sovereigns, still less of the Spaniards themselves. But the clergy, who were then, just as they are now, intent only on their own interests, could not endure these Moorish settlers, for, though they had been all baptised, and were thus supposed to have turned Christians, the wolf was, to the priest's mental eye, still visible

under the sheep's skin. The baptised Moors—or Moriscoes—did not seem willing to give up their fortunes to the monks; they washed themselves frequently, as all Eastern infidels do; they read Moorish books, and showed a general disposition to do a good many other just as objectionable things, as it would be considered now-a-days—in Scotland, for instance—to whistle or to smile on a Sabbath-day. The sharp scent which characterises all clergy, caused the Spanish monks and priests to discover that the converted Moors bore within themselves the seeds of a kind of progress which might prove very antagonistic to the power of the Church, and they watched with great anxiety for an opportunity of getting rid of them. As early as the reign of Charles V. the clergy succeeded in subjecting the Moorish settlers to persecution all over the country, without, however, any more substantial result than that of provoking a desperate revolt on the part of that valiant population. It was reserved to the idiotic Philip III. and his servile and priest-ridden Minister Lerma to bring to a final close the period of Mooro-Iberian glory and greatness. In 1609 a decree commanding the merciless banishment of all the Moorish settlers was issued; and about a million of men, forming the most

useful part of the population of the Peninsula, were driven by means of sword and fire towards the shores of Africa. Nearly the whole of them perished on their way; the priesthood was triumphant; but they soon perceived that the banishment of the Moors was the first blow they inflicted upon their own power and wealth.

In a very few years after the departure of the African colonists, the King, as well as his Ministers, discovered that there was no more money to be got out of the nation. Everything had gone to ruin, the monks alone remaining in a flourishing condition. There were at that time about nine thousand convents for monks alone in Spain, without reckoning the nunneries for females, and all of them were immensely rich. Whatever might have been then the abstract views concerning the sacredness of ecclesiastical property, they proved powerless against the action of the natural law, according to which, in periods of distress, those who have something are invariably made to pay for those who have nothing, and it was in 1626 that the Cortes of Madrid, for the first time, timorously suggested that there existed some available resources in the hands of the clergy. The hint was not of a nature to be easily taken advantage of, but the first blow was

given, and some eighty years later a "loan" was obtained from the clergy, while under Alberoni we see them paying regular taxes, and a hundred years later everything that was still left in the convents and churches after the French plunder, was, without further ceremony, confiscated. Along with the ecclesiastical wealth disappeared also the Jesuits (1767), and the Inquisition (1808). True that attempts were subsequently made to return to the old state of affairs. Ferdinand VII. tried to re-establish the monstrous tribunal of the Inquisition; Isabella "the Innocent" decreed twice or three times the return of ecclesiastical property; but such incidents were the last dying flames of a burned-out torch. The best proof that the old hold of the clergy upon the popular mind was gone was in the fact that Protestants were allowed to be buried, to establish cemeteries and churches of their own, while Scotch and English missionaries began to perambulate the country without any particular molestation.

The progress which anti-clerical and anti-religious tendencies have made in Spain within the last ten years is something amazing. The reverend author whom I mentioned above, states that there were still no fewer than three thousand

priests in Burgos, in 1869. I suppose he must have added a 0 too much by mistake, or taken his information from a very ancient guide-book. Reduced to a merely nominal pay, which is, into the bargain, nearly all over Spain two years in arrears, utterly disregarded by the Government, frequently insulted by the people they have so long oppressed, and with nearly no congregation to attend to, the Spanish priests decrease in numbers every day. Where they disappear I am unable to tell; some of them have taken to trade and professions in the country—if what exists in that line in the provinces of Spain can be so denominated. A large number took refuge on the territory occupied by the Carlists. Churches in large towns which had, perhaps, fifty priests each under Isabella, have three or four now. There are first-rate *Casas de Misericordia* (alms-houses) with not a single priest residing in them, and when sacrament is to be administered to a dying person it must be fetched from the neighbouring church. Even the largest cathedrals are seldom frequented. Over and over again, and at all hours, did I enter churches in Madrid as well as in the provinces, without ever seeing in them more than half a dozen old women weeping out their grief in the

dark corners of the temples, formerly so overcrowded, and now quite deserted. Except in the Carlist regions, the scarcity of men attending mass even on Sundays and Feast Days is striking. The women flock still in numbers, but it is quite perceptible that the majority of them come rather through habit—many, perhaps, only to show themselves and to see other people—than from any religious motive. The incomparably larger attendance at out-door religious processions is the best proof in support of this supposition: women and men congregate there equally readily. But the devotion shown in former days on such occasions is speedily vanishing. A writer, publishing in *Macmillan's Magazine* some notes on his residence in the interior of Spain, during the summer of 1873, tells in the January issue a fact very much to this point:—

"A few nights since I stood with raised hat as the 'host' passed by, heralded by its many lamps of many colours; the viaticum was being carried to some Christian dying treat. Suddenly a drove of pigs came squeaking down a street close by; women in mute adoration were on their knees on the pavement, sightly and devoutly enough; men were divided into hats-on and hats-off, but the majority was of the latter class. The pigs charged the procession, and, to my horror, a loud and audible titter ran through the lantern-bearers, which became a hoarse laugh in the mouths of the pig-drivers."

A short time back, the poor unconcerned pigs would have been beaten to death, and the pig-drivers and lantern-bearers, (who, be it remembered, are amateur members of such processions) would not only have forborne from laughing, but would have paid an extra visit to church to repent their having been witnesses of such an occurrence. The same writer says, that but a few years back, in the reign of Isabella: —

"An Englishman who, ignorantly, merely took off his hat, and did not dismount also from his horse as the 'host' passed him in the street, was in this town dragged from his horse by order of the priests, and fined or imprisoned, for the offence."

But when I venture to state that bigotry and even a good deal of sensible religious feeling is departing from Spain, I by no means mean to assert that superstition is seriously decreasing. Among the Latin race especially, bigotry and superstition are perfectly distinct things. There are plenty of people all over the world who never believed in anything, but would not enter a business on Monday, start on a journey on Friday, or cut their nails on Sunday. It would, therefore, be quite absurd to expect that ancient, deeply inveterate superstitions should be soon abandoned by the utterly ignorant mass of a people living in

a country so much predisposing the mind to superstitions, and preserving such an immense stock of miracles and saints in its national memory, as well as in its national monuments. A good many earnest Protestants may exclaim, on reading this, "But what is, then, to become of a country where religion is gone and superstition remains? It must finally collapse into a horrible chaos!" Nothing of the kind. The same thing has been going on for a long time past in France and Italy, and the business of life runs on in its usual way. Superstitions will disappear, *poco a poco*, under pressure of the spread of knowledge; while indifferentism in religious matters does not necessarily turn men into savages —at least it did not produce any such effect on that portion of the Latin race which has already fallen off from the Church. The *régime* of *civil baptisms* and *civil burials*, in which the ultra-Republicans in Spain delight just now, and under which a man is welcomed into the world or ushered out of it by a band of local Volunteers blustering the *Marseillaise* under his windows, or on his way to the cemetery, will probably soon be abandoned. As long as baptism, religious burial, and religious marriage are regarded with respect

by any considerable portion of society, every sensible man, however indifferent to religion he may be himself, will always submit to them. What does it matter to him that a *cura* reads some prayers over his body when he is dead, and when he knows that any objection on his part to such a harmless ceremony would cause grief to people who may be dear to him, and whom he leaves behind? Upon what sort of ground can he withhold his child from baptism, when he does not know whether, when grown up, the child will not become so religious as to feel quite unhappy because he has not been christened in the usual manner? What sort of justification can he plead for withholding from the marriage ceremony, as long as he is not quite sure that some fool may not turn up some day and insult his wife by calling her a mere concubine, or a law may not be passed depriving her children from inheriting their father's property? For a long time past in Catholic countries, this way of dealing with the practical side of religion has been, and is, daily acted upon by thousands of men; only not all of them are disposed to avow it. How far the same principles are at work among Protestants, is not here to be discussed. But it is certain that indifferent Protestants are still more reluctant

to avow their indifferentism than indifferent Catholics.

It may be naturally asked, how do such families manage to live where the wife is bigoted or even simply religious, while the husband becomes, by-and-by, an indifferent? To this I am not able to answer. All I know is, that they do manage it, and that, in the majority of cases, they never think of quarreling about any religious question, except when the religious zeal of the wife begins to interfere with the home comfort of the family; when through her too long and frequent visits to church children break their noses, or dinner is neglected, or anything similar occurs. Many men prefer a religious wife, as offering a greater guarantee of conjugal fidelity, and as being less likely to be fond of expensive pleasures. Others see in religion a check against a woman's becoming dull in doing nothing when they are engaged. I knew some medical men and professors of natural sciences, who said that a wife constantly soaring into ideals was a relief to them when they come home after a hard day's dealing in organic matters. But the great majority, I believe, think nothing, except that it is quite a matter of course

that women should be religious, while men should be left to think as they please.

For a good many people in England such a state of affairs may seem quite impossible, and they may perhaps be inclined to suspect the veracity of my statements. I feel, therefore, almost delighted to be able to adduce here an authority which they will probably be less dispose to question. Just as I was writing these pages, a copy of the *Times* containing a letter from that journal's special correspondent at Rome, on the subject of "Religious Apathy in Italy," was laid upon my table. The letter is so outspoken, and contains so few common-place remarks that I am surprised how the *Times* printed it at all. Some hesitation must, however, have arisen in Printing-house Square, for the letter was dated Rome, January 5th, and appeared only on the 12th. This is what the able correspondent said on the subject we have been considering here:—

"The religious movement which is now convulsing Germany and Switzerland, and which is followed with eager attention by England and America, is looked upon with the most perfect indifference in Italy.... They will, as they say, not only have no religious squabbles, but even no religious differences among themselves; no heresy, no schism. They aspire to that religious liberty which is, in their opinion, perfectly compatible with religious unity. There may be in their country unlimited

dissent, but it must be individual; as many persuasions as there are heads, but no distinct confessions or denominations; no Babel of Churches or sects. It must be quite possible, as it has indeed always been, even under the most uncompromising Papal tyranny, for husband and wife, for brother and sister, to live together in love and unity under the same roof, though the male members of the "happy family," are, or think themselves, thorough atheists or materialists, while those of the other sex are plunged into the most abject and silly superstition.... What the Italians did in the days of Luther and Calvin they do now in those of Döllinger and Loyson; they receive the news of a religious squabble with curiosity, but dismiss it with a sneer....The Italian will carry superstition to any extent, but there is no bigotry in his composition. It was only against the Dominican inquisitors in Milan and Naples that the populace frequently rose in open rebellion, and it is only against their Jesuit teachers that the Italian youths throughout the country always harboured and evinced violent hatred, because they imagined that both those Monastic orders, each in its way, attempted to interfere with the right of private judgment in religious matters. So long as a man confessed and took the Sacrament, christened his children, and paid his marriage fees, what business was it of priest, monk, or Pope to pry into his thought or probe his heart?...For those who want a Church there should be a Church of some sort or other. What matters it how many new dogmas are proclaimed or how many new Saints are canonized if no one compels you to believe in them? Why should you distress yourself about the Pope's Infallibility, if you are allowed to laugh at it in your sleeve? There have been Prelates, and there have been Cardinals, and even Popes whose religion, if inquired into, would have been as complete a blank as your own, but these went through life, and rose

from rank to rank in the hierarchy, with a mere semblance and mockery of belief. Why should it not be so? Let it be free to every man to be a Christian, a sceptic and even a hypocrite. '*Dieu connaît ceux qui sont à lui.*' Let there be peace on earth, and let every man go to heaven, or elsewhere, his own way."

This is exactly the state of affairs speedily becoming prevalent all through Spain, and which has been reigning throughout the educated classes in France during the whole of the present century. It will only assume a more rough form in the Peninsula, for the Spanish character is more frank than either the Italian or the French. In Italy the presence of the Pope, the existence of the convents and the wealth still hold by the ecclesiastical corporations necessarily mitigate the aspect of things on the surface. Still more so is this the case with France, which but a short time ago supported the Holy Father by means of "thinking bayonets" and "Chassepots," which never cared a brass farthing for His Holiness. The worship of political, religious, and every other form of *decorum* in the great mass of the population of the latter country will probably considerably retard there the progress of *avowed* religious indifferentism; but anyone who knows these countries can entertain no doubt that ulti-

mately Spain, Italy, and France will stand on the footing of perfect eqality in this respect. One must be brought up within the pale of the Latin Church to be able fully to realise how natural and unavoidable all this is, and how thoroughly sincere and conscientious men can be brought to feel perfectly indifferent with regard to religion, yet be deeply convinced that on that account they are neither savages nor criminals. If the most zealous and intolerant of the Protestants knew only a few stories of the internal struggles, the hesitation, the grief, and the despair through which a man brought up as a Catholic—unless he becomes a student of natural sciences, and consequently be turned at once into a pure materialist—has to pass in his transition from bigotry to indifferentism, they would not have a single word of censure to utter against such men.

But I feel afraid that in saying all this I may cause some Protestant readers to suppose that, since matters had come to such a pass in Catholic countries, the best thing would be to introduce some form of Protestant worship among them. Nothing could be more erroneous than such a conclusion. Protestant missionaries have not been wanting in any of those countries, and the result of their efforts has invariably been zero, or

little better. Bibles printed in the languages of the natives have been distributed; chapels and preachers established as soon as the civil code of the countries permitted them. But if the Frenchman, the Spaniard, and the Italian entered these chapels it was by sheer curiosity; if he read the Bible it was (even in the happiest cases) merely as a sublime and new book, but never as one calculated to make him accept the religious views of the nation which has "only one sauce, and a thousand religions." The cold form of Protestant worship, with its long discourses, will never suit the Latin race, especially the more southern representatives of it. I again quote the above *Times* letter in support of my assertions.

"A religion all of pomp and ceremony and grovelling asceticism, suited the Southern temperament, and down almost to the present day the Opera and Ballet in Rome were always worse than third rate, and poorly attended, because the theatre could not compete with the Church in the pomp and circumstance of mere scenic effects. . .Italians do not see the advantage of raising many churches on the ruins of one. It would be, in their opinion, like 'marrying the Pope, and begetting a whole brood of Infallibles.' . . . There are now Waldensian, Methodist, and other Evangelical churches and schools in Rome as in other Italian cities, but their success is not very encouraging even in the opinion of their candid promoters."

The same is the case with Spain. There are

chapels in Madrid, Seville, Alicante, and a few other towns, but they never had and never will have any more influence upon the general state of religion in these countries than a chapel got up somewhere near Wolverhampton by, if I rightly remember, some twenty-three gentlemen anxious to introduce the rite of the Greek Church in England, will have in the United Kingdom.

True that should one be disposed to give oneself some trouble, one may find in Madrid and in a few of the southern towns a copy of the Bible. But it is always sure to be a very dusty one; and for my part I have never seen any either in circulation or even in the show-windows of the booksellers. All the efforts of the "British and Foreign Bible Society," of the "National Bible Society of Scotland," of the "Edinburgh Evangelisation Society," and what not, have never obtained any greater result than that which crowned the efforts of the "London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews," which spends, I believe, about thirty thousand pounds a-year for converting on the average about thirty Jews, at the expense of something like one thousand pounds a piece to the country. But what struck me above all in these matters is the correct-

ness of a remark once made by some one—that if one happens to meet a Spanish, Italian, or French Protestant, one is almost sure to find him in the long run either a fanatic or an idiot, or both, though as a rule he looks at first sight a very respectable and intelligent man.

I feel it a duty, however, to qualify my assertion that all the English and Scotch efforts to spread the Scripture in the Peninsula have had no result whatever. They had at all events one I know of. They gave an opportunity to Mr. George Borrow to write his delightful "Bible in Spain." It speaks of the *cosas de España* as they stood nearly forty years ago; yet the work remains still an inimitable one—the more so as it is evident that the author set out to labour in perfect earnest, and wrote one of the most amusing volumes that has ever been produced in connection with any similar subject.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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